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A FARMER'S VACATION: V.

OLD JERSEY.



FARM-HOUSE IN ST. PETER'S VALLEY.

NOTHING in the whole experience of travel produces such genuine emotion as discovery. To come upon an interesting and important old town, of which we had hitherto known next to nothing, and of which we are sure that most of our countrymen are equally ignorant, awakens an introverted enthusiasm that proves us akin to Columbus. "Where is Treves, exactly? I don't think I quite know." Such a question as this, from one who is otherwise our equal, always emphasizes the secret satisfaction with which we contemplate our individual merit of good fortune.

Discovery is not the least of the great pleasures that finally reward those who climb down from the high quay at St. Malo and embark on the side-wheeler "Pinta," bound for the untried waters of La Manche, which we found still so lashed by the tail of the "forte tempête," that even the barbarous passage from Dover to Calais faded from our recollection. After four hours of almost mortal agony, we ran past the great mole at

St. Helier's, and were in still water. In due time we were in the old "Hôtel de la Pomme d'Or," and were at rest, amid such wholesome old-fashioned hospitality and cordial attention as only a combination of French and English customs can give. Think of Southdown mutton and "Suprême de Volaille," of English tea and French coffee under the same roof!

The rain, which had so much interfered with our pleasure in France, had rained itself out, and our two weeks in Jersey were blessed with the most superb autumn weather. We were in a land rarely visited by Americans, and so little known to our literature of travel, that at each turn of its beautiful lanes we found a fresh delight. So much as is generally known of the island relates—just as our popular notions of Siam center around its twins—to the cattle for which it has long been famous. The cattle are still there in all their beauty, but they are but one element of a beauty that is almost universal.

Our own interest in Jersey was largely an agricultural one, but we found much else that cannot fail to engage the attention of all who care for the picturesqueness of history, of society, and of nature. The island lies sixteen miles west of the coast of Normandy, forty miles north of Brittany, and about one hundred miles south of England. It is about as large as our own Staten Island, containing nearly forty thousand acres of land, about twenty-five thousand of which are under cultivation. The population is over fifty-six thousand, or about two and one-fourth for each acre of cultivated land. More than one-half of the population is in St. Helier's, which is the only town of considerable size.

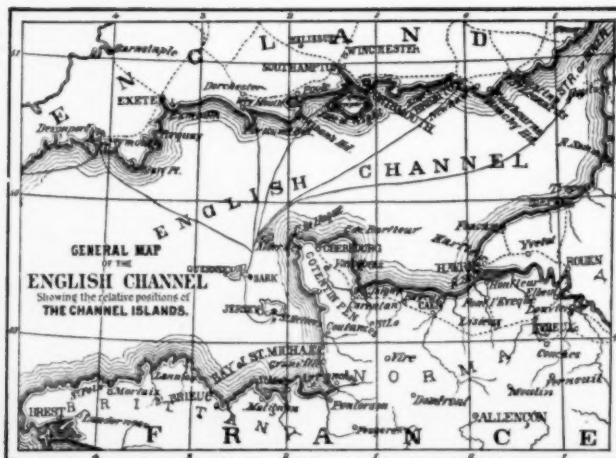
More even than most islands, Jersey is a little world by itself, with its own history and local peculiarities, very different from any that we find in other countries. Its agriculture is as unlike that of England or France, as are the people themselves unlike their French cousins, or their English compatriots.

If one feature of the scenery is more peculiar to the island than any other (and almost more charming than anything of its kind elsewhere), it is the embowered lanes which intersect it in every direction, like a net-work of lovers' walks. They are always of about the same character, yet always varying; a narrow, capitally made road—as hard and smooth as those of Central Park—often only wide enough for a single vehicle, but with frequent bays for passing; high earthen banks at the sides for fences, which make the lane seem a trench cut into

the soil; trees growing from the tops of these banks, sending their snake-like roots down under the grass and clustering ferns, to the firm ground beneath, and overarching the way with their branches; and, to crown all, the greenest and most luxuriant ivy, starting at the roadside gutters, and, claiming its share of the bank, winding itself closely around the trunks of the trees, and draping their interlocked branches overhead, or enfolding the end of a dead limb with a mass of sturdy blossom or fruit. New trees are springing up to replace those which the ivy has reduced to mere stumps or trunks of solid verdure, and so the form and combination of the row is varied at every step. Frequent gate-ways open glimpses into the fields. Here and there a bit of stone-work replaces or supports the earthen wall. There are many cool-looking, stone-arched, natural fountains sunk in the verdure, and sometimes the land slopes away from the road into an overgrown ravine, from which there comes the sound of running water. The winding lane at Rozel, and the old manor road at Vinchelez (with an ancient Norman gate-way), are good examples; but there are miles and miles of lanes in every direction, all of the same general character, and constantly changing in detail.

It is through such secluded ways as these, and past comfortable farm-houses, and thatched cottages and sheds, that one drives to get an impression of the agriculture and the life of Jersey. It soon becomes evident, however, that no traveler's casual impression will do justice to this compact little country. It is too different from what we find elsewhere, and needs study to be understood.

Outside of the towns, the island is mostly divided into very small holdings. Inherited lands cannot be devised by will, but must follow the law of succession. Purchased property may be devised if there are no direct heirs to inherit it. The eldest son has, as his birthright, the house and about two acres of land (five vergées); he has, in



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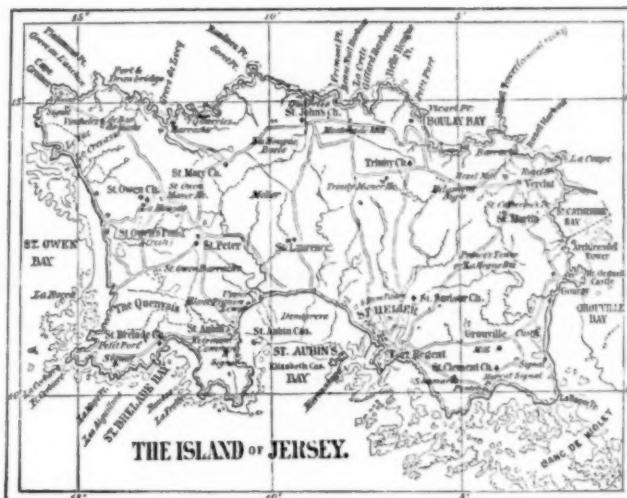
These, and the drives for pleasure and social contact, are evidently of great importance.

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addition to this, one-tenth of the landed estate and rents. What remains is then divided, two-thirds between the sons, and one-third between the daughters. This law has effected a very minute subdivision, and even the consolidation of estates by purchase is much obstructed by a law that makes land liable for the debts of the former owner, even those contracted after he has sold it. One must know in buying property, or in taking it on long lease, not only that

the person selling or easing, and his predecessors also, are solvent at the time, but that they are likely to remain so. With all its inconveniences, this law has had the effect of tying the people to the land more completely than is usual elsewhere. The soil owns the man, rather than the man the soil. The surplus population is taken up by the professions and by commerce, and very largely by the Newfoundland cod-fisheries. Many small estates are rented, and the rents are high, often fifty dollars per acre for entire farms.

There are very few farms of over fifty acres—not more than six or eight in the whole island. From fifteen to twenty acres is the usual size of the larger holdings, but the majority of families make a comfortable support from very much less—often from two or three acres. Nearly every one living in the country cultivates some land, no matter how little; if only a small garden plot, he still raises vegetables for market. If he has two or three vergées, he keeps a cow and some poultry, and swine. Consequently, one's wanderings in any direction outside of the towns are among an almost purely agricultural people. The "gentry" invariably cultivate their own estates, and indeed one is at a loss to learn where the gentry ends and the peasantry begins.



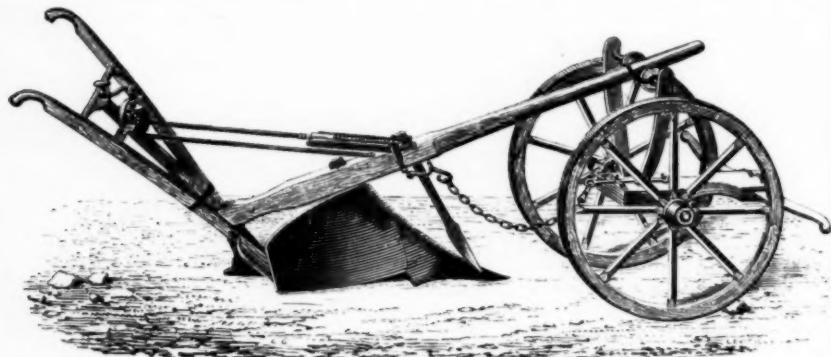
The best names in the island are borne by the smaller landholders as well as by the larger, and cousinship links the population into a very compact community. One result is a much higher grade of intelligence among the very small farmers than would be expected; *noblesse oblige*,—to the extent that all feel themselves to belong in a higher social plane than their possessions would indicate, and that they strive to maintain their rightful dignity. The island directory, which contains the names of many who, from the smallness of their holdings, would be called peasants in other parts of Europe, is headed “List of the names and addresses of the Resident Gentry.” The ambition of this people to maintain a good position is furthered by their situation and natural circumstances. Their soil is fertile; the sea-weed is abundant, and is a capital manure; the



LANE AT VINCHELEZ, WITH NORMAN ARCH.

climate is absolutely a perfect one ; and they have the best market in the world (Covent Garden) almost at their doors, to say nothing of their own town, which of itself should be able to consume all their staple products.

resource, and there results a thoroughly good agriculture, which has important lessons for us all. "High farming," in a small way, is as well exemplified here as in Belgium. Indeed, when we consider how much greater



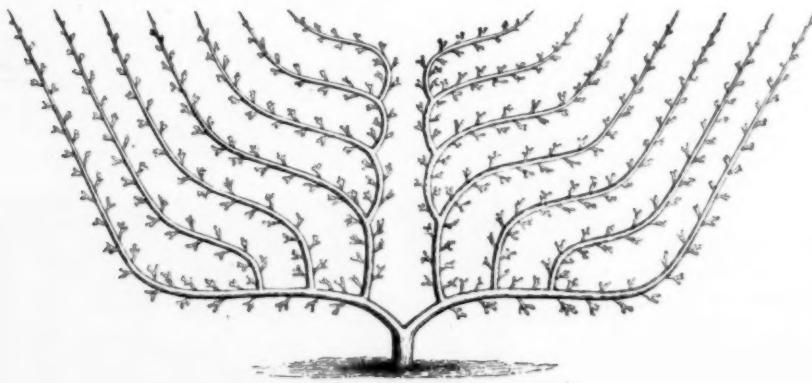
A JERSEY "GRANDE CHARRUE."

Add to all this the possession of a race of cattle popular throughout the world, and of which the surplus is eagerly bought at high prices, and we shall understand why the position of the Jersey farmer is exceptionally favorable.

Provincial pride always reaches its most stalwart growth in islands, and in Jersey it attains proportions which are perhaps justified by a peculiarly isolated position, and by the tenacity with which old traditions and

are the requirements of these farmers than are those of the Belgian peasants, and how comfortably they are supplied, we must confess that *petite culture* here reaches its best development. Le Cornu says : "A farm of twenty acres will, with few exceptions (where meadow-land or orchards predominate), be distributed as follows :

Hay and pasture	10	acres
Turnips	2	"
Mangolds	1	"



A JERSEY FRUIT TREE.

customs are still preserved. This incentive seconds that of family pride in stimulating the farmer, large or small, to the gathering of worldly gear, for which the soil is his only

Parsnips	1	acre.
Carrots	2	"
Potatoes	2	"
Wheat	3	4

"The stock usually kept will consist of:

Horses	2
Cows	6
Heifers	6
Pigs	3

"To manage the above, and keep the whole in proper order, will require the constant attention of four persons, two men and two women. In most cases the farmer has not recourse to assistance beyond that of his own immediate household. It is a rare occurrence for a tenant-farmer to hold a farm of this extent unless he can rely on his own family for assistance."

As before stated, twenty acres is a large farm. "Ten Acres Enough" would have been a very commonplace title if the book had been published in Jersey. The high farming is not of the sort practiced in England, where a large capital is employed, and where everything is done on an extensive scale, but rather that of garden cultivation, where every acre is made to do its very best, and where deep plowing, heavy manuring, and careful attention produce their greatest effect. It is not to be understood from this that the farms are always neat and trim, and kept polished as if for show. On the contrary, they are very often untidy, and have an ill-kept look about the fence corners, and tumble-down old thatch-covered stone sheds; but, as everywhere in this climate, the ivy creeps over all neglected ruin, and decks even the end of an abandoned pig-sty with such masses of enchanting green and blossom that one is glad that the business of the fields and stables has left the farmer no time to improve away this wealth of roadside beauty. In our ruder climate, decay is more or less hideous, but under these softer skies, when man abandons his works, nature takes them into her tenderest clasp and blends them with grass and tree until they seem a part of her own handiwork.

There are generally clusters of houses about the parish churches, and at no point is one often out of sight of habitations. Frequently several houses are grouped together, and the whole of the cultivated part of the island is more like a straggling village, than like the most thickly settled of our farming neighborhoods.

The country houses are almost invariably built of stone, and the older ones are roofed with thatch or red tiles—often with a combination of the two—thatch on the upper part of the roof, and tiles near the eaves, as shown on the larger house in the St. Peter's Valley view. Each place is well provided with outbuildings, such as bake-house, stable, cow-house, sties, sheds, barns, cider-house, store-houses, etc., conveniently arranged, and proportioned to the size of the farm. The fields contain usually from less than one to three acres of land, and are divided by huge banks of earth, often studded with trees. As land increases in value these are in some cases being leveled, and their place supplied by hedges. Orchards abound, and well they may, for cider forms the chief beverage of the poorer classes, and its importation is forbidden by law. This accounts, too, for the prevalence of the cider-house.

Some of the agricultural customs are peculiar, especially the *Vraic Harvest* and "*La Grande Fouerie*." *Vraic* is sea-weed, and the supply is almost unlimited. Probably more than thirty thousand loads are secured every year. The "*vraic venant*"—that which is washed ashore by the storms—is free to be taken at all times between sunrise and sunset. The "*vraic scié*" is that which is cut from the rocks, and the harvest is regulated by law or by a hallowed custom. There are two cuttings each year, the first beginning with the first new or full moon after the first day of February, and lasting five weeks; and the second beginning in the middle of June, and terminating absolutely on the last day of August. For the first month of the summer cutting, the privilege is confined to the poor, who, however, may take only what they can carry in their arms beyond the line of the spring tides. The first day of the cutting is a general holiday. Crowds collect about the rocks and cut all they can (using a kind of sickle), throwing



ELIZABETH CASTLE, FROM OUR WINDOWS.

it in heaps until the tide turns. It is then, as rapidly as possible, carried beyond the reach of the advancing waters. When the day's work is done, the different groups meet at some house of refreshment and have a dance and a frolic. Some of the *vraic* is applied directly to the fields and plowed in, and some is dried for fuel, the abundant ashes remaining being sold at about fourteen cents per bushel for manure.

"*La Grande Fouerie*," or the *great digging*, is a custom peculiar to the Channel Islands. It is an application in field culture of

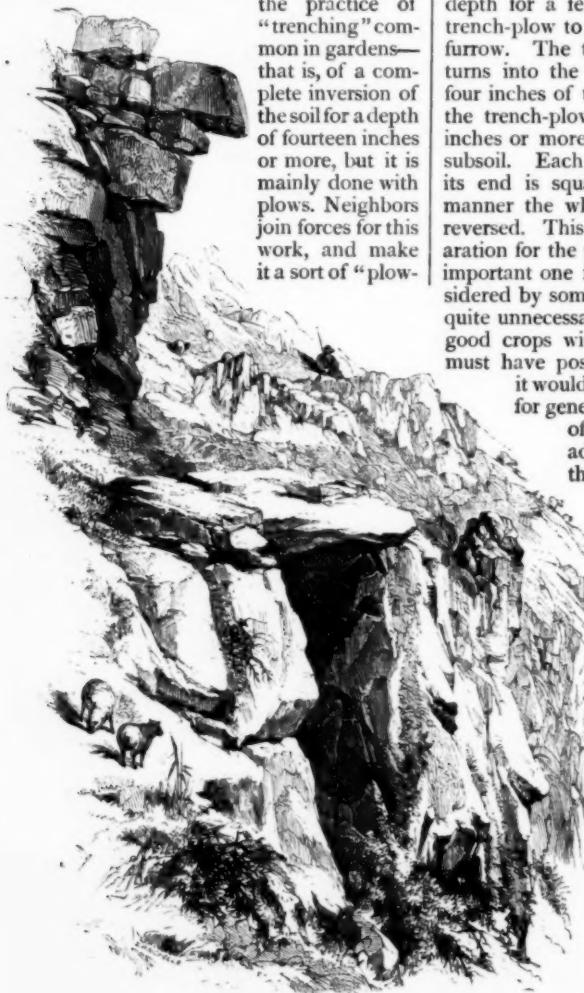
the practice of "trenching" common in gardens—that is, of a complete inversion of the soil for a depth of fourteen inches or more, but it is mainly done with plows. Neighbors join forces for this work, and make it a sort of "plow-

ing-bee." The plow used for the deeper part of the work is shown in the cut on page 404. It is drawn by four, six, or eight horses, according to the depth desired. The operation is as follows:

The trench-plow is preceded by a two-horse plow, which casts off a furrow up and down the middle of the field, and is followed by men with spades, who open a trench to the desired depth, neatly squared to a width of two feet, the earth being scattered at each side. After the small plow has begun its next turn the bottom is dug out to the full depth for a few feet by hand, to allow the trench-plow to begin at the bottom of the furrow. The two-horse plow cuts off and turns into the bottom of the trench about four inches of the freshly manured turf, and the trench-plow turns upon it the whole ten inches or more that it cuts from the deep subsoil. Each deep furrow is begun, and its end is squared up, by hand. In this manner the whole field has its soil deeply reversed. This deep cultivation is the preparation for the parsnip crop, which is a very important one in all the islands. It is considered by some good farmers in Jersey as quite unnecessary, and they claim to raise as good crops without it as with it; but it must have positive merit in many cases, or it would not have prevailed, as it has, for generations. When the character

of the subsoil admits of its adoption, it must, at least, have the ultimate result of deepening the staple, and so of greatly improving the soil. It would be fair to assume that it has had much influence in producing the fertility for which the land is noted.

Wishing to get the full impression of *living* in Jersey, we made but a short stay at the "Pomme d'Or," for the blessed English institution of "lodgings" prevails—an institution whose adoption in America would add much to the comfort of the nomadic part of our population. Driving about in the neighborhood of the town, we decided on a cottage on the shore of St. Aubin's



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Bay (about a mile from St. Helier's), kept by a widow and her daughter, who, with the help of a small handmaiden, did all the work of the establishment. We had a pleasant parlor and dining-room *en suite*, three chambers, and sufficient closets. For this, with service, fires, gas, and all extras, the charge was three guineas per week (about seventeen dollars currency). We did our own marketing in person, and had passbooks with the butcher, grocer, and baker, and were soon as much at home, and in as regular relations with our base of supply in the town, as though we had no other home in the world. In the house the hours, the customs, and the diet were quite under our control, and we were fast growing into Jerseymen, which seemed a very pleasant thing to do. Our rooms occupied the whole sea-front of the house, and commanded a superb view (toward the afternoon sun, and the crescent moon) over the bay and past Noirmont Point. The view to the left was bounded by the town and harbor, and before us stood the storied pile of Elizabeth Castle, like Mont Saint Michel, an island at high tide, and accessible over the dry sands at low water. Our sunset view, when the sands were bare, is that shown in the cut of the castle.

Even Jersey has not been exempt from the invasion of the railroad, and every half hour there rattled along the shore in front of us the odd little train that runs from St. Helier's to St. Aubin's, four miles. It was drawn by a little pony of a locomotive, and consisted of two cars, like those of England, but with a covered and well-railed balcony running along each side, and usually occupied by the passengers, who at this season generally avoided the closer compartments within. This arrangement gives an unusual width to the cars, but there seems to be no objection to it for roads where there are no cuttings; it is, certainly, most agreeable in pleasant weather, and admits of the opening of windows during rain.

Being much favored in the matter of weather, we passed a good part of every day in driving about the country; sometimes lingering over the majestic rocks of the north coast, which rises about three hundred feet above the sea, and is especially abrupt and grand; but more often haunting the quieter lanes and drinking our fill of a sen-



STONE ANCHOR AND MARTELLO TOWER.

sation not to be repeated in our different rural surroundings at home. Jersey is pre-eminently a country for idling. It is large enough for varied excursions, but small enough for any point to be reached easily, and it has a never-ending charm of coast and land, of which one does not tire.

It boasts of being, with its sister islands, the oldest possession of the present ruling house of Great Britain. Normandy, to which it then belonged, was given by Charles the Simple to Duke Rollo in 912, and it passed to the English crown with William the Conqueror. When Normandy was regained by France the islands remained with England, and, although Jersey has been frequently attacked and sometimes invaded by the French, they have never had possession of more than a portion of the island, and never succeeded in conquering the loyal spirit of its people, though they committed wide devastation. So much was Norman or French invasion feared, that there were inserted in the litany the words, "and from the fury of the Normans, good Lord, deliver us!"

When King John lost Normandy, he looked upon these islands "as the last Plank left of so great a Shipwreck," and resolved to keep them at whatever cost. He was twice in Jersey in person, and became a sort of vicarious father of the country, to which he gave "many excellent Laws and Privileges."

During the reign of Edward III., the famous Du Guesclin, with an army that included the flower of French chivalry, effected a landing, held possession of the eastern parishes, and besieged for some months Mont Orgueil Castle, to which the chief persons of the island had retired. The castle held out, and the invaders withdrew into France.

Henry VI., during his contest for the throne, solicited French aid against Edward IV., and his Queen contracted with the Count de Maulevrier that, in consideration for his services, the Channel Islands should be made over to him. He seized Mont Orgueil Castle by surprise, and employed every device of kindness to induce the people of Jersey to renounce their allegiance to England and to acknowledge him. "He could never prevail on the inclinations of a people who were enraged to see themselves sold to the French, a nation which they hated; insomuch that, in about six years' time, he could never make himself master of above half the island." During this period there were frequent skirmishes between the French and the troops of the loyal Seigneur of St. Ouen, who held the western parishes.

Finally, under Edward IV., the castle was reduced by famine, and the French were driven quite out of the island.

Mont Orgueil, which dates back to the time of Cæsar, figures largely in the early history of Jersey, and its story is full of interest. It is now a noble mass of ruin, and the ivy which frames its abandoned loop-holes piles massy

green upon its crumbling parapet, and drapes its ponderous sides with living verdure; the ivy and the salt sea-winds have claimed it for their own; it is only a dreamy old crag of solid walls, whispering its tale of the by-gone times in the idle and gladly credulous ear of the traveler. At its feet breaks the summer spray of La Manche, and from its crest one sees, across the smoky distance, the phantom spires of Coutances. There is a snug inn in the little village of Gouray beneath the castle. In front of this, vessels lie heeled over on their sides on the harbor mud, waiting idly for the rising tide. There are charming walks near at hand, when the single visit has been paid to the prosaic cromlech on the hill, where the old Druids celebrated their now forgotten rites.

Between the castle and St. Helier's is La Hougue Bie, a tumular mound, overgrown with rhododendron, on which stands an ancient tower with several furnished rooms and a little chapel. This is one of the lions of Jersey (admission sixpence, and "please remember the guide, sir"). A quaint legend of treachery and retribution and wifely devotion is droned off by the small showman, and the visitor is conducted to the elevated platform, from which the charming freshness

and beauty of the south-eastern parishes are realized as from no other point, and where the best idea is gained of the insular character of Jersey, and of its nearness to the French coast.

It is not, after all, for its lions that one should visit Jersey, but rather for the great enjoyment of its lanes and home-like little farms. Any mile of its smaller roads is worth all else that it has to offer to those who are only in pursuit of pleasure; and, indeed, one who enjoys simple country things, and an air of foreign and unmodern quaintness, need seek no further to find these

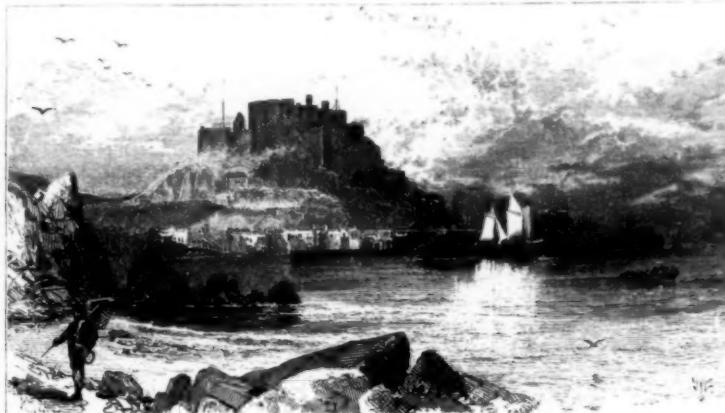


GATE-WAY TO MT. ORGUEIL CASTLE.

in their most engaging and unspoiled form.

Naturally, one who visits this island will have much of his attention taken up by the

The port of Jersey is absolutely free (save for a slight impost on spirits); and wages and the cost of living are so low, that shopping is exceptionally cheap. Some of the shops are a surprise for their size and com-



MT. ORGUEIL CASTLE.

town, and the people, and their institutions. It is not an attractive town, nor especially unattractive. Falle wrote, in 1693: "The chief Town is St. Helier, a neat, well-built Town, seated near the Sea, containing about a 1,000 Inhabitants, who are for the most part Merchants, Traders, and Artificers; The Gentry and People of the best Fashion living generally in the Country. Tis the ordinary Seat of Justice; and here is kept a Market, in the Nature of a Fair, every Saturday, where Gentlemen meet for Conversation as well as for Business." It is closely built, and has a busy air, and its population includes a large element of English families, who have been attracted here by a combination of climate, cheapness, and good schools; and, in the summer time, a more conspicuous element of cheap tourists. These are known as "Five Pounds," many of them being clerks spending their holiday weeks and their five-pound notes in noisy and unlovely pastimes. Happily, they fill the great open excursion cars and spend the whole day in the country. These cars, drawn by four horses, are of such width that they must needs keep to the broad roads, and their routes are easily avoided. In all our wanderings, we very rarely fell in with them.

This incursion of tourists and the large floating population have built up certain branches of trade to unexpected proportions.

pleteness. One establishment has every conceivable article of useful and ornamental furniture, including rare china and glass. Another shop, De Gruchy's, is larger and more complete than any that I know in America, except two or three in New York, especially in its supply and variety of useful goods; it includes a capital tailoring establishment, and ladies' dresses and men's hats seem to be important branches. We found the prices of certain goods much lower than in corresponding shops in London, and could very well understand that, to a family man in need of an outfit, the aesthetic inducement is not the only one that Jersey holds out.

The native population of the town are English of the English—in their dress and in their sentiment of nationality; but there lurk under the surface some qualities that betray the unmixed Norman blood that still fills their veins—modified by eight hundred years of English nationality, but lacking the admixture of the Saxon and old Briton elements. In the presence of the world at large, the Jerseyman is an Englishman; but in the presence of the English he asserts himself (at least to himself) a Jerseyman. He is proud of his allegiance to England, but prouder still that he is of this choicest and oldest part of the English possessions.

The odd thing about this island, and the one that seems most incongruous, is, that

the language of the people, especially in the country, but also very largely in the town, is French. We often met women and children on the farms who spoke no English, and in one very attractive photograph shop in St. Helier's we were asked if we did not speak French. Many of the market-women seem to be only sufficiently acquainted with English for the purposes of their traffic. The regular service in all the parish churches is in French, but there is in St. Helier's Church an afternoon service in English for the benefit of the garrison. The official language of the courts is French, but English suitors may examine witnesses and address the court in their own tongue. Official notices are posted in the two languages. The reading part of the population is more largely English, if we may judge from the fact that there are six English newspapers and only three French ones; this, however, may result from the fact that the newspaper is much more fully developed in England than in France.

One might pass some time in the town, in the usual way of tourists, without discovering that he was not in an English community, but a trip to the country would soon inform him. The men and the younger women and the larger children speak modern French as their language of law and devotion, and English (usually less readily and perfectly) as their language of trade and business intercourse; but both tongues are in a measure foreign to them, while to the younger children and the older women, they seemed to be sometimes but little known,

of the days of the old Dukes of Normandy; that which was carried by the Conqueror into England, and may be better described as the Anglo-Norman. It is essentially the same language as that of the present country population of Normandy, save that this has some engraftings of modern French, as that of Jersey has of English.

The modern language of Jersey (we have hardly the right to call this cradle of our own tongue a *patois*) is illustrated by the following specimen: "J'ai bain des fai paslait a mes ammins à l'endrait d' esl'ver un monueusement à s'nhoneu, mais chest comme si j'm'capuchais la teste contre la pathé, ils ont poeux desmonaizir quicq' herpins,—eh! Mon Gui, il en laissoent drîthe ieuks d'ches fréluques, nou n'les mettra pou à lus servir d'ouothilli quand nou les pliache 'cha dans lues derniète grande naithe casaque et que nou il'z'envietha à s'er' poser dans l'bain grand Gardin à noutr' ammin le Ministre Fillieu."

In modern French this would be: "J'ai bien des fois parlé à mes amis au sujet d'élever un monument à son honneur, mais c'est comme si je me cognais la tête contre un mur, ils ont peur de dépenser quelques sous,—eh! Mon Dieu, ils en laisseront derrière eux de ces fréluques, on ne les mettra point à leur servir d'oreiller, quand nous les placerons dans leur dernier grand habit noir, et qu'on les enverra se reposer dans le beau grand jardin de notre ami le Révérend Filleul."

A knowledge of French helps hardly at

all to an understanding of Jersey French when spoken. It is a rude language, and seems not out of place among the poorer people, but it is odd to hear it familiarly used by educated persons; yet in the most aristocratic families it is the language of the household.

We once asked



ST. BRELADE'S BAY.

except for the routine of the church service. The language of the Jersey hearthstone—the "mother tongue" of the country people—is French, it is true, but it is the French

of our way of an old woman who was working in her garden. Pointing to the left, she told us to go "too gowshe" (tout gauche). We addressed very few who could not speak

modern French, but the knowledge of English is much less common than would seem possible in an island so small that no house is more than about ten miles from a large town, where it is so generally used that it seems at first the language of the place.

Jersey is an outpost of England rather than an integral part of the Empire. It is under the protection, rather than under the control of the Crown, which appoints (and supports at its own cost) a Lieutenant-Governor, who is a military officer of

high rank, and commander of the considerable garrison, which is maintained without charge to the population. Acts of Parliament are not binding unless they have been specially sent by order of Council to be registered in the island. For most purposes, the Local Legislature ("The States of Jersey") is an independent authority, but their acts are passed "subject to the sanction of Her Most Excellent Majesty in Council." If not approved, they lapse three years after their enactment, but may be renewed from time to time.

The chief local officer is called the Bailiff. He, with twelve Jurats (one from each parish), constitute the Royal Court, and these, with the twelve rectors, twelve constables, and the fourteen deputies, elected, one from each parish, and two additional from St. Helier's, form "The States of Jersey." The Bailiff presides, and he has the casting vote; but the States cannot be convened without the consent of the Governor, who has the right of veto,—rarely exercised; for this official, if he be wise, confines himself mainly to the affairs of the garrison, to the management of the militia, to the enjoyment of his beautifully placed country-seat on the hill back of the town, and to systematic entertainments.

The bailiff, the jurats, and the rectors hold office for life; the bailiff and the rectors are appointed by the Crown, and the jurats are elected by the rate-payers. They are not required to have legal qualifications, but cer-

tain occupations disqualify, such as butcher, baker, and inn-keeper. When sitting in the Royal Court, the bailiff and the jurats wear robes of red cloth, which are more or less



CAVERN AT GRÈVE AU LANCON.

suggestive of bathing-dresses. In this snug little republic, the *vox populi* is not so much expressed at the ballot-box as in the close intercourse of all classes, which must make the will of the people clear to their rulers,—who are born Jerseymen themselves and who, probably, value the approval of their fellow-islanders beyond all other worldly incentive to right doing.

Even-handed justice, according to the laws, seems to prevail, if we may judge from the fact that on the occasion of our visit a former jurat was in prison, and awaiting trial before the body of which he had lately been a member. So far as I could understand the case, his crime was that of having declared a dividend when the bank of which he was a director was in an insolvent condition, though in a fair way to pull through if a good dividend should have the effect of putting up the price of its shares and attracting depositors. How would such a test of crime apply in our republic?

I was one day talking with a Jersey gentleman about this case, and asked him how in such a community so large a failure was possible, suggesting that the affairs of the bank could hardly be kept from the knowledge, nor, in a measure, from the control of many of the best people. He replied, sadly, and without enlightening me:

"Ah! You see, it was a Dissenting Bank."

Among the more peculiar laws is one affecting debtors. When a man is unable to



ST. CATHERINE'S BAY.

pay his debts, he may be forced to "make cession;" that is, he gives up his entire assets to his creditors. The one whose claim is the most recent has the option of taking the property on paying the other creditors. If he refuses, his claim is annulled, and the next in order of time has the opportunity, which he must accept, or forfeit his claim—and so on, until, from the extinction of a portion of the debts, a creditor is found who will pay what remains and take the estate. By the operation of a recent law, a debtor may be released by consent of the majority of his creditors.

Jersey is much sought, especially by invalids, by reason of its equable climate. Much of its natural beauty, too, as well as the character of its ornamental planting, is due to its soft skies and mild winters. Changes of temperature are not often sudden or severe. The summer weather is rarely hot, and the winter is never cold. The fuchsia is a hardy shrub, and grows to a great size; it is much used as a hedge plant; pampas grass is conspicuous in every lawn, and grows to dimensions which in our climate are quite unknown; the Araucaria grows in the open air, and reaches a fine size; maiden-hair and Hart's-Tongue fern grow wild on the fence banks; the oleander, the agave, the yucca, and the azalea flourish in private grounds beside the rich vegetation of New Zealand and the Norfolk Islands. In the grounds of Mr. Gibaut, in St. Laurence valley, there are dozens of large trees of *Camellia Japonica*, which bloom throughout the winter in the most magnificent profusion, and these are everywhere successful in the open air. Against south walls, the orange ripens its fruit. The geranium is perfectly hardy, and, indeed, very many plants which

can be grown only under glass in England, and only with fire heat here, succeed perfectly in the open air in Jersey. The grass is green all winter, and many sorts of trees hold their leaves very late. I have seen the *Laurestinus* bursting its flower-buds early in December, and the whole air of the island, except on the exposed northern and western coasts, is that of a country where one may have a perpetual conservatory at one's door, roofed only by the kindly sky.

There is no miasma, and the air is not depressing, as might be suspected. On the contrary, it is a perfectly satisfactory climate for walking, quite as much so, and even more constantly so than that of England. Consumption in its early stages is said to be checked by a residence here, and many chronic diseases yield to the effect of the wholesome air and the out-of-door life. Rheumatism, however, is said to be aggravated. Ansted, in his work on the Channel Islands, says: "It may safely be assumed that all the islands are admirably adapted to restore the health, and strengthen, both mentally and bodily, the overtaxed energies of the inhabitants of great cities. They afford a pure, clear atmosphere, containing a large quantity of saline matter and iodine, and the frequent high winds insure a constant freshness, preventing the depressing effect sometimes accompanying humidity."

Falle, the historian of Jersey (Rector of St. Saviour's), after descanting on the advantage to the island of having its slope all in one direction, so that the rivulets gain sufficient size to turn "betwixt 30 and 40 mills that supply the whole country," says: "The second Benefit we receive from this Situation is that by this Declivity of the Land from N to S, the beams of the Sun fall more directly and perpendicularly

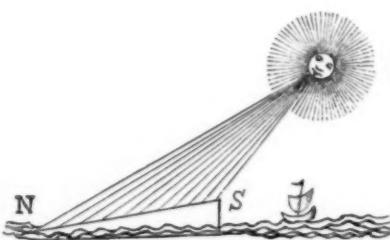
thereon than if either the Surface was level and Parallel to the Sea, or which is worse, declined from S to N; as it doth in Guernezy.

J E R S E Y.



For there, by an odd opposition to Jersey, the land is high on the S, and low on the N, which causes, if I may so speak, a double obliquity; the one from the Position of the

G U E R N E Z E Y.



Sun itself, especially in time of the Winter Solstice; the other from the Situation of the Land; and is probably the Reason of the great Difference observed in the Qualities of Soil and Air in both Islands." He illustrates his meaning by two wood-cuts, which are here reproduced.

The quaintness of Falles style only adds to his interest in the estimation of the student of Jersey. The roads lose nothing from his account of them. They were of three kinds: 1. "Le Chemin du Roy," twelve feet wide; 2. "Le Chemin de huit pieds," eight feet wide; and 3. "Le Chemin de quatre pieds," four feet wide, "serving only for Carriages on Horseback." "And yearly about Midsummer, there is a Perambulation of the Magistrates in one or more of the Parishes to inquire in what Repair these ways are kept, which is performed very Solemnly. The Constable of the Parish where the Peram-

bulation is to be, takes with him 12 of the Principal Men of his Parish, and meets the Judge attended by 3 or more of the Jurats on Horseback: Before whom rideth the Viscount or Sheriff, with his Staff of Office erected, one End thereof on the Pommel of his Saddle. In ancient times it was *Cum Lanced*, with a Launce. He keeps the middle of the way, the Constable and his 12 Men walking on foot by his side; and when his Staff encountereth with a Bough or Branch hanging on the way, the Owner of the hedge is fined: But if the fault be in the bottom of the way, not the Party bordering but the Over-seers of that Tything are amerced.

"We had anciently another way, and of very different Use, called *Perquage* from the word *Pertica* because it was exactly 24 Foot broad, which is the measure of a Perch. There were but XII of them in the whole Island beginning one at every Church, and from thence leading straight to the Sea. The Use of them was to conduct those who for some Capital offense had taken Sanctuary in any of the Churches and had been forced to abjure the Island according to an ancient custom practiced among Us in those days. Having abjured, they were conducted by the Church-men along those *Perquages* to the Sea, which Perquages were still a Sanctuary to them; for if they strayed never so little, they lost the benefit of the Sanctuary and were liable to the Law."

Some of these Sanctuary roads are still the lines of the main roads leading to the churches.

Deploring the excessive use of "cidar," of which he estimates that there were made in good years twenty-four thousand hogsheads, all of which was consumed in the island "beyond use and necessity, even to Excess and Debauchery," he says: "Could Men be satisfied with the common Drink of Nature, Water I mean, no People in the World are more liberally stored with that than we of this Island: 'Tis in my Opinion the great Wonder of this Island, that whereas it is as it were but a great Rock, standing in the midst of the Salt Sea, it abounds beyond what is seen in any other Country under Heaven, with fresh and excellent Springs, which gush out of the hard Rock, and bubble up everywhere, running in a thousand pretty Brooks and Streams among the Dales, till they lose themselves in that great Receptacle of waters, the Ocean. There is hardly a house that has not such a Spring or Brook near it."

Near the south-west corner of the island

there is a high-lying, barren-looking stretch of sandy country, called the Quenvais, which is in strange contrast to the rest of Jersey. Of this, the devout Rector, who never neglects a chance to point a moral, says: "We must except a large Tract of once excellent Lands in the West of the Island, which within these 200 Years have been so overrun with Sands, that the Island on that side bearth the Image of a Desart. This is said to have happened by Divine Vengeance on the Owners of those Lands, for detaining the Goods of Strangers that had been Shipwreckt on that Coast, though enjoyed by the highest Censure of the Church to restore them. There must be from time to time such publick Example of Divine Justice among Men, that the *inhabitants of the Earth may learn Righteousness.*" Then, his spirit of fair play asserting itself, he goes on: "And yet I confess it may't be also the Effect of a Cause not Preternatural: I mean of those high Westerly winds that blow here almost at all Seasons of the Year, and which on this side of the Island, are daily seen to drive the Sands from the Bottom to the Top of the highest Cliffs."

An impression of Jersey, gained only from the extreme western and northern coasts, would be an impression of a high, rocky, and almost treeless land, with little to invite the visitor, save the noble bluffs and rocks; but almost immediately on leaving the coast one drops into the characteristic rural scenes which greet him at every turn until he reaches the low-lying shores of Grouville and St. Clements. Little dells near the north side of the island, their rivulets combining to form the growing brooks, unite in deeper and broadening valleys which spread into the plains at the south—plains into which the hills project here and there, giving admirable variety to even these lower lands, and affording the most charming sites for country houses that overlook the St. Clements coast, fringed at low tide with far-reaching, mellow-colored rocks. Among these the spring tides rise to the height of forty feet, leaving them bare for miles as they recede.

Looking to the right, toward Noirmont Point, the view lies across St. Aubin's Bay, with the cluster of rocks on which St. Aubin's castle stands.

A good object in driving is to see the old parish churches; going from one to the other, with the aid of a map, through the cross lanes, which are much more picturesque than the main highways (the old Sanctuary roads), and which often drop down into



HERMITAGE OF ST. HELERIUS.

charming valleys, past old-time mills, and among old, thatched farm-houses.

The churches themselves are interesting from without, but the interiors that we saw are dull and cold, and colorless. They all stand in ancient church-yards, thickly set with tombstones, whose inscriptions are in French. These churches are all old, and there has never been an elaborate restoration of any of them. They seem to have been merely kept in suitable condition for use, and the necessary additions have generally been made in the style of the original structure. The most recent is that of St. Helier's, which was consecrated in 1341. Eight of the twelve were consecrated in the twelfth century—the oldest, St. Brelade's (which was the earliest Christian church in the Channel Islands), in 1111. St. Saviour's Church, which stands just beyond the edge of the town, and St. Martin's, four miles out, are perhaps the finest examples of the type. Immediately back of the town the land rises very rapidly, and affords especially fine sites for residences. Here, too, stands "Victoria College," an admirable school for boys, the grounds of which are a frequent resort for pleasure walking, especially in its more tender phase.

Charming though this little island is in every respect, and however engaging to the general tourist, it is only the farmer who can

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fully appreciate its most celebrated attraction—the one which has made it noted throughout the agricultural world. I refer to the beautiful and excellent Jersey cow (mis-called the "Alderney"). It was for the sake of its cattle that I made my first visit to Jersey, as it was for the sake of the rural beauty and historical and social interest which the first visit had revealed that I made a second and longer one. This gave opportunity for gaining a better knowledge and fairer estimate of the real merits of these animals, and confirming a belief that no better service can be rendered in an important department of American agriculture than by making still more widely known the benefit which would result to our butter-making farmers from the general adoption of this breed.

The ultimate origin of the race is quite unknown. There is a report of a Jersey calf having been born in this country with the tail of a deer, and certainly nothing could be more deer-like than the characteristic eyes and facial expression of these animals. Many of them are of a tawny brown color, and they sometimes have a prominent tuft of coarse hair at the base of the horns. This has been believed by some to indicate a remote cross of the buffalo of Southern Europe. The gray color and black-switched tails so frequently seen among the cattle of Southern Germany and France, and of Northern Italy, point clearly to one element of their parentage. Whatever may have been its earlier history, this breed obviously came to Jersey from the adjacent country of Normandy, where one still sees, in almost universal use among the peasantry, cattle of an entirely similar character;—similar, yet not at all the same, for the Jersey cow, as we know her, has long been jealously guarded by the Jerseyman as the best in the world for his purpose, and to be improved rather by careful selection within the race itself than by crosses of any foreign blood. There still exists in force an old enactment of the States of Jersey of nearly one hundred years standing, by which the importation into Jersey of "cow, heifer, calf, or bull," was prohibited under the penalty of two hundred livres, with the forfeiture of boat and tackle, besides a fine of fifty livres to every sailor on board who did not inform of the attempt at importation, the animal being decreed to be immediately slaughtered and its flesh given to the poor. Later laws are equally stringent; no foreign cattle are allowed to come to the island except as butcher's meat. The quite different cattle of Guernsey are not

deemed foreign under these laws, but Sir John Le Couteur says that there are scarcely ever a dozen of that breed in the island, and that they and their progeny are discarded at the Cattle Shows.

The secret of the great development of these cattle for the production of cream and butter, lies in the fact that for a very long time no other characteristic was considered in their selection. The old Jersey cow was an exceedingly ungainly, raw-boned creature, with nothing to recommend her but her beautiful head, which no neglect has been able to spoil, and the all-important one of rich productiveness. They had the disadvantage of not fattening well when their milking days were over.

About forty years ago a few gentlemen interested in the improvement of the breed selected two beautiful cows with the best qualities as models. One of these was held to be perfect in her barrel and fore-quarters, and the other in her hind-quarters. From these there was laid down a "Scale of Points" for the use of the judges in all cattle shows. This accords so well with the opinion of the farmers of the island, that it has remained unchanged to this day.

SCALE OF POINTS.

ARTICLE.	COWS AND HEIFERS	POINTS.
1. Head, small, fine, and tapering.	.	1
2. Cheek, small.	.	1
3. Throat, clean.	.	1
4. Muzzle, fine, and encircled by a light color.	.	1
5. Nostrils, high and open.	.	1
6. Horns, smooth, crumpled, not too thick at the base, and tapering.	.	1
7. Ears, small and thin.	.	1
8. Ears, of a deep orange color within.	.	1
9. Eye, full and placid.	.	1
10. Neck, straight, fine, and placed lightly on the shoulders.	.	1
11. Chest, broad and deep.	.	1
12. Flare-hooped, broad and deep.	.	1
13. Well-ribbed home, having but little space between the last rib and the hip.	.	1
14. Back, straight, from the withers to the top of the hip.	.	1
15. Back, straight from the top of the hip to the setting-on of the tail, and the tail at right angles with the back.	.	1
16. Tail, fine.	.	1
17. Tail, hanging down to the hocks.	.	1
18. Hide, thin and movable, but not too loose.	.	1
19. Hide, covered with fine soft hair.	.	1
20. Hide, of good color.	.	1
21. Fore-legs, short, straight, and fine.	.	1
22. Fore-arm, swelling and full above the knee.	.	1
23. Hind-quarters, from the hock to the point of the rump, long and well filled up.	.	1
24. Hind-legs, short and straight (below the hocks), and bones rather fine.	.	1
25. Hind-legs, squarely placed, not too close together when viewed from behind.	.	1
26. Hind-legs, not too close in walking.	.	1
27. Hoofs, small.	.	1
28. Udder, full in form, <i>i. e.</i> , well in line with the belly.	.	1
29. Udder, well up behind.	.	1
30. Teats, large and squarely placed, behind wide apart.	.	1
31. Milk-veins, very prominent.	.	1
32. Growth.	.	1
33. General appearance.	.	1
34. Condition.	.	1

Perfection.

No prize shall be awarded to cows having less than 34 points.

No prize shall be awarded to heifers having less than 26 points.

Cows having obtained 27 points, and heifers 24 points, shall be allowed to be branded, but cannot take a prize.

Three points, viz., Nos. 28, 29, and 31, shall be deducted from the number required for perfection in heifers, as their udder and milk-veins cannot be fully developed; a heifer will, therefore, be considered perfect at 31 points.

A similar scale is used for the examination of bulls.

It should be with diffidence that one criticises a course which has led to such an unquestionably good result as the present cow of the Island of Jersey, yet an opinion prevails among Jersey breeders of this country that the foregoing scale of points is, in some respects, faulty. That it has improved the form of the animal there can be no doubt; but that a rigid adherence to it has not resulted in marked injury in the item of productiveness may very well be due to the fact that this, which was for so long a time the sole object with breeders, gained thereby a permanence as one of the types of the breed which has thus far withheld the deleterious influences of neglect. I was shown many of the prize animals of recent years, and, viewed simply as milkers, they seemed to me decidedly inferior to others which, from their form, would have had no chance of a prize under the scale of points. The fault seems to rest partly with the scale itself, and partly with the judgment with which it is used. Its great defect is, that it gives to each article an equal value. A cow defective in articles 4, 5, 7, 9, 17, and 34 (which, in these later days, seems to be taken to mean *fat*), must relinquish the prize to one entirely deficient in the all-important articles 28, 29, 30, and 31. No doubt the disre-

Then, too, a greater and more palpable injury is being done by deference to fashion. The argument with which the farmers of Jersey defend their course is difficult to answer. They say that the high price of their cattle is mainly paid by men who buy for "fancy" purposes, and that they must breed for their market. This is unanswerable, perhaps; but the necessity is a grave one, for what are considered "fancy" points have no reference to the only qualities which can permanently maintain the value of the breed. England is the great market, and in England the first great requisite for a cow is that it shall approach the Shorthorn type—that is, that it shall be smooth, and round, and fat. Consequently, fat in the carcass is sought after, with too much disregard of the fact that the tendency to convert the fat-forming elements of the food into adipose tissue, and the tendency to convert the same elements into cream, cannot exist in perfection in the same animal. The present inclination in England is to make the Jersey compete with the Shorthorn, whom she can never hope to rival for beef, and to neglect the very valuable characteristic in which no other cow in the world save the Guernsey can rival her. In this regard I believe that American breeding is wiser than that of the present day in Jersey.

Another "fancy" point, which looks harmless at first, cannot, if persisted in, fail to work great injury.

Some of the animals of Jersey are of a uniform grayish color, with an entire absence of white, and with black tufts at the ends of their tails. Some of these have also black

tongues. It seems to be the fashion in England—and an effort has been made to introduce it into this country—to have herds of Jersey cows of these colors only. This appears, at first blush, an entirely innocent aim; but the practical result is that, higher prices being paid for animals of the desired color than



ST. BRELADE'S CHURCH.

tion of the judges would prevent so extreme a case as this, but it would be better to have a scale under which it would be impossible.*

* Within the past few months a new scale has been adopted, which avoids these objections.

for others, farmers themselves are getting to attach great value to calves of the favorite hue. Consequently, no bull calf had recently a ghost of a chance for his life, no matter if his dam were the best dairy cow that Jersey ever saw, if he had a fleck of white anywhere about

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him; while the calf of a cow quite worthless for practical purposes was sure to escape the merited knife, if only he were of solid color and had "black points." Upon the effect of a few generations of such breeding as this, it is, of course, unnecessary to descend. So long as the Jersey cow retains her present value for the dairy, she is sure of a good market. When her only merit shall become that of gray coats and black switches, she will come in competition with the similarly colored animals of the whole south of Europe. Wiser counsels are now prevailing, and the officers of the Royal Agricultural Society of Jersey have denounced the practice as suicidal.

Thus far this fancy has only begun to prevail. While one sees in the Saturday market at St. Helier's a large preponderance of the fancy-colored animals offered for sale, and while these constitute the bulk of the numerous cargoes sent to Southampton, the older cows of the island maintain their old standard of excellence and varied beauty. Very many of them are deficient in the matter of form, and are inclined to sway backs or sloping rumps; but more uniform excellence for the dairy, combined with almost universal beauty, can nowhere else be found than in the fields and gnarled orchards, into which every opening in the beautiful fence-rows of Jersey gives a glimpse.

The useful characteristics of the Jersey cow are the result of continued breeding for a useful result, but her other characteristics of gentleness and docility are due to the fact of long generations of kind personal care and of the constant presence of man,—or rather of woman, for in Jersey the women take almost exclusive charge of the cattle. From their earliest calfhood they are never at liberty, but are always tethered to iron pins driven into the ground, being moved several times a day to fresh grass.

Owing to the mildness of the climate they are kept out during a much larger portion of the year than would be possible with us, and in some seasons they are but little housed except at night. Their grass food is supplemented with parsnips and other roots, which are raised very largely. The custom

of tethering compels them to eat more closely than they would do in open pasture, and enables a much larger number to be kept on a limited area. Doubtless their product is



THE JERSEY COW AT HOME.

somewhat less than it would be if they had the free range of large good pastures, selecting only the choicest bits of grass.

Bearing in mind the fact that Jersey is only about as large as Staten Island, and that it has over two thousand land-owners, one may well be surprised to learn that the census of 1872 returned 10,941 horned cattle (all of the one breed) as being kept there. Not far from two thousand of these animals are annually exported. Most of these are young heifers, and they return to the farmers an average of about one hundred dollars each. The highest price of which I have knowledge was one hundred guineas (about six hundred dollars), paid by an American.

The dairies of Jersey are rather curious than instructive. They are usually small, and their product is generally much inferior to that of American dairies where the same cows are kept. One Jersey practice might, however, with advantage be adopted here—that is, the manner of milking. They milk, not into a pail, but into a narrow-necked, jug-shaped can, the mouth of which is closed with muslin, tied on so loosely that it sags down some inches into the opening. In the bottom of this is laid a clean sea-shell, to receive the stream of milk and prevent its wearing the cloth. The milk flows over the edge of the shell, and, as it passes through the cloth, is perfectly strained of any impurity that may fall from the cow's udder. When

the milking is done in the stable, this cloth has the additional effect of excluding foul odors.

Our two weeks were all too short for more than a glance at the island, with its peculiar manners and customs; "fresh fields and

pastures new" invited us to Guernsey, and with real regret we gave up our little house, with its charming view, transferred our daily drives to our unending memory, set sail on a glassy sea, and saw this charmed island fade into a dreamy blue cloud behind us.

A MIDDY IN MANILA.

To sail from winter into summer is very pleasant for those whose home is a man-of-war; and so we found it as we stood down the coast of Formosa, every day bringing us nearer to the Philippines.

We came to anchor one day at Tam-Fui, near the southern end of Formosa. The English had just bombarded the place, but we were too late for the fun. We went on shore and visited the ruins of an old Dutch fort, built in sixteen hundred-and-something, and made of about 500,000,000 bricks; the Chinamen had built up a whole town from the bricks of one wall. We threw stones at the pigs who reside with the

natives, ate some bananas, and returned to the ship disgusted with Formosa. That morning we got under way again, and after two days' delightful sailing over a summer sea, stood into the charming circular bay of Manila, and came to anchor near the city.



MAKING CALLS IN MANILA.

No Italian sea and sky are more beautiful than we found here, and the bright Spanish town nestles cozily at the head of the bay where the little river Pasig empties itself into the sea.

A happy party we were that day going ashore in our white jackets and straw hats; four days' before, we had shivered in flannels and overcoats. We pulled up the river to the landing, and there took carriages,—for nobody ever walks here who can ride,—and drove all through the towns, old and new. Manila was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in 1863, but it has since been all rebuilt. The ruins of the large cathedral are preserved, and when we visited it, the bell-ringer took us up into the tower, where we had a fine view of the town; and there he told us the story of the earthquake. He was standing where we now were, beside the bell, and saw the earth shake and the houses fall; the terrified inhabitants—looking to him at this distance like frightened ants—fled from place to place; then the roof of the cathedral fell upon the worshipers below, and buried many in the

ruins. And he alone seemed to be left above the scene of destruction.

No foreigners are allowed to live inside the wall of this fine town; it is purely Spanish, with its convents, cathedrals, and its two-storied houses with overhanging verandas and latticed windows.

We called at a gentleman's house one day; we drove through the front door and stopped at the foot of the stairs; an Indian boy took up our cards; we alighted, and while waiting for the boy I remarked that the horses, cows, etc., resided on the ground floor, which is of stone, and that the carriages were also kept there; we then walked up a flight of broad stone steps, and, passing through an opening without doors, found ourselves in the large "sala," a spacious saloon with a dark wood floor polished like a piano-top. On entering the room, one must offer his hand to every lady and gentleman without exception; this we did, and repeated some appropriate Spanish sentences (from the tenth lesson in Ollendorf, I think). There were the señor, his accomplished señora, and two flirtatious señoritas; the conversation soon became very brilliant, in one or two cases going as high as the twenty-ninth lesson, and some good things were gotten off from



"GUE-R-R-A !"

Ahn's Spanish Reader; midshipman Veer, who knew nothing whatever in Spanish except that romantic account, familiar to

Gradually the carriages start off and drive up and down for an hour, then the band begins to play, and all stop at the Paseo or



CHOOSING PARTNERS.

all students, commencing with, "The Island of Cuba is the most beautiful of all the Antilles," went through it with much eloquence, deftly inserting Luzon for Cuba, and Philippines for Antilles; but he brought confusion upon himself, for the subsequent conversation, all addressed to him, was so deep that he arose in despair, remarking that he was off soundings, and we took our leave, shaking hands all around as before. On arriving at the foot of the steps we turned around, *comme de coutume*, and said "Buenos días," to the ladies, who had, also *comme de coutume*, followed us to the head of the stairs.

At five o'clock we started for the Calzada or public drive; hundreds of carriages were going in the same direction; in nearly every one were two or three ladies in evening dress, without cloaks or hats. There were a great many pretty black-eyed señoritas who glanced at us from under their long lashes in such a bewitching way as to give me a sort of electric tingle.

The drive is along the shore of the beautiful bay, and the scene one of life, beauty, and enchantment. On reaching the end of the drive, all the carriages haul off into an open space and stop, and the people gaze at each other and nod in recognition; little naked Philippina-presents dance around, and offer you a light; the sun goes down in a blaze of green and gold across the bay, the full moon beams forth, silence reigns, and there you sit gazing at the people. Nothing pleases a Spanish girl more, and you can offer her no better compliment, than to stare at her; I tried several determined stares on pretty girls, and they endured it with perfect serenity.

walk, a broad mall with trees on either side, and lamps, which make it very light even when there is no moon; and moonlight and lamps in the foliage together form a pretty combination. Here all alight and flâner back and forth; you watch the graceful undulating step of the Spanish girls, listen to the music, and take your only exercise for the day. Little girls skipped around us and asked us in Spanish to kiss them; it sounded very pretty, and we kissed a few.

The carriages used here are small barouches and Victorias, drawn by native ponies. When tired of walking we took to ours again, leaned back, put our feet up, and drove to the city by the light of the moon; the barouches jingle along, the ladies go by in their white gauzy dresses, and the natives pass in their brilliant costumes. We all fell in love with Manila at first sight.

In the evening we went to the native theater; the play was in Indian, so the Spaniards understood nothing that was said, but applauded, cracked jokes in Spanish, and kept the house in a roar; one comical duke pushed the native orchestra leader down the prompter's-trap and led the band himself with his cane. The acting was all high tragedy; whenever the audience wished the performers to fight they would sing out "Gue-r-r-r-a!" (War), and they would at once set-to. The native Indians are all fond of music, and play by ear entirely; there are nearly forty bands in this place; they play on European instruments, and give you any air you like. The girls play well on the harp; passing along the streets of the native town you may hear the familiar strains of some opera coming out of the windows of

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a poor little hovel. The native houses are mostly elevated in a queer way on bamboo stilts; the English basement is therefore an open space, in the cool shade of which, pigs,



THE HABANERA.

fighting-cocks, and cats congregate to enjoy their siesta.

The dress of the Indians in Manila is a pair of modern trowsers, a straw hat, and a shirt worn outside; some very wealthy natives wear beautifully worked piña shirts with gold studs, collar, etc., worth hundreds of dollars; but always with the flaps outside. What bliss in summer! One could almost wish to be an Indian.

I have only spoken of old Manila inside the wall, with the more exclusive Spanish population. The greater population is outside, in the new town, where reside Europeans other than Spanish, a few Spaniards, and a vast concourse of half and half, Spanish, Chinese, and Indian, as it were,—quadroons, octoroons, etc. These are called Mestizos; some are very rich, and move in the best Spanish society, and there are also the first and second classes of Mestizo society.

Our second day in Manila we were all invited to a first-class Mestizo ball at the house of the widow Momez, given by some gentlemen of the American merchant houses there. Promptly at 8 o'clock we drove into the widow's basement; we ascended the stone stairway, and a scene of splendor, brilliant colors, and black eyes, burst upon our view. The Mestiza girls were sitting in a row on one side of the room, about forty of them; some decked in gay plumage, yellow, pink, and green being prominent colors, others dressed in somber hues; they were mostly very pretty, with lithe graceful figures, and eyes as black as coal. The gentlemen hovered near the doors of the grand sala,

like hawks eying chickens; at the first note of the music they all made a pounce for partners,—as I saw that pouncing was the go, I made a dive for a pretty yellow-and-green, rattled off a sentence from the fifteenth lesson in Ollendorf, "Will you do me the favor to *bailar conmigo?*" and started off on a dance I had never seen before, but which was easy to learn; it was the *Habanera*, a sort of walking embrace to slow music; you make a step to the right, rise on your toes, step to the left, rise, swing round, step to the right, rise and so on; then, when you wish to balance, you wink at some fellow, stop in front of him and go through the ladies'-chain, then clasp your partner's waist and take the other lady's right hand; the other fellow does the same, and now with the music you sway up to the center, sway back, and revolve in an ecliptic at the same time after the manner of the planets. After swaying six times you drop the other lady's hand and gradually sail off again with the step and turn. The girls cling quite closely, and gaze up occasionally, Spanish fashion.

After the dance, we refreshed our partners and ourselves with claret-punch or beef-tea, and I then took up my position among the hawks, who began to circle as the band tuned up their instruments. It was a prin-



"NOT GOING FAR!"

ciple not to engage dances ahead, but to keep off for an even start when the music strikes up. I spotted a bright little girl in white gauze, and, at the first toot, I made a

dash for her, neck and neck with four rivals, but beat them, and off we flew to a quick polka, in which they give a lively step, making it faster than the galop. I had never enjoyed a dance as I did that dash over the polished floor. The Mestiza girls understood no English, and it was fun to hear the remarks of the fellows; one flew past me, and called out: "Stand clear of this planetary system!" another cried: "Port your helm, Tommy; don't you see her starry top-lights?" and another fellow came dashing down the room, saying: "Clear the decks! Gangway for silver-heels!" I passed our skipper with a shout, burst off a vest button, carried away my collar-band, and, as the music stopped, sank exhausted in a chair, and called for bouillon for two. So we kept it up, dance after dance, and the hall resounded with shouts of laughter.

Whenever the couples ran against each other, the girls sang out with a sharp little "Hi!" which was very amusing. They have a great way of kissing each other all the evening, and the fanciest kisses I ever saw; first, both kiss to starboard, and then both to port. The first time I noticed it, a young damsel kissed my partner good-bye as she started to dance with me. I was astonished, and said we were not going far, which made them laugh. I found that the girls in contiguous seats kissed good-bye before every dance, as if to say: "You will elope this time, sure." When the time for supper came, I fell into the line, and escorted a blooming Philippina to the table. I asked a resident American what I should help her to, and he said, emphatically:

"Ham and turkey! Give her plenty of ham and turkey!"

I gave her a full plate, which she soon dispatched, and called for more. Everybody ate ham and turkey. The gentlemen acted as waiters, and afterward sat down together. Spaniards are terrible eaters. And no wonder, on this occasion,—for they came to the ball at 8 o'clock, and danced until 5 A. M. We held ourselves in dancing trim by refreshments, and the ladies kept even with us, and deserved great praise.

Next evening, on the Calzada and Paseo, we had a new pleasure in meeting and talking to our black-eyed friends of the ball, and practicing our last Spanish lesson with them. When on board ship, we studied Spanish furiously; but as the ship was undergoing repairs, we had a great deal of time on shore.

The following day we gave a ball on

board; the spar-deck was curtained in, and decorated with flags, lanterns, and designs. A gentleman on shore issued the invitations to the Hidalgos and Americans; no Mestizas were invited; we were sorry, but, it couldn't be helped. At nine o'clock a small steamer laden with precious freight came alongside, and all of our officers stood at the gangway to receive the ladies; first came on board the wife of an American gentleman to receive with our skipper, and then the other ladies came over the side one by one; we filed them off, presented them, and ranged them in chairs along the water-ways.

Suddenly there appeared in the gangway a face of such marvelous beauty, and a form of such exquisite proportions, that ten souls had but a single thought, which was to be the first to grasp her hand, and nine hearts beat, as one, quicker than the rest, helped the fair being down the little ladder. By the blessing of good luck I happened to be nearest when this vision appeared, and was the fortunate one who thus proudly convoyed her aft. I did not return to the reception committee that evening, but employed experimental Spanish until I succeeded in engaging her for four dances, and in assuring her of my sudden and violent capture. I attributed my success to the manner in which I wrote her name on the engagement card; we had asked the ladies for dances as they came on board, and had put them down as "Pink tulle puffed, with white mantilla," "Very low neck and green slippers," "Plump, with diagonal yellow-and-green overskirt," etc.; but I wrote the beauty down as "La mas bonita de todas" (The prettiest of all); which so pleased her, that she at once gave me three more dances. Flattery will tell.

After all the ladies were safely landed on deck, the gentlemen came aboard; a native band struck up the music, and the scene became one of animation and brilliancy. The graceful Spanish girls, the navy uniforms, and the chandeliers of bayonets lighting up the many-colored flags, made it seem like fairy-land. During the evening I bestowed the united effort of forty lessons in Ollendorf on "La Bonita," which was as far as I had gone. Oh! but she had "dark, flashing eyes," and lashes that swept her peachy cheek when she would look down. She was born in the province where roses bloom forever. Dancing with her was like floating away on clouds of mist, wafted by the breath of music over undulating prairies of spring flowers!

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about one o'clock. I had danced many times with La Bonita. The ladies had just finished supper, and the gentlemen had sat down, when, to our consternation, it began to rain. It never rains here in the winter; it had not rained for two months, and did not for a month afterward; but down it came now, pouring through the flat awning, and all along the edges, and slowly and surely moving inboard. The music flickered, and went out with a mournful discord; the merry laughter gasped and expired, and the ladies clustered within the wet boundary which narrowed and narrowed, and drew them together in a little bunch; finally, so small became the dry spot, and so tight was the squeeze, that the silence was broken by shouts of laughter and little screams; the water spattered up, the ladies pressed their petticoats in, and stood on the little toes of their little Spanish slippers. It was a moment of peril. The crisis having now arrived when it was sink or swim, we took the ladies by their hands, and made a rush for the cabin and poop, which were soon stowed chock a' block with Spanish beauty; even the bath-tub and vegetable box were full of Castilian loveliness. We had no other shelter, as the ward-room was in use as a butler's pantry *pro tem.*

"These are hard lines," I whispered to La Bonita in Spanish down the cabin hatch.



WILL THERE BE NO LET-UP?

"Will there be no let-up?" she sorrowfully asked, in the liquid language of Castile.

"Small chance" (*chico show*), I mournfully responded.

Suffocation began to set in among them, so we signaled for the small steamer, which soon came alongside; and then up came the dark-eyed beauties from the submarine cabin; out they crawled from the bath-tub and bin. The deck was afloat, so we rigged sedans with arm-chairs and squillgee handles, and thus carried them in state to the gangway to save their satin slippers and silk open-work.

"Until to-morrow!" whispered La Bonita, as I pressed her hand.

Next day the Manila paper spoke of the ball in glowing terms, and skipped the rainy part.

The next event was the arrival of the English Admiral, to whom the Governor-General gave a review of the troops. There are eleven thousand troops quartered here, and they all turned out. Most of them are Indians, who have an eye for everything military. They were uniformed in white, and marched with a quick, short step, and in excellent line; there were lancers, also, and cavalry, and flying artillery. The officers are Spanish; as they passed the Admiral and Governor-General, they saluted by thrusting the sword quickly to the front, and then sweeping the air as if cutting off a daisy-top.

The Captain-General is the big man here; he drives out in style with four horses and postilions. No one else is allowed to drive four horses; as he passes, all raise their hats, as of course did we. In the procession, the bands jingled away at short intervals, and the crowds of Mestizos and Indians assembled, beat time involuntarily with their feet. They are born with music in their soles.

We were in the season of the fêtes, Christmas holidays, and the New Year. At dusk, a large procession of the church began; first came a large golden image of the Virgin, borne on a gorgeously trimmed and illuminated platform, and drawn by little Indians carrying torches. There were other images equally rich, and as each passed, the people knelt and removed their hats.

The procession chanted as it moved along; there were little bits of Indian boys, dressed like priests with little false cowls, who toddled along, and looked very funny; then little mites of monks, with long dresses, who also toddled. Then girls with veils walked hand in hand, and little girls with little veils carrying tapers. The houses along the route were illuminated in a simple and effective way, by tumblers half filled with oil, colored red, blue, and green, and having floating

tapers in them. Later in the evening, the music and dancing began in the largest houses of that part of the city. As we walked along the bright little streets, señoritas stood in the light of the lanterns to be looked at, and laughed and flirted; they threw at us bits of cotton with flash-powder on it, as they do at carnivals; it would nearly reach us, and make us jump, and then go out, greatly to the amusement of

so bewitching in the pink glow of the tapers! Then the tapers died out and the full moon rose, and I thought she was more lovely still. She told me how she had been once to Spain, to Castile, where her uncle lived, but that she drooped and sighed ever for Manila, where the happy days of her girlhood had been passed. So they brought her back, and now she said she would quit the islands no more. Transplanting was worse than death.

A shade of melancholy stole over me at this, and I told her in earnest but detached Spanish of the beauty of America, the soft southern clime in winter, and the clear balmy air of summer on the northern hills; and, warming with my subject, or encouraged by the gentle pressure of a soft little hand that had accidentally gotten into mine, I went on to state the many charms of that home upon the Hudson, and the welcome that would be given to a handsome Spanish bride. With drooping lashes and a quickly moving fan, Nita softly drew her hand from mine. I glanced idly at the old clock tower of Manila which stood upon the adjacent corner, and observed that it was time for me to return on board ship, which I accordingly did, and without any superfluous conversation.

Every evening some one section of the city took its turn at the illumination, dancing, and festivity, and thither went all the youth, beauty, and pleasure-seekers of the town and suburbs. The most curious of the entertainments was a ball at the house of a rich Chinaman; there was a peculiar blending of barbarism and civilization in the furniture, table service, and appointments. There were present a large number of Chinese Mestiza ladies, with more or less of the almond-shaped eye, but some of them rather pretty and very fond of dancing the Habanera, and of looking with a sort of Hispano-Chinese tenderness out of the corners of their eyes. Their dresses displayed an Indian repugnance to superfluity, a Spanish love of bright colors, and a Chinese peculiarity of "cut bias." The wealthy Celestial received us very graciously, and presented us in Spanish to most of the ladies present. About fourteen languages were being spoken at the same time in the sala, producing a most remarkable jumble of sounds; and, combined with the inspiring strains of a native band, the view of great Chinese banners and carvings, and the varied costumes of the mixed races, made a wild, weird scene.

the girls. The most brilliant balcony was that presided over by "La Bonita;" they all clapped their hands with glee when they saw us coming; threw their entire stock of flash-cotton at us, scattering us, and then invited us to come up. We gladly accepted, and at once plunged into the dimly lighted stable on the ground floor, found the stone staircase, which we ascended, slid across the slippery floor of the sala, and joined the gay party on the balcony. It was a curious scene; the street below us, thronged with Spaniards and Indians in their fantastic, remarkable costumes; the profusion of shirt on the men, and the confusion of colors on the women; the scores of lights on every house; and the lovely girls on the balconies, with their ever-moving fans. The young ladies of our veranda, proud of the capture they had made of foreign middies, glanced triumphantly at their neighbors, and fanned themselves with renewed energy.

It is fascinating to make love in Spanish; so I found it that evening as I sat in a quiet corner of the balcony with Nita; she looked



A MESTIZA.

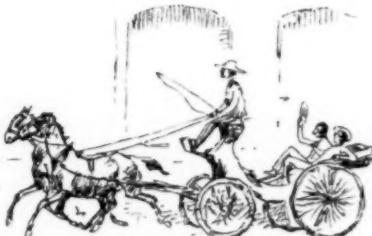
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I was dancing with a young Mestiza, when her mother and three sisters beckoned to us from the staircase to come to them, which we obediently did, and I was asked

that of the previous evening. I dragged the convoy across the street without signal from the rear, and tried to creep along in the shadow of the wall. Horrors! There



ON SHORE.



ABOARD SHIP.

to escort the party to another ball. Finding myself captured, I surrendered at discretion, and replied that I was in for anything; so, taking Miss Blackeyes on my arm, I went to the van of the convoy, and obeyed signals given from time to time by the Dama who occupied the position of flag-ship in the rear. We crossed the plaza and passed the clock-tower, and I suddenly became aware of the fact that we were about to pass the house of my fair charmer, Nita. "Good Heavens!" thought I. "If Nita sees me with this

sat Nita in her favorite corner of the balcony bathed by the gentle moonlight, leaning on her perfect arm, and looking directly across the street. I kept my eye on her sideways, and, as we came within the sweep of her bright black eye, she started a little, saw my confusion and the fair Mestiza on my arm, and bowed coldly, sending a yet colder chill through my trembling frame. My partner looked at me as if to say, "Who is your friend?" but I assured her it was of no consequence, and we soon after arrived



"ADIEU! 'TIS LOVE'S LAST GREETING!"

pretty girl I am forever dashed from her good graces, and will be the laughing-stock of the mess," for, of course, I was not disengaged by such a slight *contretemps* as

at a very handsome house, through the windows of which came sounds of music, laughter, and soprano voices. We entered the basement, went up the broad stone steps,

and met the host at the top. He waved his hand toward the row of forty pretty girls, to whom I gave one general bow, which was supposed to introduce me to every one. They asked me if I would dance a "Beerhenia." I replied that I was sure I could not dance such a thing as that. What was my surprise, then, to see them commencing a regular Virginia reel, "Beerhenia" being simply their pronunciation of Virginia.

The dancing continued, but I could not blot from my mind the vision of Nita leaning on her arm in the corner of that fatal balcony, and I determined to hasten from these scenes of gayety and seek forgiveness at the hands of the fair Philippina. I therefore left my convoy to the chance of wind and weather, and, heading for the familiar clock-tower, soon found myself again under Nita's balconies. While hesitating at the portal to prepare myself, I was startled at meeting all the family and cousins about to sally forth without hats or wraps into the soft evening air. They had two guitars, a violin, and a flute with them, and invited me to join them in a moonlight canoe trip up the Pasig. I glanced eagerly at Nita, who gave the slightest nod of approval; so I gladly accepted, and together we all went down toward the river, the ladies humming in chorus a little Spanish air, while one of them picked an accompaniment on her guitar, which was slung from her neck by a ribbon. When we reached the river bank I hovered near Nita, to lay for a contiguous seat in one of the two long dug-out canoes waiting for us. We were soon distributed, and the Indians at either end shoved off with their paddles, and then headed up the river, keeping abreast in order mutually to enjoy the music. My seat was in the bottom of the boat at Nita's feet, which I considered rather *bien réussi*.

The night was warm and still, the river up which we paddled narrow, and bordered by the luxurious vegetation of the tropics. Sometimes the palm and banana-trees on either side arched the stream, and through them came the rich moonlight, shining upon the graceful forms of the Spanish girls in our canoes, completing a fascinating scene. Then, to one of those bewitching accompaniments, Nita sang an Andalusian song, aiding its expression by her hand and fan, as only Spanish girls can do. At its close, had she requested me, I would have plunged to the bottom of that silent river. With all the eloquence of my soul (that is, all that my Spanish would allow), I whispered in

her listening ear that night, as she, leaning over the boat's side with me, trailed her snowy hand through the phosphorescent water, or looked up at me with her handsome eyes. It was past midnight when we returned from that delicious trip, the memory of which is like some happy dream of impossible delight. As I pressed Nita's warm little hand good-night there was a slight responsive squeeze.

The following day the mail steamer from Hong Kong arrived, bringing us orders from the Admiral to join him there at once. This was a bitter disappointment to us; had we been girls, we would have wept on each other's bosoms. Not one but was daft about some lovely Castilian, and to be torn away thus suddenly was torture. We sadly prepared our P. P. C's in the Spanish style, by writing "A. O. P. Hong Kong," in the corner of our cards, which means "Algunos órdenes para Hong Kong," or, "Any orders for Hong Kong," conveying much more meaning than "Pour prendre congé." We went ashore for the last time on the hospitable island of Luzon, and drove through the streets in all directions saying farewell. After leaving the houses, the young ladies would run to the front windows as we drove off, open the lattice a moment, wave their hands, and shout "Adios!" or, "Hasta la vista!" and then close the Venetian with a snap. I put off calling on Nita till the last, and, when finally I drove past the clock-tower to her house, my sorrow was doubled at finding her, with all her family, in a sort of Jersey wagon, just starting for some place out of town. Of course all opportunities for a tender exchange of sentiment were knocked by this untoward circumstance. They bade me a cordial good-bye, and I was about leaving them in sadness, when I made a sudden determination to have a more affectionate one with Nita, who was sitting in the back seat; so I jumped behind the wagon, pulled open the curtain, and threw my arms around her. At this supreme moment she met me half way, and placed her lovely face near mine, when I naturally began kissing her with all the fervor of a midshipman's soul. Brevet papa-in-law, horrified, started up the team to shake me off, brevet mamma-in-law fainted away, and the sisters clasped their hands in hysterical sympathy. At the same time one of our fellows was hanging to me by my foot, vainly endeavoring to drag me away, but I had the pleasure of kissing her half a block before I was torn forever from the fairest daughter of Spain.

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I suppose I might introduce a little fiction at this point, and say "my own darling Nita is looking over my shoulder as I write,

reminding me of those blissful Manila days," but she isn't, and I have never heard of her since.

THE STONE PERIOD OF THE ANTILLES.

THE recent acquisition by the American Museum at Central Park of a collection of ancient stone implements, places some remarkable forms in view not hitherto known to science, and others that are considered of great rarity and interest. These objects are all from the island of Porto Rico, and belong to what is known as the *Stone Period* of the West Indies. Many of the implements of this period, made by the ancient Carib race, then predominant in the Lesser Antilles and the mainland toward the South Atlantic sea-board, differ essentially from those made by other stone-age races, being particularly noticeable in the extreme finish and artistic workmanship of their cutting tools and weapons.

Of some of these singular objects nothing is known; they have no recorded history, and extremely meager is the account of those that have previously passed under scientific examination.

We propose to present herewith figures and descriptions of those that are late and unique contributions, and notices of other and more familiar, though rare, forms, in the order in which they have been presented to science.

Among the first important contributions from the regions of the Antilles were those sent to the Paris Exposition in 1867 by Dr. Charminier and M. Guesde, from Guadalupe. Some of these objects were quite peculiar in form: a hollow oval basin had an elegantly carved handle of exquisite workmanship and finish; a stone weapon had a scimitar-like curve, executed with mathematical exactness; several were of such beautiful shapes that it would seem that they required the operation of a lathe: some pear-shaped and mushroom-like in appearance, yet of the hardest stone material. These all vary considerably from any that have been found in other portions of America.

The late Sir Robert Schonbergh collected some specimens in the Island of St. Domingo. He speaks of the Caribs of the region as follows: "The last remnant of them, amounting to three or four hundred, retired

under Enrique, the last of the Caciques of the island, to Boya, a village about thirty miles to the north-north-east of the city. This wretched fragment of a once powerful nation soon vanished from the earth, and in 1851 there did not exist a single pure descendant of the millions who, at the discovery, peopled St. Domingo. Their language lives only in the names of places, rivers, trees, and plants; but everything combines to show that the people who bestowed these names were identical with the Carib and Arawak tribes of Guiana."

The figures and implements of this race, carved of stone and worked without iron tools, denote, if not civilization, a quick conception, and an inexhaustible patience to give to these hard substances the desired forms.

There is no tradition concerning this age or epoch, but it is noticeable that the sculptured stones are only found where there is sure evidence that the Caribs inhabited or visited.

In "Flint Chips," a descriptive catalogue of the Blackmore Museum at Saulsbury, England, there is a diagram of a sculptured stone collar measuring ten inches and a-half in its lesser, and fifteen inches in its greater diameter. This is the only engraved figure I have seen that bears a close likeness to those in the American Museum. It is quite like the smaller of the number herein described.

A stone collar, of a similar character and dimensions, was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries of England in 1869 by Mr. Josiah Cate, who made the following observations upon the object:

"The ancient stone ring, which I have the honor to exhibit to the Society of Antiquaries this evening, is an object of extreme rarity in English collections, and of quite unknown use. It was brought to this country in December, 1865, by my friend, Mr. E. B. Webb, from the Island of Porto Rico, where it was found. It is formed from a boulder of light-colored volcanic stone, is seventeen inches and a-half in its greater diameter, and fourteen in its lesser. The

elliptical perforation has a major axis of twelve and one-eighth, and a minor axis of eight and a-quarter inches. Its weight is twenty-five and a-half pounds. Externally it has two distinct ornaments; one at the end of the ellipse and thickest part of the ring is *chevronné*, with nine incised *chevronels*. The other, on the side of the ellipse, may, perhaps, be intended to represent the ends of a hoop which have been laid together and bound by a ligature. This second ornament appears on other specimens found on the same island, but the *chevronels* are replaced by other designs. I am not aware that the human figure is in any case represented. The example before the Society was exhumed from a considerable depth from the surface, near the top, and on the southern side of the sierra, or range of hills, which runs from east to west nearly throughout the length of the island. It is supposed to be the only specimen from this southern slope, but Mr. Webb saw several which had been found on the northern side, anciently the most populous end of the island. They included about five entire rings, and fragments of about as many more. They were all in the possession of one person, who would not part with them, and they were all which were known to have been found."

There is an engraving of a stone ring, of the characters of the above mentioned, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royal des Antilles du Nord*, accompanying a Report by M. C. C. Rafu, on the *Cabinet d'Antiquités Américaines à Copenhague*, 1858. This is said to be from Porto Rico.

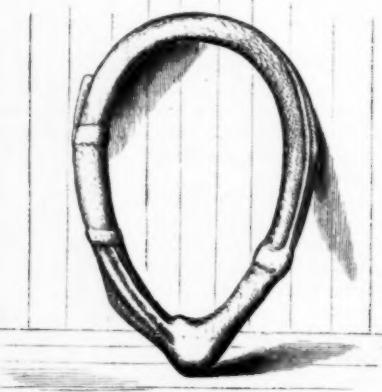


FIG. 1.

quaires du Nord, accompanying a Report by M. C. C. Rafu, on the *Cabinet d'Antiquités Américaines à Copenhague*, 1858. This is said to be from Porto Rico.

Another of the same class is in the mag-

nificent collection formed by the late Mr. Christy, of England, and was sent to him from the island of St. Thomas.

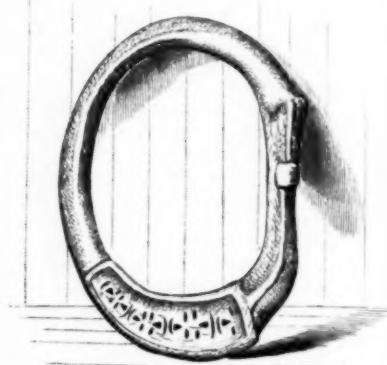


FIG. 2.

Dr. Weim, in his "Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," Vol. 1st, page 222, presents engravings of two stone collars, which are somewhat like those in the Blackmore Museum.

Mr. Cate, in closing his remarks concerning these stones, says:

"With regard to the probable use or purpose of these rings I can give no information, but shall be very much obliged for any suggestions, or for hints as to any works likely to contain such an account of the customs of the nations at the time of the Spanish invasion as may afford a clue to the mystery. Such elaborate pieces of work in hard stone could not have been intended to serve either a temporary or trifling purpose. They are all far too heavy for ordinary use, but yet not heavy enough to kill, or even to greatly torture the wearer, if we regard them as collars of punishment."

We now come to consider the specimens that have lately come to light, the stranger ones being here engraved.

In the spring of 1873, Señor Jose Ortez y Tapia, of Porto Rico, brought to New York, and sold to the American Museum in Central Park, a collection of stone implements and pottery. Several of the former were like those above mentioned, exceedingly rare, yet known to archaeological science. Four others were much larger and differently shaped and sculptured, and were found to be wholly strange and unique. With these, found in the same localities, were numerous fragments of pottery, consisting mostly of ornamental portions of jars

or cups, representing the human and brute faces. A small and very choice collection of stone celts and hatchets came with them, and also several singular forms of stone, more strange, even, than the collars, as they have never before been seen in historic times.

Señor Ortez furnished the following account, all that he could gather of their history, which, it will be seen, adds but little to the meager sum already recorded:

"The collars were found at a depth of eight or ten feet, very near the sea-shore, at Adhuantos, Penuelas, Huetuado, and Santa Isabel de Cuamo, on the sea-shore of Ponce, near the hacienda of Signor Cabassa. They were, I suppose, used for punishment, the weight and size being proportioned to the extent of crime, and were worn about the neck."

Señor Ortez adds that the specimens were procured "with great labor and difficulty, and that the approach to the region where they were found is over mountains as rugged and dangerous as the Cordilleras of South America, the roads being at the sides of precipices hundreds of feet high, and so narrow that man and horse had scarcely space to advance in single file."

This collection is now placed in the Ethnological Cabinets of the American Museum.

The specimen represented by Fig. 1 is similar in form and size to that in the Blackmore Museum. It is very handsomely finished in hard, gray, volcanic stone.

Another, of like size, is plainer, and has no carved projection.

A third specimen, similar in shape to the preceding, is heavier, and very finely finished. The *chevronels* are in this case replaced by an oval depression on the broader and flattened face.

Figure 2 has a handsome finish, and differs somewhat in contour and ornamentation. It has on its left side or arm a small belt-like ridge, from which protrude parts of a spike-shaped object, altogether resembling a weap-

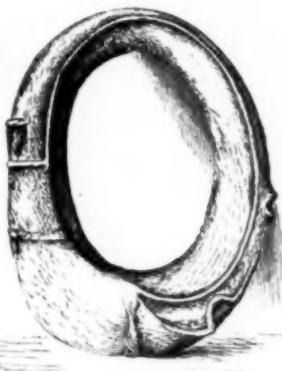


FIG. 3.

on sheathed within a belt. A handsome bordered face is shown on the lower right limb, on which is a series of carvings that have, unless closely examined, an appearance of character writing; they are, however, rude representations of the human face.

Figure 3 is much heavier; its shape is exceedingly graceful, and the design has been executed with much artistic taste. The broad expansion or face is seen here, as in others, but with no ornament. On the upper border of the face is a broad band supporting a weapon-like form in high relief. From this band, running along about three-quarters of the front periphery, is a welt or keel, which terminates at and forms the border of the lower and larger end of the face. A third keel is represented running back upon the side of the left limb, and is here bent at two points so as to resemble the clasps of a belt or garter. The inner surface of the ring flares obliquely outward on the left limb, and somewhat abruptly inward on the right. The figure is represented in

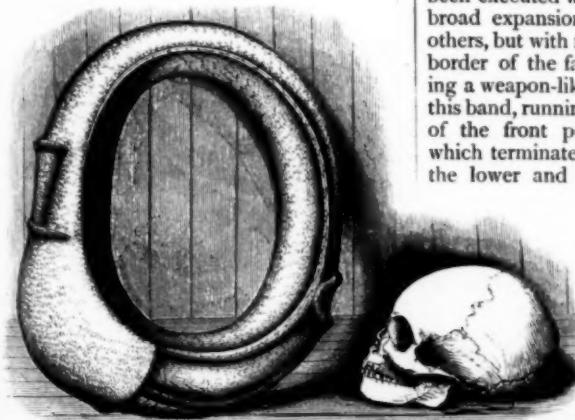


FIG. 4.

a front view exactly; the obliquity of the perforation is seen to be very marked.

Figure 4 is the largest and heaviest, and has the general characteristics of the latter. This is so much more ponderous than any

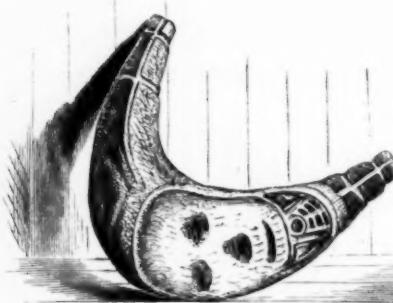


FIG. 5.

yet discovered, an examination only serves to deepen the mystery concerning its uses. Its weight is eighty pounds, and, like the others, it is cut from a block of a dense, fine-grained syenite. The face of this specimen is produced on its outer side in just proportion to the requirements of a weapon blade, assuming that the neatly carved and boldly relieved object above it is intended to represent the handle of a sheathed knife.

A figure of a skull of an ancient Peruvian, of the Aymara race, taken from the original in the American Museum, is placed by this most remarkable of the stone collars to give some idea of the relative size, all the others figured being in due proportion.

The figures 5 and 6 represent two of the more interesting forms of other granite objects in the collection. They are entirely unique, and no one has yet been able to divine their history or use. The same might almost be said of several stone implements also belonging to this collection, but not described here, though their resemblance to some forms of corn *mullers* would seem to throw a little light on the subject.

Figs. 5 and 6 are drawn on the same scale as the collars, the limbs being nearly a foot in length. Their shape is peculiar, and were they not so carefully carved, one would unhesitatingly judge them to be intended for anchors or grapples. It is well, however, to remember that the most common and insignificant objects were just as elaborately finished.

This I believe to be all that is known of the subject, after diligent search and inquiry

of foreign authority, and personal consultation with our own most eminent archaeologists. We may appreciate the utter poverty of the subject when we know that our most prominent archaeologists readily agree with

the Hon. E. G. Squiers, who said: "I can form no *conception* of their design or uses." Principal Dawson, of Montreal, was impressed with the belt-like aspect of the rings. He regarded them as well displaying a design to show a belt with its buckle and tongue, and a sheathed knife within. In this view, he thought they might be considered to have been objects of ceremony, as there is no doubt many of the celts and axes were so used.

It is particularly strange that no connecting testimony remains to indicate the purposes of this people in expending so much labor on such hard material. Generally there is a clue of some kind, however slight, that leads to a sort of apprehension of the subject; here a long link has dropped out, and has so far escaped observation.

The lighter collars, weighing twenty-five pounds, were regarded, as we have seen, by authors quoted, as too insignificant for penal uses. And now that we have them weighing eighty pounds, there seems no good reason to suppose they were used as a means of punishment.

As the collars are all about the same dimension in the perforation, that is, sufficient to admit the head and shoulders of a man, they were, seemingly, used or worn upon

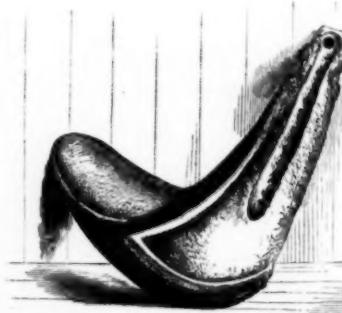


FIG. 6.

the neck or hips; and the fact that they all seem to represent a girdle or belt in their shape and sculpture would point reasonably to their use as objects on ceremonious occasions. It has been suggested that they were

used upon certain human prisoners, and sufficed to restrain the arms while the sacrificial rites of this people were being executed, such as cutting the heart from the living victim. There are numerous and detailed accounts of this ceremony in Spanish historical literature, but no evidence of the use of any appliances of this character.

The most nearly allied forms of stone implements known to science are several horse-shoe-shaped objects in the Smithsonian Institution, which are from the same region.

Judging from the experience of our age or time, we should certainly attribute to the excessive manual labor required in the execution of these implements a motive far removed from the simple one of producing them for ordinary use; but we fail to gain any help when we observe that nearly all of the stone objects from this region exhibit the same wonderfully fine finish, and exactness and beauty of outline. Not only are the *celts*, axes, and hammers of most exquisite shape and polish, but the pestles and other stone implements, which are manifestly intended for the most trivial domestic uses, are

wrought and embellished with the same care and attention to artistic detail. There is in this Porto Rico collection a stone pestle, showing as a handle the head of a ram; this head is so made as to furnish the best possible *grip* for the hand, and, in its execution, is remarkable for what artists call *feeling*, exhibiting most wonderfully the characteristics of an ovine face, which is more remarkable, of course, in view of the extreme hardness of the material, and of its probable antiquity. The latter implement is represented in various forms among the productions of the Aztecs and Zoltecs, and is found even in the shell heaps of the Southern States of North America; but the recent ones are not so highly finished. They were used to pound their tortillas, corn, etc.

There is little more to add but to extend the invitation of Mr. Blackmore to students interested in this branch of science, and to repeat the hope expressed by Mr. Cate, "that those persons who may be able to throw light upon the probable uses of these interesting objects will give us the benefit of their reading and knowledge."

A MUSSEL SHELL.

WHY art thou colored like the evening sky
Sorrowing for sunset? Lovely dost thou lie,
Bared by the washing of the eager brine,
At the snow's motionless and wind-carved line.

Cold stretch the snows, cold throng the waves, the wind
Stings sharp,—an icy fire, a touch unkind,—
And sighs as if with passion of regret
The while I mark thy tints of violet.

O beauty strange! O shape of perfect grace,
Whereon the lovely waves of color trace
The history of the years that passed thee by,
And touched thee with the pathos of the sky!

The sea shall crush thee, yea, the ponderous wave
Up the loose beach shall grind, and scoop thy grave,
Thou thought of God! What more than thou am I?
Both transient as the sad wind's passing sigh.

THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH "THE LITTLE WOMAN" ANNOUNCES HER ENGAGEMENT TO JIM FENTON AND RECEIVES THE CONGRATULATIONS OF HER FRIENDS.

AFTER the frame of Jim's hotel was up, at Number Nine, and those who had assisted in its erection were out of the woods, he and his architect entered with great industry upon the task of covering it. Under Mr. Benedict's direction, Jim became an expert in the work, and the sound of two busy hammers kept the echoes of the forest awake from dawn until sunset, every day. The masons came at last and put up the chimneys; and more and more, as the days went on, the building assumed the look of a dwelling. The grand object was to get their enterprise forwarded to a point that would enable them to finish everything during the following winter, with such assistance as it might be necessary to import from Sevenoaks. The house needed to be made

habitable for workmen while their work was progressing, and to this end Mr. Benedict and Jim pushed their efforts without assistance.

Occasionally, Jim found himself obliged to go to Sevenoaks for supplies, and for articles and tools whose necessity had not been anticipated. On these occasions, he always called Mike Conlin to his aid, and always managed to see "the little woman" of his hopes. She was busy with her preparations, carried on in secret; and he always left her with his head full of new plans and his heart brimming with new satisfactions. It was arranged that they should be married in the following spring, so as to be ready for city boarders; and all his efforts were bent upon completing the house for occupation.

During the autumn, Jim took from the Sevenoaks Post-Office a letter for Paul Benedict, bearing the New York post-mark, and addressed in the handwriting of a lady. The letter was a great puzzle to Jim, and

he watched its effect upon his companion with much curiosity. Benedict wept over it, and went away where he could weep alone. When he came back, he was a transformed man. A new light was in his eye, a new elasticity in all his movements.

"I cannot tell you about it, Jim," he said; "at least, I cannot tell you now; but a great burden has been lifted from my life. I have never spoken of this to you, or to anybody; but the first cruel wound that the world ever gave me has been healed by a touch."

"It takes a woman to do them things," said Jim. "I knowed when ye gin up the little woman, as was free from what happened about an hour arter, that ye was finn' low an' savin' yer waddin'. Oh, ye can't fool me, not much!"

"What do you think of that, Jim?" said Benedict, smiling, and handing him a check for five hundred dollars that the letter had inclosed.

Jim looked it over and read it through with undisguised astonishment.

"Did she gin it to ye?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"An' be ye a goin' to keep it?"

"Yes, I'm going to keep it."

Jim was evidently doubtful touching the delicacy both of tendering and receiving such a gift.

"If that thing had come to me from the little woman," said he, "I should think she was gettin' uneasy, an' a little dubersome about my comin' to time. It don't seem just the thing for a woman to shell out money to a man. My natur' goes agin it. I feel it all over me, an' I vow, I b'lieve that if the little woman had did that thing to me, I sh'd rub out my reckonin' an' start new."

"It's all right, though, Jim," responded Benedict, good-naturedly—"right for the woman to give it, and right for me to receive it. Don't trouble yourself at all about it."

Benedict's assurance did little to relieve Jim's bewilderment, who still thought it a very improper thing to receive money from a woman. He did not examine himself far enough to learn that Benedict's independence of his own care and provision was partly the cause of his pain. Five hundred dollars in the woods was a great deal of money. To Jim's apprehension, the man had become a capitalist. Some one beside himself—some one richer and more powerful than himself—had taken the position of benefactor toward his friend. He was glad to see Benedict happy, but sorry that he

could not have been the agent in making him so.

"Well, I can't keep ye forever 'n' ever, but I was a hopin' ye'd hang by till I git hold of the little woman," said Jim.

"Do you suppose I would leave you now, Jim?"

"Well, I knowed a yoke o' cattle couldn't start ye, with a hoss ahead on 'em; but a woman, Mr. Benedict"—and Jim's voice sunk to a solemn and impressive key—"a woman with the right kind of an eye, an' a takin' way, is stronger nor a steam Injun. She can snake ye 'round anywhere; an' the queerest thing about it is that a feller's willin' to go, an' thinks it's purty. She tells ye to come, an' ye come smilin'; and then she tells ye to go, an' ye go smilin'; and then she winds ye 'round her finger, and ye feel as limber an' as willin' as if ye was a whip-lash, an' hadn't nothin' else to do."

"Nevertheless, I shall stay with you, Jim."

"Well, I hope ye will; but don't ye be too sartin'; not that I'm goin' to stan' between ye an' good luck, but if ye cal'late that a woman's goin' to let ye do jest as ye think ye will—leastways a woman as has five hundred dollars in yer pocket—yer eddication hasn't been well took care on. If I was sitooated like you, I'd jest walk up to the pastur-bars like a hoss, an' whinno to git in, an' expect to be called with a corn-cob when she got ready to use me."

"Still, I shall stay with you, Jim."

"All right; here's hopin', an' here's my hand."

Benedict's letter, besides the check, held still another inclosure—a note from Mr. Balfour. This he had slipped into his pocket, and, in the absorption of his attention produced by the principal communication, forgotten. At the close of his conversation with Jim, he remembered it, and took it out and read it. It conveyed the intelligence that the lawyer found it impossible to leave the city according to his promise, for an autumn vacation in the woods. Still, he would find some means to send up Harry if Mr. Benedict should insist upon it. The boy was well, and progressing satisfactorily in his studies. He was happy, and found a new reason for happiness in his intimacy with Mrs. Dillingham, with whom he was spending a good deal of his leisure time. If Mr. Benedict would consent to a change of plans, it was his wish to keep the lad through the winter, and then, with all his family, to go up to Number Nine in the spring, be present at Jim's wedding, and

assist in the inauguration of the new hotel.

Mr. Benedict was more easily reconciled to this change of plan than he would have believed possible an hour previously. The letter, whose contents had so mystified and disturbed Jim, had changed the whole aspect of his life. He replied to this letter during the day, and wrote another to Mr. Balfour, consenting to his wishes, and acquiescing in his plans. For the first time in many years, he could see through all his trials, into the calm daylight. Harry was safe and happy in a new association with a woman who, more than any other, held his life in her hands. He was getting a new basis for life in friendship and love. Shored up by affection and sympathy, and with a modest competence in his hands for all present and immediately prospective needs, his dependent nature could once more stand erect.

Henceforward he dropped his idle dreaming and became interested in his work, and doubly efficient in its execution. Jim once more had in possession the old friend whose cheerfulness and good nature had originally won his affection; and the late autumn and winter which lay before them seemed full of hopeful and happy enterprise.

Miss Butterworth, hearing occasionally through Jim of the progress of affairs at Number Nine, began to think it about time to make known her secret among her friends. Already they had begun to suspect that the little tailor had a secret, out of which would grow a change in her life. She had made some astonishing purchases at the village shops, which had been faithfully reported. She was working early and late in her little room. She was, in the new prosperity of the villagers, collecting her trifling dues. She had given notice of the recall of her modest loans. There were many indications that she was preparing to leave the town.

"Now, really," said Mrs. Snow to her one evening, when Miss Butterworth was illuminating the parsonage by her presence—"now, really, you must tell us all about it. I'm dying to know."

"Oh, it's too ridiculous for anything," said Miss Butterworth, laughing herself almost into hysterics.

"Now, what, Keziah? What's too ridiculous? You *are* the most provoking person!"

"The idea of my getting married!"

Mrs. Snow jumped up and seized Miss Butterworth's hands, and said:

"Why, Keziah Butterworth! You don't tell me! You wicked, deceitful creature!"

The three Misses Snow all jumped up with their mother, and pressed around the merry object of their earnest congratulations.

"So unexpected and strange, you know!" said the oldest.

"So very unexpected!" said the second.

"And so very strange, too!" echoed Number Three.

"Well, it *is* too ridiculous for anything," Miss Butterworth repeated. "The idea of my living to be an old maid, and, what's more, making up my mind to it, and then"—and then Miss Butterworth plunged into a new fit of merriment.

"Well, Keziah, I hope you'll be very happy. Indeed I do," said Mrs. Snow, becoming motherly.

"Happy all your life," said Miss Snow.

"Very happy," said Number Two.

"All your life long," rounded up the compliment of good wishes from the lips of the youngest of the trio.

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you—to you all," said Miss Butterworth, wiping her eyes; "but it certainly is the most ridiculous thing. I say to myself sometimes: 'Keziah Butterworth! You little old fool! What *are* you going to do with that man? How *are* you going to live with him?' Goodness knows that I've racked my brain over it until I'm just about crazy. Don't mention it, but I believe I'll use him for a watch-dog—tie him up daytimes, and let him out nights, you know!"

"Why, isn't he nice?" inquired Mrs. Snow.

"Nice! He's as rough as a hemlock tree."

"What do you marry him for?" inquired Mrs. Snow in astonishment.

"I'm sure I don't know. I've asked myself the question a thousand times."

"Don't you want to marry him?"

"I don't know. I guess I do."

"My dear!" said Mrs. Snow, soberly, "this is a very solemn thing."

"I don't see it in that light," said Miss Butterworth, indulging in a new fit of laughter. "I wish I could, but it's the funniest thing. I wake up laughing over it, and I say to myself, 'What are you laughing at, you ridiculous creature?'"

"Well, I believe you are a ridiculous creature," said Mrs. Snow.

"I know I am, and if anybody had told

me a year ago that I should ever marry Jim Fenton, I——”

“ Jim Fenton!” exclaimed the whole Snow family.

“ Well, what is there so strange about my marrying Jim Fenton?” and the little tailoress straightened in her chair, her eyes flashing, and the color mounting to her face.

“ Oh, nothing; but you know—it’s such a surprise—he’s so—he’s so—well he’s a—not cultivated—never has seen much society, you know; and lives almost out of the world, as it were.”

“ Oh, no! He isn’t cultivated! He ought to have been brought up in Sevenoaks and polished! He ought to have been subjected to the civilizing and refining influences of Bob Belcher!”

“ Now, you musn’t be offended, Keziah. We are all your friends, and anxious for your welfare.”

“ But you think Jim Fenton is a brute.”

“ I have said nothing of the kind.”

“ But you think so.”

“ I think you ought to know him better than I do.”

“ Well, I do, and he is just the loveliest, manliest, noblest, splendidest old fellow that ever lived. I don’t care if he does live out of the world. I’d go with him, and live with him, if he used the North Pole for a back log. Fah! I hate a slick man. Jim has spoiled me for anything but a true man in the rough. There’s more pluck in his old shoes than you can find in all the men of Sevenoaks put together. And he’s as tender—Oh, Mrs. Snow! Oh, girls! He’s as tender as a baby—just as tender as a baby! He has said to me the most wonderful things! I wish I could remember them. I never can, and I couldn’t say them as he does if I could. Since I became acquainted with him, it seems as if the world had been made all over new. I’d got kind o’ tired of human nature, you know. It seemed sometimes as if it was just as well to be a cow as a woman; but I’ve become so much to him, and he has become so much to me, that all the men and women around me have grown beautiful. And he loves me in a way that is so strong—and so protecting—and so sweet and careful—that—now don’t you laugh, or you’ll make me angry—I’d feel safer in his arms than I would in a church.”

“ Well, I’m sure!” exclaimed Mrs. Snow.

“ Isn’t it remarkable!” said Miss Snow.

“ Quite delightful!” exclaimed the second sister, whose enthusiasm could not be crammed into Miss Snow’s expression.

“ Really charming!” added Number Three.

“ You are quite sure you don’t know what you want to marry him for?” said Mrs. Snow, with a roguish twinkle in her eye. “ You are quite sure you don’t love him?”

“ Oh, I don’t know,” said Miss Butterworth. “ It’s something. I wish you could hear him talk. His grammar would kill you. It would just kill you. You’d never breathe after it. Such awful nominative cases as that man has! And you can’t beat him out of them. And such a pronunciation! His words are just as rough as he is, and just like him. They seem to have a great deal more meaning in them than they do when they have good clothes on. You don’t know how I enjoy hearing him talk.”

“ I’m inclined to think you love him,” said Mrs. Snow, smiling.

“ I don’t know. Isn’t it the most ridiculous thing, now?”

“ No; it isn’t ridiculous at all,” said Mrs. Snow, soberly.

Miss Butterworth’s moon was sailing high that evening. There were but few clouds in her heaven, but occasionally a tender vapor passed across the silver disk, and one passed at this moment. Her eyes were loaded with tears as she looked up in Mrs. Snow’s face and said :

“ I was very lonely, you know. Life had become very tame, and I saw nothing before me different from my daily experience, which had grown to be wearisome. Jim came and opened a new life to me, offered me companionship, new circumstances, new surroundings. It was like being born again. And, do you know, I don’t think it is natural for a woman to carry her own life. I got very tired of mine, and when this strong man came, and was willing to take it up, and bear it for me as the greatest pleasure I could bestow upon him, what could I do—now, what could I do? I don’t think I’m proud of him, but I belong to him, and I’m glad; and that’s all there is about it;” and Miss Butterworth sprang to her feet as if she were about to leave the house.

“ You are not going,” said Mrs. Snow, catching her by both shoulders, “ so sit down.”

“ I’ve told you the whole: there’s nothing more. I suppose it will be a great wonder to the Sevenoaks people, and that they’ll think I’m throwing myself away, but I do hope they will let me alone.”

“ When are you to be married?”

“ In the spring.”

“ Where?”

"Oh! anywhere. No matter where. I haven't thought about that part of it."

"Then you'll be married right here, in this house. You shall have a nice little wedding."

"Oh! and orange-blossoms!" exclaimed Miss Snow, clapping her hands.

"And a veil!" added Number Two.

"And a—" Number Three was not so familiar with such occasions as to be able to supply another article, so she clapped her hands.

They were all in a delicious flutter. It would be so nice to have a wedding in the house! It was a good sign. Did the young ladies think that it might break a sort of electric spell that hung over the parsonage, and result in a shower which would float them all off? Perhaps so. They were, at least, very happy about it.

Then they all sat down again, to talk over the matter of clothes. Miss Butterworth did not wish to make herself ridiculous.

"I've said a thousand times, if I ever said it once," she remarked, "that there's no fool like an old fool. Now, I don't want to hear any nonsense about orange-blossoms, or about a veil. If there's anything that I do despise above board, it's a bridal veil on an old maid. And I'm not going to have a lot of things made up that I can't use. I'm just going to have a snug, serviceable set of clothes, and in three days I'm going to look as if I'd been married ten years."

"It seems to me," said Miss Snow, "that you ought to do something. I'm sure, if I were in your place, that I should want to do something."

The other girls tittered.

"Not that I ever expect to be in your place, or anything like it," she went on, "but it does seem to me as if something extra ought to be done—white kid gloves or something."

"And white satin gaiters," suggested the youngest sister.

"I guess you'd think Jim Fenton was extra enough if you knew him," said Miss Butterworth, laughing. "There's plenty that's extra, goodness knows! without buying anything."

"Well," persisted the youngest Miss Snow, "I'd have open-worked stockings, and have my hair frizzed, any way."

"Oh, I speak to do your hair," put in the second daughter.

"You're just a lot of chickens, the whole of you," said the tailoress.

Miss Snow, whose age was hovering about

the confines of mature maidenhood, smiled a deprecating smile, and said that she thought she was about what they sold for chickens sometimes, and intimated that she was anything but tender.

"Well, don't be discouraged; that's all I have to say," remarked Miss Butterworth. "If I can get married, anybody can. If anybody had told me that—well isn't it too ridiculous for anything! Now, isn't it?" And the little tailoress went off into another fit of laughter. Then she jumped up and said she really must go.

The report that Jim Fenton was soon to lead to the hymeneal altar the popular village tailoress, spread with great rapidity, and as it started from the minister's family, it had a good send-off, and was accompanied by information that very pleasantly modified its effect upon the public mind. The men of the village who knew Jim a great deal better than the women, and who, in various ways, had become familiar with his plans for a hotel, and recognized the fact that his enterprise would make Sevenoaks a kind of thoroughfare for his prospective city-boarders, decided that she had "done well." Jim was enterprising, and, as they termed it, "forehanded." His habits were good, his industry indefatigable, his common sense and good nature unexampled. Everybody liked Jim. To be sure, he was rough and uneducated, but he was honorable and true. He would make a good "provider." Miss Butterworth might have gone further and fared worse. On the whole, it was a good thing; and they were glad for Jim's sake and for Miss Butterworth's that it had happened.

The women took their cue from the men. They thought, however, that Miss Butterworth would be very lonesome, and found various pegs on which to hang out their pity for a public airing. Still, the little tailoress was surprised at the heartiness of their congratulations, and often melted to tears by the presents she received from the great number of families for whom, every year, she had worked. No engagement had occurred in Sevenoaks for a long time that created so much interest, and enlisted so many sympathies. They hoped she would be very happy. They would be exceedingly sorry to lose her. Nobody could ever take her place. She had always been one whom they could have in their families "without making any difference," and she never tattled.

So Miss Butterworth found herself quite a

heroine,
the wo
and ma
they co
a tall,
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heroine, but whenever Jim showed himself the women all looked out of the windows, and made their own comments. After all, they couldn't see exactly what Miss Butterworth could find to like in him. They saw a tall, strong, rough, good-natured-looking man, whom all the men and all the boys greeted with genuine heartiness. They saw him pushing about his business with the air of one who owned the whole village; but his clothes were rough, and his boots over his trowsers. They hoped it would all turn out well. There was no doubt that he needed a woman badly enough.

Not only Miss Butterworth but Jim became the subject of congratulation. The first time he entered Sevenoaks after the announcement of his engagement, he was hailed from every shop, and button-holed at every corner. The good-natured chaffing to which he was subjected he met with his old smile.

"Much obleeged to ye for leavin' her for a man as knows a genuine creatur' when he sees her," he said, to one and another, who rallied him upon his matrimonial intentions.

"Isn't she rather old?" inquired one whose manners were not learned of Lord Chesterfield.

"I dunno," he replied; "she's hearn it thunder enough not to be skeered, an' she's had the measles an' the whoopin' cough, an' the chicken pox, an' the mumps, an' got through with her nonsense."

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH JIM GETS THE FURNITURE INTO HIS HOUSE AND MIKE CONLIN GETS ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF ADVICE INTO JIM.

JIM had a weary winter. He was obliged to hire and to board a number of workmen, whom it was necessary to bring in from Sevenoaks, to effect the finishing of his house. His money ran low at last, and Benedict was called upon to write a letter to Mr. Balfour on his behalf, accepting that gentleman's offer of pecuniary assistance. This was a humiliating trial to Jim, for he had hoped to enter upon his new life free from the burden of debt; but Mr. Balfour assured him that he did not regard his contribution to the building-fund as a loan—it was only the payment for his board in advance.

Jim was astonished to learn the extent of Miss Butterworth's resources. She proposed to furnish the house from the savings of her years of active industry. She had studied

it so thoroughly during its progress, though she had never seen it, that she could have found every door and gone through every apartment of it in the dark. She had received from Mr. Benedict the plan and dimensions of every room. Carpets were made, matting was purchased, sets of furniture were procured, crockery, glass, linen, mirrors, curtains, kitchen-utensils, everything necessary to housekeeping, were bought and placed in store, so that, when the spring came, all that remained necessary was to give her order to forward them, and write her directions for their bestowal in the house.

The long looked-for time came at last. The freshets of spring had passed away; the woods were filling with birds; the shad-blossoms were reaching their flat sprays out over the river, and looking at themselves in the sunny waters; and the thrush, standing on the deck of the New Year, had piped all hands from below, and sent them into the rigging to spread the sails.

Jim's heart was glad. His house was finished, and nothing remained but to fill it with the means and appliances of life, and with that precious life to which they were to be devoted. The enterprise by which it was to be supported lay before him, and was a burden upon him; but he believed in himself, and was not afraid.

One morning, after he had gone over his house for the thousandth time, and mounted to the cupola for a final survey, he started for Sevenoaks to make his arrangements for the transportation of the furniture. Two new boats had been placed on the river by men who proposed to act as guides to the summer visitors, and these he engaged to aid in the water transportation of the articles that had been provided by "the little woman."

After his arrival in Sevenoaks he was in consultation with her every day, and every day he was more impressed by the method which she had pursued in the work of furnishing his little hotel.

"I knowed you was smarter nor lightnin'," he said to her; "but I didn't know you was smarter nor a man."

In his journeys Jim was necessarily thrown into the company of Mike Conlin, who was officiously desirous to place at his disposal the wisdom which had been acquired by long years of intimate association with the feminine element of domestic life, and the duties and practices of housekeeping. When the last load of furniture was on its way to Number Nine, and Jim had stopped at Mike's house to refresh his weary team,

Mike saw that his last opportunity for giving advice had come, and he determined to avail himself of it.

"Jim," he said, "ye're jist nothing but a babby, an' ye must ax me some quistions. I'm an owd housekaper, an' I kin tell ye everything, Jim."

Jim was tired with his work, and tired of Mike. The great event of his life stood so closely before him, and he was so much absorbed by it, that Mike's talk had a harsher effect upon his sensibilities than the grating of a saw-mill.

"Ah! Mike! shut up, shut up!" he said. "Ye mean well, but ye're the ignoranteest ramus I ever seen. Ye know how to run a shanty an' a pig-pen, but what do ye know about keepin' a hotel?"

"Bedad, if that's where ye are, what do ye know about kapin' a hotel yersilf? Ye'll see the time, Jim, when ye'll be sorry ye turned the cold shoulder to the honest tongue o' Mike Conlin."

"Well, Mike, ye understand a pig-pen better nor I do. I gi'en it up," said Jim, with a sigh that showed how painfully Mike was boring him.

"Yes, Jim, an' ye think a pig-pen is be-nathe ye, forgittin' a pig is the purtiest thing in life. Ah, Jim! whin ye git up in the marnin', a falin' shtewed, an' niver a bit o' breakfast in ye, an' go out in the djew bare-but, as ye was bornn, lavin' yer coat kapin' company wid yer ugly owd hat, waitin' for yer pork and pertaties, an' see yer pig wid his two paws an' his dirty nose rachin' oover the pin, and sayin' 'good marnin' to ye, an' squalin' away wid his big v'ice for his porridge, ye'll remmber what I say. An', Jim, whin ye fade 'im, ah! whin ye fade 'im! an' he jist lays down continted, wid his belly full, an' ye laugh to hear 'im a groontin' an' a shwearin' to 'imsilf to think he can't ate inny more, an' yer owd woman calls ye to breakfast, ye'll go in jist happy—jist happy, now. Ah, ye can't tell me! I'm an owd housekaper, Jim."

"Ye're an old pig-keeper; that's what you be," said Jim. "Ye're a reg'lar Paddy, Mike. Ye're a good fellow, but I'd sooner hearn a loon nor a pig."

"Divil a bit o' raison have ye got in ye, Jim. Ye can't ate a loon no more nor ye can ate a boot."

Mike was getting impatient with the incorrigible character of Jim's prejudices, and Jim saw that he was grieving him.

"Well, I persume I sh'll have to keep pigs, Mike," he said, in a compromis-

tone; "but I shan't dress 'em in calliker, nor larn 'em to sing Old Hundred. I sh'll jest let 'em rampage around the woods, an' when I want one on 'em, I'll shoot 'im."

"Yis, bedad, an' thin ye'll shkin' 'im, an' throw the rist of 'im intil the river," responded Mike, contemptuously.

"No, Mike; I'll send for ye to cut 'im up an' pack 'im."

"Now ye talk," said Mike; and this little overture of friendly confidence became a door through which he could enter into a subject more profoundly interesting to him than that which related to his favorite quadruped.

"What kind of an owd woman have ye got, Jim? Jist open yer heart like a box o' tobacky, Jim, an' lit me hilp ye. There's no man as knows more about a woman nor Mike Conlin. Ah, Jim! ye ought to 'ave seed me wid the girrls in the owd countrhy! They jist rin after me as if I'd been stalin' their little hearrts. There was a twelvemonth whin they tore the very coat-tails off me back. Be gorry I could 'ave married me whole neighborhood, an' I jist had to marry the firrst one I could lay me honest hands on, an' take mesilf away wid her to Ameriky."

This was too much for Jim. His face broadened into his old smile.

"Mike," said he, "ye haven't got an old towel or a hoss-blanket about ye, have ye? I feel as if I was a goin' to cry."

"An' what the divil be ye goin' to cry for?"

"Well, Mike, this is a world o' sorrer, an' when a feiller comes to think of a lot o' women as is so hard pushed that they hanker arter Mike Conlin, it fetches me. It's worse nor bein' without victuals, an' beats the cholery out o' sight."

"Oh, ye blaggard! Can't ye talk sinse whin yer betthers is thryin' to hilp ye? What kind of an owd woman have ye got now?"

"Mike," said Jim, solemnly, "ye don't know what ye're talkin' about. If ye did, ye wouldn't call her an old woman. She's a lady, Mike. She isn't one o' your kind, an' I ain't one o' your kind, Mike. Can't ye see there's the difference of a pig between us? Don't ye know that if I was to go hazin' round in the mornin' without no clo'es to speak on, an' takin' comfort in a howlin' pig, that I shouldn't be up to keepin' a hotel? Don't be unreasonoble; and, Mike, don't ye never speak to me about my old woman. That's a sort o' thing that won't set on her."

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Mike shook his head in lofty pity.

"Ah, Jim, I can see what ye're comin' to."

Then, as if afraid that his "owld woman" might overhear his confession, he bent toward Jim, and half whispered :

"The women is all smarter nor the men, Jim; but ye musn't let 'em know that ye think it. Ye've got to call 'em yer owld women, or ye can't keep 'em where ye want 'em. Be gorry! I wouldn't let me owld woman know what I think of 'er fur fifty dollars. I couldn't kape me house oover me head inny time at all at all if I should whisper it. She's jist as much of a leddy as there is in Sevenoaks, bedad, an' I have to put on me big airs, an' thrash around wid me two hands in me breeches pockets, an' stick out me lips like a lorrd, an' promise to raise the devil wid her whiniver she gits a fit o' high flyin'; an' ye'll have to do the same, Jim, or jist lay down an' let 'er shtep on ye. Git a good shtart, Jim. Don't ye gin 'er the bit for five minutes. She'll rin away wid ye. Ye can't till me anything about women."

"No, nor I don't want to. Now you jest shut up, Mike. I'm tired a hearin' ye. This thing about women is one as has half the fun of it in larmin' it as ye go along. Ye mean well enough, Mike, but yer eddication is poor; an' if it's all the same to ye, I'll take my pudden straight an' leave yer cause for them as likes it."

Jim's utter rejection of the further good offices of Mike, in the endeavor to instruct him in the management of his future relations with the little woman, did not sink very deep into the Irishman's sensibilities. Indeed, it could not have done so, for their waters were shallow, and, as at this moment Mike's "owld woman" called both to dinner, the difference was forgotten in the sympathy of hunger and the satisfactions of the table.

Jim felt that he was undergoing a change—had undergone one in fact. It had never revealed itself to him so fully as it did during his conversation with Mike. The building of the hotel, the study of the wants of another grade of civilization than that to which he had been accustomed, the frequent conversations with Miss Butterworth, the responsibilities he had assumed, all had tended to lift him; and he felt that Mike Conlin was no longer a tolerable companion. The shallowness of the Irishman's mind and life disgusted him, and he knew that the time would soon come when, by a process

as natural as the falling of the leaves in autumn, he should drop a whole class of associations, and stand where he could look down upon them—where they would look up to him. The position of principal, the command of men, the conduct of, and the personal responsibility for, a great enterprise, had given him conscious growth. His old life and his old associations were insufficient to contain him.

After dinner they started on, for the first time accompanied by Mike's wife. Before her marriage she had lived the life common to her class—that of cook and housemaid in the families of gentlemen. She knew the duties connected with the opening of a house, and could bring its machinery into working order. She could do a thousand things that a man either could not do, or would not think of doing; and Jim had arranged that she should be housekeeper until the mistress of the establishment should be installed in her office.

The sun had set before they arrived at the river, and the boats of the two guides, with Jim's, which had been brought down by Mr. Benedict, were speedily loaded with the furniture, and Mike, picketing his horses for the night, embarked with the rest, and all slept at Number Nine.

In three days Jim was to be married, and his cage was ready for his bird. The stoop with its "settle," the ladder for posies, at the foot of which the morning-glories were already planted, and the "cupalo," had ceased to be dreams and become realities. Still, it all seemed a dream to Jim. He waked in the morning in his own room, and wondered whether he were not dreaming. He went out upon his piazza, and saw the cabin in which he had spent so many nights in his old simple life, then went off and looked up at his house or ranged through the rooms, and experienced the emotion of regret so common to those in similar circumstances, that he could never again be what he had been, or be contented with what he had been—that he had crossed a point in his life which his retiring feet could never repass. It was the natural reaction of the long strain of expectation which he had experienced, and would pass away; but while it was upon him he mourned over the death of his old self, and the hopeless obliteration of his old circumstances.

Mr. Balfour had been written to, and would keep his promise to be present at the wedding, with Mrs. Balfour and the boys. Sam Yates, at Jim's request, had agreed to

see to the preparation of an appropriate outfit for the bridegroom. Such invitations had been given out as Miss Butterworth dictated, and the Snow family was in a flutter of expectation. Presents of a humble and useful kind had been pouring in upon Miss Butterworth for days, until, indeed, she was quite overwhelmed. It seemed as if the whole village were in a conspiracy of beneficence.

In a final conference with Mrs. Snow, Miss Butterworth said :

"I don't know at all how he is going to behave, and I'm not going to trouble myself about it; he shall do just as he pleases. He has made his way with me, and if he is good enough for me, he is good enough for other people. I'm not going to badger him into nice manners, and I'm going to be just as much amused with him as anybody is. He isn't like other people, and if he tries to act like other people, it will just spoil him. If there's anything that I do despise above board, it's a woman trying to train a man who loves her. If I were the man, I should hate her."

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH JIM GETS MARRIED, THE NEW HOTEL RECEIVES ITS MISTRESS, AND BENEDECT CONFERS A POWER OF ATTORNEY.

THERE was great commotion in the little Sevenoaks tavern. It was Jim's wedding morning, and on the previous evening there had been a sufficient number of arrivals to fill every room. Mr. and Mrs. Balfour, with the two boys, had come in in the evening stage; Jim and Mr. Benedict had arrived from Number Nine. Friends of Miss Butterworth from adjoining towns had come, so as to be ready for the ceremony of the morning. Villagers had thronged the noisy bar-room until midnight, scanning and discussing the strangers, and speculating upon the event which had called them together. Jim had moved among them, smiling, and returning their good-natured badinage with imperturbable coolness, so far as appearances went, though he acknowledged to Mr. Balfour that he felt very much as he did about his first moose.

"I took a good aim," said he, "restin' acrost a stump, but the stump was oneasy like; an' then I blazed away, an' when I obsarved the moose sprawlin', I was twenty feet up a tree, with my gun in the snow; an' if they don't find me settin' on the parson's chimbly about nine o'clock to-morrer

mornin', it won't be on account o' my not bein' skeered."

But the wedding morning had arrived. Jim had had an uneasy night, with imperfect sleep and preposterous dreams. He had been pursuing game. Sometimes it was a bear that attracted his chase, sometimes it was a deer, sometimes it was a moose, but all the time it was Miss Butterworth, flying and looking back, with robes and ribbons vanishing among the distant trees, until he shot and killed her, and then he woke in a great convulsion of despair, to hear the singing of the early birds, and to the realization of the fact that his days of bachelor life were counted.

Mr. Benedict, with his restored boy in his arms, occupied the room next to his, a door opening between them. Both were awake, and were busy with their whispered confidences, when they became aware that Jim was roused and on his feet. In a huge bundle on the table lay Jim's wedding garments, which he eyed from time to time as he busied himself at his bath.

"Won't ye be a purty bird with them feathers on! This makin' crows into bobolinks 'll do for onces, but, my! won't them things spin when I git into the woods agin'?"

Benedict and Harry knew Jim's habit, and the measure of excitement that was upon him, and lay still, expecting to be amused by his soliloquies. Soon they heard him say :

"Oh, lay down, lay down, lay *down*, ye miserable old mop!"

It was an expression of impatience and disgust.

"What's the matter, Jim?" Mr. Benedict called.

"Here's my ha'r," responded Jim, "actin' as if it was a piece o' woods or a hay lot, an' there ain't no lodgin' it with nothin' short of a hurricane. I've a good mind to git it shingled and san'-papered."

Then, shifting his address to the object of his care and anxiety, he went on :

"Oh, stick up, stick up, if you want to! Don't lay down on my 'count. P'rhaps ye want to see what's goin' on. P'rhaps ye're a goin' to stand up with me. P'rhaps ye want to skeer somebody's hosses. If I didn't look no better nor you, I sh'd want to lay low; an', if I'd 'a' slept as poor as ye did last night, I'd lop down in the fust bed o' bear's grease I could find. *Hain't* ye got no manners?"

This was too much for Harry, who, in his happy mood, burst into the merriest laughter.

This furnished Jim with just the apology he wanted for a frolic, and rushing into the adjoining bedroom, he pulled Harry from his bed, seated him on the top of his head, and marched with him struggling and laughing about the room. After he had performed sundry acrobatic feats with him, he carried him back to his bed. Then he returned to his room, and entered seriously upon the task of arraying himself in his wedding attire. To get on his collar and neck-tie properly, he was obliged to call for Mr. Benedict's assistance.

Jim was already getting red in the face.

"What on 'arth folks want to tie theirselves up in this way for in hot weather, is more nor I know," he said. "How do ye s'pose them Mormons live, as is doin' this thing every three days?"

Jim asked this question with his nose in the air, patiently waiting the result of Mr. Benedict's manipulations at his throat. When he could speak again, he added :

"I vow, if I was doin' a big business in this line, I'd git some tin things, an' have 'em soddered on, an' sleep in 'em."

This sent Harry into another giggle, and, with many soliloquies and much merriment, the dressing in both rooms went on, until, in Jim's room, all became still. When Benedict and his boy had completed their toilet, they looked in upon Jim, and found him dressed and seated on his trunk.

"Good morning, Mr. Fenton," said Benedict, cheerfully.

Jim, who had been in deep thought, looked up, and said :

"Do ye know that that don't seem so queer to me as it used to? It seems all right fur pertickler friends to call me Jim, but clo'es is what puts the Mister into a man. I felt it comin' when I looked into the glass. Says I to myself: 'Jim, that's Mr. Fenton as is now afore ye. Look at 'im sharp, so that, if so be ye ever seen 'im agin, ye'll know 'im.' I never knew exactly where the Mister came from afore. Ye have to be measured for't. A pair o' shears, an' a needle an' thread, an' a hot goose is what changes a man into a Mister. It's a nice thing to find out, but it's uncom'table. It ain't so bad as it would be if ye couldn't strip it off when ye git tired on't, an' it's a good thing to know."

"Do clothes make Belcher a gentleman?" inquired Mr. Benedict.

"Well, it's what makes him a Mister, any way. When ye git his clo'es off that ain't nothin' left of 'im. Dress 'im up in my old

clo'es, as has got tar enough on 'em to paint a boat, an' there wouldn't be enough man in 'im to speak to."

How long Jim would have indulged in his philosophy of the power of dress had he not been disturbed will never be known, for at this moment Mr. Balfour knocked at his door, and was admitted. Sam Yates followed, and both looked Jim over and pronounced him perfect. Even these familiar friends felt the power of dress, and treated Jim in a way to which he had been unaccustomed. The stalwart figure, developed in every muscle, and becomingly draped, was well calculated to excite their admiration. The refractory hair which had given its possessor so much trouble, simply made his head impressive and picturesque. There was a man before them—human, brave, bright, original. All he wanted was culture. Physical and mental endowments were in excess, and the two men, trained in the schools, had learned to love—almost to revere him. Until he spoke, they did not feel at home with him in his new disguise.

They all descended to breakfast together. Jim was quiet under the feeling that his clothes were an unnatural expression of himself, and that his words would make them a mockery. He was awed, too, by the presence of Mrs. Balfour, who met him at the table for the first time in her life. The sharp-eyed, smiling Yankee girls who waited at the meal, were very much devoted to Jim, who was ashamed to receive so much attention. On the whole, it was the most uncomfortable breakfast he had ever eaten, but his eyes were quick to see all that was done, for he was about to open a hotel, and wished particularly to learn the details of the table service.

There was great excitement, too, at the parsonage that morning. The Misses Snow were stirred by the romance of the occasion. They had little enough of this element in their lives, and were disposed to make the most of it when it came. The eldest had been invited to accompany the bride to Number Nine, and spend a few weeks with her there. As this was accounted a great privilege by the two younger sisters, they quietly shelved her, and told her that they were to have their own way at home; so Miss Snow became ornamental and critical. Miss Butterworth had spent the night with her, and they had talked like a pair of school-girls until the small hours of the morning. The two younger girls had slept together, and discussed at length the duties

of their respective offices. One was to do the bride's hair and act as the general supervisor of her dress, the other was to arrange the flowers and take care of the guests. Miss Butterworth's hair was not beautiful, and how it was to be made the most of was the great question that agitated the hair-dresser. All the possibilities of braid and plait and curl were canvassed. If she only had a switch, a great triumph could be achieved, but she had none, and, what was worse, would have none. A neighbor had sent in a potted white rose, full of buds and bloom, and over this the sisters quarreled. The hair would not be complete without the roses, and the table would look "shameful" if the pot did not stand upon it, unshorn of a charm. The hair-dresser proposed that the stems which she was bent on despoiling should have some artificial roses tied to them, but the disgraceful project was rejected with scorn. They wrangled over the dear little rose-bush and its burden until they went to sleep—the one to dream that Miss Butterworth had risen in the morning with a new head of hair that reached to her knee, in whose luxuriance she could revel with interminable delight, and the other that the house was filled with roses; that they sprouted out of the walls, fluttered with beads of dew against the windows, strewed the floor, and filled the air with odor.

Miss Butterworth was not to step out of the room—not be seen by any mortal eye—until she should come forth as a bride. Miss Snow was summarily expelled from the apartment, and only permitted to bring in Miss Butterworth's breakfast, while her self-appointed lady's maid did her hair, and draped her in her new gray silk.

"Make just as big a fool of me, my dear, as you choose," said the prospective bride to the fussy little girl who fluttered about her. "It's only for a day, and I don't care."

Such patient manipulation, such sudden retirings for the study of effects, such delicious little experiments with a curl, such shifting of hair-pins, such dainty adjustments of ruffles and frills as were indulged in in that little room can only be imagined by the sex familiar with them. And then, in the midst of it all, came a scream of delight that stopped everything. Mrs. Balfour had sent in a great box full of the most exquisite flowers, which she had brought all the way from the city. The youngest Miss Snow was wild with her new wealth, and there were roses for Miss Butterworth's hair, and her throat,

and a bouquet for her hand. And after this came wonderful accessions to the refreshment table. Cake, with Miss Butterworth's initials; tarts, marked "Number Nine," and Charlotte-Russe, with a "B" and an "F" hopelessly twisted together in a monogram. The most excited exclamations reached Miss Butterworth's ears in her imprisonment:

"Goodness, gracious me!"

"If there isn't another cake as big as a flour barrel!"

"Tell your mother she's an angel. She's coming down to help us eat it, I hope."

"Just look at this basket of little cakes! I was saying to mother this minute that that was all we wanted."

So the good things came, and the cheerful givers went, and Miss Butterworth took an occasional sip at her coffee, with a huge napkin at her throat, and tears in her eyes, not drawn forth by the delicate tortures in progress upon her person. She thought of her weary years of service, her watchings by sick-beds, her ministry to the poor, her long loneliness, and acknowledged to herself that her reward had come. To be so loved and petted, and cared for, and waited upon, was payment for every sacrifice and every service, and she felt that she and the world were at quits.

Before the finishing touches to her toilet were given, there was a tumult at the door. She could hear new voices. The guests were arriving. She heard laughter and merry greetings; and still they poured in, as if they had come in a procession. Then there was a hush, followed by the sound of a carriage, the letting down of steps, and a universal murmur. Jim had arrived with Mr. and Mrs. Balfour, and the boys. They had had great difficulty in getting him into the one hackney coach which the village possessed, on account of his wish to ride with the driver, "a feller as he knowed;" but he was overruled by Mrs. Balfour, who, on alighting, took his arm. He came up the garden walk, smiling in the faces and eyes of those gathered around the door and clustered at the windows. In his wedding dress, he was the best figure in the crowd, and many were the exclamations of feminine admiration.

On entering the door, he looked about him, saw the well-dressed and expectant company, the dainty baskets of flowers, the beautifully loaded table in the little dining-room, all the preparations for his day of happiness, but he saw nowhere the person

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who gave to him the significance of the occasion.

Mr. Snow greeted him cordially, and introduced him to those who stood near.

"Well, parson, where's the little woman?" he said, at last, in a voice so loud that all heard the startling question. Miss Butterworth heard him, and laughed.

"Just hear him!" she exclaimed to the busy girl, whose work was now hurrying to a close. "If he doesn't astonish them before he gets through, I shall be mistaken. I do think it's the most ridiculous thing. Now isn't it! The idea!"

Miss Snow, in the general character of outside manager and future companion of the bride, hurried to Jim's side at once, and said:

"Oh, Mr. Fenton!"

"Jest call me Jim."

"No, no, I won't. Now, Mr. Fenton, really! you can't see her until she is ready!"

"Oh, can't I!" and Jim smiled.

Miss Snow had the impression, prevalent among women, that a bridegroom has no rights so long as they can keep him out of them, and that it is their privilege to fight him up to the last moment.

"Now, really, Mr. Fenton, you *must* be patient," she said, in a whisper. "She is quite delicate this morning, and she's going to look so pretty that you'll hardly know her."

"Well," said Jim, "if you've got a ticket into the place whar she's stoppin', tell her that kingdom-come is here an' waitin'."

A ripple of laughter went around the circle, and Jim, finding the room getting a little close, beckoned Mr. Snow out of doors. Taking him aside, and removing his hat, he said:

"Parson, do ye see my ha'r?"

"I do," responded the minister, good-naturedly.

"That riz last night," said Jim, solemnly.

"Is it possible?" and Mr. Snow looked at the intractable pile with genuine concern.

"Yes, riz in a dream. I thought I'd shot 'er. I was follerin' 'er all night. Sometimes she was one thing, an' sometimes she was another, but I drew a bead on 'er, an' down she went, an' up come my ha'r quicker nor lightnin'. I don't s'pose it looks very purty, but I can't help it."

"Have you tried anything on it?" inquired Mr. Snow, with a puzzled look.

"Yes, everything but a hot flat iron, an' I'm a little afraid o' that. If wust comes to wust, it'll have be did, though. It may

warm up my old brains a little, but if my ha'r is well sprinkled, and the thing is handled lively, it'll pay for tryin'."

The perfect candor and coolness of Jim's manner were too much for the unsuspicious spirit of the minister, who thought it all very strange. He had heard of such things, but this was the first instance he had ever seen.

"Parson," said Jim, changing the topic, "what's the damage for the sort o' thing ye're drivin' at this mornin'?"

"The what?"

"The damage—what's the—well—damage? What do ye consider a fa'r price?"

"Do you mean the marriage fee?"

"Yes; I guess that's what ye call it."

"The law allows us two dollars, but you will permit me to perform the ceremony for nothing. It's a labor of love, Mr. Fenton. We are all very much interested in Miss Butterworth, as you see."

"Well, I'm a little interested in 'er myself, an' I'm a goin' to pay for the splice. Jest tuck that X into yer jacket, an' tell yer neighbors as ye've seen a man as was five times better nor the law."

"You are very generous."

"No; I know what business is, though. Ye have to get somethin' to square the buryins an' baptizins with. When a man has a weddin', he'd better pay the whole thing in a lump. Parsons have to live, but how the devil they do it in Sevenoaks is more nor I know."

"Mr. Fenton! excuse me!" said Mr. Snow, coloring, "but I am not accustomed to hearing language of that kind."

"No, I s'pose not," said Jim, who saw too late that he had made a mistake. "Your sort o' folks knuckle to the devil more nor I do. A good bein' I take to, but a bad bein' I'm car'less with; an' I don't make no more o' singin' his name round nor I do kickin' an old boot."

Mr. Snow was obliged to laugh, and half a dozen others, who had gathered about them, joined in a merry chorus.

Then Miss Snow came out and whispered to her father, and gave a roguish glance at Jim. At this time the house was full, the little yard was full, and there was a crowd of boys at the gate. Mr. Snow took Jim by the arm and led him in. They pressed through the crowd at the door, Miss Snow making way for them, and so, in a sort of triumphal progress, they went through the room, and disappeared in the apartment where "the little woman," flushed and expectant, waited their arrival.

It would be hard to tell which was the more surprised as they were confronted by the meeting. Dress had wrought its miracle upon both of them, and they hardly knew each other.

"Well, little woman, how fare ye?" said Jim, and he advanced, and took her cheeks tenderly between his rough hands, and kissed her.

"Oh, don't! Mr. Fenton! You'll muss her hair!" exclaimed the nervous little lady's maid of the morning, dancing about the object of her delightful toils and anxieties, and re-adjusting a rose, and pulling out the fold of a ruffle.

"A purty job ye've made on't! The little woman 'll never look so nice again," said Jim.

"Perhaps I shall—when I'm married again," said Miss Butterworth, looking up into Jim's eyes, and laughing.

"Now, ain't that sassy!" exclaimed Jim, in a burst of admiration. "That's what took me the first time I seen 'er."

Then Miss Snow Number Two came in, and said it really was time for the ceremony to begin. Such a job as she had had in seating people!

Oh, the mysteries of that little room! How the people outside wondered what was going on there! How the girls inside rejoiced in their official privileges!

Miss Snow took Jim by the button-hole:

"Mr. Fenton, you must take Miss Butterworth on your arm, you know, and lead her in front of the sofa, and turn around, and face father, and then do just what he tells you, and remember that there's nothing for you to say."

The truth was, that they were all afraid that Jim would not be able to hold his tongue.

"Are we all ready?" inquired Mr. Snow, in a pleasant, official tone.

All were ready, and then Mr. Snow, going out with a book in his hand, was followed by Jim and his bride, the little procession being completed by the three Misses Snow, who, with a great deal of care upon their faces, slipped out of the door, one after another, like three white doves from a window. Mr. Snow took his position, the pair wheeled and faced him, and the three Misses Snow supported Miss Butterworth as impromptu bridesmaids. It was an impressive tableau, and when the good pastor said: "Let us pray," and raised his thin, white hands, a painter in search of a subject could have asked for nothing better.

When, at the close of his prayer, the pastor inquired if there were any known obstacles to the union of the pair before him in the bonds of holy matrimony, and bade all objectors to speak then, or forever after hold their peace, Jim looked around with a defiant air, as if he would like to see the man who dared to respond to the call. No one did respond, and the ceremony proceeded.

"James," said Mr. Snow.

"Jest call me——"

Miss Butterworth pinched Jim's arm, and he recalled Miss Snow's injunction in time to arrest his sentence in mid-passage.

"James," the pastor repeated, and then went on to ask him, in accordance with the simple form of his sect, whether he took the woman whom he was holding by the hand to be his lawful and wedded wife, to be loved and cherished in sickness and health, in prosperity and adversity, cleaving to her, and to her only.

"Parson," said Jim, "that's jest what I'm here for."

There would have been a titter if any other man had said it, but it was so strong and earnest, and so much in character, that hardly a smile crossed a face that fronted him.

Then "Keziah" was questioned in the usual form, and bowed her response, and Jim and the little woman were declared to be one. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

And then Mr. Snow raised his white hands again, and pronounced a formal benediction. There was a moment of awkwardness, but soon the pastor advanced with his congratulations, and Mrs. Snow came up, and the three Misses Snow, and the Balfours, and the neighbors; and there were kisses and hand-shakings, and good wishes. Jim beamed around upon the fluttering and chattering groups like a great, good-natured mastiff upon a playful collection of silken spaniels and smart terriers. It was the proudest moment of his life. Even when standing on the cupola of his hotel, surveying his achievements, and counting his possessions, he had never felt the thrill which moved him then. The little woman was his, and his forever. His manhood had received the highest public recognition, and he was as happy as if it had been the imposition of a crown.

"Ye made purty solemn business on't, Parson," said Jim.

"It's a very important step, Mr. Fenton," responded the clergyman.

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"Step!" exclaimed Jim. "That's no name for't; it's a whole trip. But I sh'll do it. When I said it I meant it. I sh'll take care o' the little woman, and between you an' I, Parson, it's about the best thing as a man can do. Takin' care of a woman is the natural thing for a man, an' no man ain't much as doesn't do it, and glad o' the job."

The capacity of a country assembly for cakes, pies, and lemonade, is something quite unique, especially at a morning festival. If the table groaned at the beginning, it sighed at the close. The abundance that asserted itself in piles of dainties was left a wreck. It faded away like a bank of snow before a drift of southern vapor. Jim, foraging among the solids, found a mince pie, to which he devoted himself.

"This is the sort o' thing as will stan' be a man in trouble," said he, with a huge piece in his hand.

Then, with a basket of cake, he vanished from the house, and distributed his burden among the boys at the gate.

"Boys, I know ye're hungry, 'cause ye've left yer breakfast on yer faces. Now git this in afore it rains."

The boys did not stand on the order of the service, but helped themselves greedily, and left his basket empty in a twinkling.

"It beats all natur'," said Jim, looking at them sympathetically, "how much boys can put down when they try. If the facts could be knowned, without cuttin' into 'em, I'd be willin' to bet somethin' that their legs is holler."

While Jim was absent, the bride's health was drunk in a glass of lemonade, and when he returned, his own health was proposed, and Jim seemed to feel that something was expected of him.

"My good frens," said he, "I'm much oblieged to ye. Ye couldn't 'a' treated me better if I'd 'a' been the pres'dent of this country. I ain't used to yer ways, but I know when I'm treated well, an' when the little woman is treated well. I'm oblieged to ye on her 'count. I'm a goin' to take 'er into the woods, an' take care on 'er. We are goin' to keep a hotel—me and the little woman—an' if so be as any of ye is took sick by overloadin' with cookies 'arly in the day, or bein' thinned out with lemonade, ye can come into the woods, an' I'll send ye back happy."

There was a clapping of hands and a flutter of handkerchiefs, and a merry chorus of laughter, and then two vehicles drove up

to the door. The bride bade a tearful farewell to her multitude of friends and poured out her thanks to the minister's family, and in twenty minutes thereafter, two happy loads of passengers went pounding over the bridge, and off up the hill on the way to Number Nine. The horses were strong, the morning was perfect, and Jim was in possession of his bride. They, with Miss Snow, occupied one carriage, while Mr. Benedict and the Balfours filled the other. Not a member of the company started homeward until the bridal party was seen climbing the hill in the distance, but waited, commenting upon the great event of the morning, and speculating upon the future of the pair whose marriage they had witnessed. There was not a woman in the crowd who did not believe in Jim, and all were glad that the little tailoress had reached so pleasant and stimulating a change in her life.

When the voyagers had passed beyond the scattered farm-houses into the lonely country, Jim, with his wife's help, released himself from the collar and cravat that tormented him, and once more breathed freely. On they sped, shouting to one another from carriage to carriage, and Mike Conlin's humble house was reached in a two hours' drive. There was chaffing at the door and romping among the trees while the horses were refreshed, and then they pushed on again with such speed as was possible with poorer roads and soberer horses; and two hours before sunset they were at the river. The little woman had enjoyed the drive. When she found that she had cut loose from her old life, and was entering upon one unknown and untried, in pleasant companionship, she was thoroughly happy. It was all like a fairy story; and there before her rolled the beautiful river, and, waiting on the shore, were the trunks and remnants of baggage that had been started for their destination before daylight, and the guides with their boats, and with wild flowers in their hats.

The carriages were dismissed to find their way back to Mike Conlin's that night, while Jim, throwing off his coat, assisted in loading the three boats. Mr. Balfour had brought along with him, not only a large flag for the hotel, but half a dozen smaller ones for the little fleet. The flags were soon mounted upon little rods, and set up at either end of each boat, and when the luggage was all loaded, and the passengers were all in their places, Jim taking his wife

and Miss Snow in his own familiar craft, they pushed out into the stream, and started for a race. Jim was the most powerful man of the three, and was aching for work. It was a race all the way, but the broader chest and the harder muscles won. It was a regatta without spectators, but as full of excitement as if the shores had been fringed with a cheering crowd.

The two women chatted together in the stern of Jim's boat, or sat in silence, as if they were enchanted, watching the changing shores, while the great shadows of the woods deepened upon them. They had never seen anything like it. It was a new world—God's world, which man had not marred.

At last they heard the barking of a dog, and, looking far up among the woods, they caught the vision of a new building. The boys in the boats behind yelled with delight. Ample in its dimensions and fair in its outlines, there stood the little woman's home. Her eyes filled with tears, and she hid them on Miss Snow's shoulder.

"Be ye disapp'nted, little woman?" inquired Jim, tenderly.

"Oh, no."

"Feelin's a little too many fur ye?"

The little woman nodded, while Miss Snow put her arm around her neck, and whispered.

"A woman is a curi's bein'," said Jim. "She cries when she's tickled, an' she laughs when she's mad."

"I'm not mad," said the little woman bursting into a laugh, and lifting her tear-burdened eyes to Jim.

"An' then," said Jim, "she cries and laughs all to onces, an' a feller don't know whether to take off his jacket or put up his umberell."

This quite restored the "little woman," and her eyes were dry and merry as the boat touched the bank, and the two women were helped on shore. Before the other boats came up, they were in the house, with the delighted Turk at their heels, and Mike Conlin's wife courtseying before them.

It was a merry night at Number Nine.

Jim's wife became the mistress at once. She knew where everything was to be found, as well as if she had been there for a year, and played the hostess to Mr. and Mrs. Balfour as agreeably as if her life had been devoted to the duties of her establishment.

Mr. Balfour could not make a long stay in the woods, but had determined to leave his wife there with the boys. His business was pressing at home, and he had heard something while at Sevenoaks that made him uneasy on Mr. Benedict's account. The latter had kept himself very quiet while at the wedding, but his intimacy with one of Mr. Balfour's boys had been observed, and there were those who detected the likeness of this boy, though much changed by growth and better conditions, to the little Harry Benedict of other days. Mr. Balfour had overheard the speculations of the villagers on the strange Mr. Williams who had for so long a time been housed with Jim Fenton, and the utterance of suspicions that he was no other than their old friend, Paul Benedict. He knew that this suspicion would be reported by Mr. Belcher's agent at once, and that Mr. Belcher would take desperate steps to secure himself in his possessions. What form these measures would take—whether of fraud or personal violence—he could not tell.

He advised Mr. Benedict to give him a power of attorney to prosecute Mr. Belcher for the sum due him on the use of his inventions, and to procure an injunction on his further use of them, unless he should enter into an agreement to pay such a royalty as should be deemed equitable by all the parties concerned. Mr. Benedict accepted the advice, and the papers were executed at once.

Armed with this document, Mr. Balfour bade good-bye to Number Nine and its pleasant company, and hastened back to the city, where he took the first opportunity to report to his friends the readiness of Jim to receive them for the summer.

It would be pleasant to follow them into their forest pastimes, but more stirring and important matters will hold us to the city.

(To be continued.)

COMPENSATION.

O THOU, my dearer self! If it be so,—
 As somewhere I have read,—when lovers part,
 Who takes the journey bears a lighter heart
 Than that which bides at home,—then well I know
 Thy grief is passing great. Well, as I go
 With many a sigh along my weary way,
 I think, with less'ning pain, how each new day
 Gives swifter wings to these our weeks of woe;
 And, for thy sharper sorrow, thou wilt greet
 The end with keener joy; and cry, "Indeed!"
 (Mending the maxim to the moment's need)
 Indeed, I truly think when lovers *meet*,
 The happier is she—forgive the boast?—
 Who in the days of absence sorrowed most!

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT FOR TIMID LINGUISTS.

A PLAUSIBLE and ingenious plea for the sufficiency of printed translations and the superfluousness of acquaintance with originals is that the reader must, at any rate, make his own translation, and that, unless he be a superior scholar, it cannot be so good as that of a competent master of the language. On the contrary, it is our opinion that the least skillful reader, with a dictionary, will get a better notion of a work of art in a strange language than can be acquired from the most skillful translation. Even if it be taken for granted that the unskillful reader cannot at all think in the original, and must therefore translate every word, it is a mistake to suppose that he sees only what his English words, when written out, appear to express. He has a notion of the physiognomy and rhythm of the thought in the author's mind, which his own poor English words do not at all represent. But the merest tyro in French *partially* thinks in French. He translates the idioms; but many nouns, adjectives, and whole clauses soon get to resemble and suggest ideas as quickly as their English synonyms. *Mollesse*, for instance, suggests softness as well as its English equivalent. *Larmes amères* looks as much like "bitter tears" as the expression "bitter tears" itself. The sentence, then, as it moves through the mind, is a queer mixture of French and loose nebulous pleonasm.

English. Reduced to writing, it would appear the baldest and weakest stuff conceivable; and yet even such reading of the great literature in a strange language is greatly to be preferred to the work of the most accomplished translator.

The business of a writer of translations is to produce upon the mind of the reader the impression which he himself receives from the original. We will take it for granted that that impression is the right one, which, of course, it frequently is not. But witness his insuperable obstacles. If the expression of the author's thought in the original is imperfect, of course the translation is imperfect. Often the thought is transmitted from the author's mind to the original, hidden in the words, rather than expressed by them. At just what point the spark is communicated, neither the writer nor the reader is often conscious. It is in some musical synthesis; it is in some intensity of emphasis, often undiscoverable, and entirely untranslatable. But though a literary artist is often ignorant of the qualities of his own work which successfully express his thought, he knows very well what forms of speech will hinder and contravene the expression of his thought; of this the translator can have by no means so sure a sense. The translator must almost inevitably use words and whole phrases which violate the mood of the writer, and throw

the mind of the reader completely off the scent. Really, you might understand the original if it were not for the translation.

Good translation, though a difficult, is a possible feat in the region of abstract and logical thought; its obstacles begin when we approach the literature of feeling, intuition and imagination. It happens that what is greatest and most valuable in literature is imaginative. The theme of the highest poetry is not only imaginative, but the highest poetry often deals with physical images. Now, while the translator is here, as elsewhere, inadequate, the unskilled student of the original is especially at an advantage. Imagery may be comprehended without the conscious use of words, more easily than critical thought. The student's whole necessity is to have his own mind illuminated with the image in the mind of the artist. It is my experience that some of the strongest impressions I have ever got from literature have been made upon me while working through some poem or scene of a romance with a nebulous flood of English and High Dutch flowing through my mind. Indeed, if there be ability in the work, the attention I am compelled to give to a single page, and the time I take in getting from the top to the bottom of it, rather helps, I think, to fasten the scene strongly upon my imagination. That may seem a somewhat optimistic view, and I had better anticipate the inference of my critic, that the less one knows of a language the more will one be able to appreciate its masterpieces in the original.

But the point at which the translator signally fails is in Distinction, in giving us an intimate sense of the personality of the author. Literature is the confession of a vast number of interesting persons. A student desires always a clear view of the mind of a writer. The first novel of George Sand which I read was an English translation of "Indiana." I thought it very tiresome, and could not avoid an impression that George Sand was rather a silly woman. The translator was all the while making remarks which a great man or woman could not possibly have made. He would use words and clauses which George Sand could have been no more likely to use than she would have been to eat with her knife. Now, let any person of some susceptibility and experience of literature study the French grammar for a month or so and then attack one of her novels with a dictionary. It will be difficult for him to read a dozen pages without being impressed with her sub-

ject-matter and greatly interested in herself.

Irving speaks of a certain renowned Dutch tumbler of antiquity who took a start of three miles to jump a hill; when he got to the foot of it he had to sit down and breathe and then walk over it. Some people start out to learn a language very much in this way, and end their endeavors with much the same result. They think it necessary to work at French and German too long before they will descend to get any pleasure out of them. They seem to make the acquisition of the language their object, and to study its literature only incidentally. Now, one had better, so I think, at least, start out with the idea of familiarizing himself with certain great works of art, and of getting a near sense of the personalities of the artists, and let the acquisition of the language be incidental.

When it comes to Greek and Latin there is perhaps more need of preparation. But even there, persons desiring to know the great poems in those languages scare themselves overmuch with their lack of "drill." Of course it would be better if you had the drill, but as you have it not, do the best you can without it. And if you are a person of sensibility, that best will be infinitely better than can be enjoyed by any gerund-grinder without sensibility. Of course you cannot think in Greek, you will not be able to read Greek at sight, but you can acquire particular poems just as one may learn to ride particular horses. Nouns and adjectives, whole clauses will get so familiar that their meaning will slip off from the English translation upon them. Even a lazy boy knows that *μακάρεσσοι θεοίσι* means "blessed gods;" the Greek scrawl *θάλασσα* stands as well for the sea as the English scrawl "ocean."

Each year, as the autumn approaches, generous and aspiring young persons are seized with a desire to accomplish something. To such young people the romance of learning is very enticing. They ardently ask what Mr. Lowell prettily calls "the robe dipped in the Tyrian purple of imaginative culture." But now, if it happens that the young scholar has been idle at school or college, he is apt to pass from a too great contempt for gerund-grinders into a too great respect for them, and an excessive humility in their presence. If he could be like those Harrow boys (he thinks), who babble Greek from their cradles, how pleased he would be to disport himself in all the poets from Homer to Aristophanes. How indescribably delightful would

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it be while perusing the crabbed page of the last-named "humorous writer," to suddenly be seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter! But he believes that such laughter is impossible for him for evermore.

His present knowledge of Greek and Latin is vague and unsatisfactory in the extreme; he has hazy notions about optatives and pluperfects; he must run to Liddell and Scott to verify a quotation, and at the best he must be content to use what Mrs. Browning sweetly calls "woman's Greek without the accents." This is not the way the generous and ardent lad cares to learn. He would like to have the grammar at his fingers' ends; he would like to lay his hand upon his moods and tenses as a valiant touches the top rail of a fence.

But the youth is the victim of his own credulity and humility—faults which he often unites with presumption. A generous young man, in his first remorse over an idle youth, will be very likely to see in the correctness and thoroughness of a good scholar a "something wonderful," which, study as he may, he can never attain. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, says the adage. But if this young scholar could only see the mind of the man whom he admires laid bare, he would find that he had overrated the difference between them. He will not make the mistake of thinking that all thorough scholars are painstaking dullards, ignorant of the spirit of the works they criticise; but he will gather courage from the knowledge that a few years' study will teach him much—very much of the great originals; and, if he have literary capacity and appreciation, more than the ablest gerund-grinder, without sensibility, can learn in a lifetime.

Latin and Greek are doled out at American colleges in doses. Reading, as it is known in European universities—that is, sitting down to study an author, and to read all there is of him, is unheard of here. Horace and Homer are simply exercises accompanying Zumpt and Hadley. The teachers, though I suppose very good scholars, have as a rule no literary aptitude for any task higher than the exposition of the grammar. There are certainly successful teachers in other departments in this country. I may here say that it is my belief that New Yorkers have in a number of the departments of Columbia College better teaching than can be found elsewhere in this country. Any man who has ever sat under the instruction of Professor Nairne, for instance, knows that there is such a thing as good teach-

ing, knows what can be accomplished by a teacher who is at once learned, able and enthusiastic. But I doubt if there is a teacher of the classics in an American college who has the enthusiastic attention of his students. There are many reasons why this should be, and but a small share of the blame can be laid at the doors of the Professors. But this much of blame at least can be laid at the doors of many of them, that they cannot understand English poetry, and, of course, they cannot understand Greek poetry.

When I was a freshman, there was in my class a handsome, quiet lad, with a decided turn for letters and satire. The Professor was a great gun in philology, and believed very much in the particles and the "delicate shades" of which he imagined the angels could teach him nothing. Some association of particles he made us translate invariably by the expression: "Then, thereupon;" another by the expression: "If, then, for the matter of that." The boy was musically reading the passage in the "Hecuba" of Euripides in which the old Queen of Troy is beseeching of Ulysses the life of Polyxena, her only surviving child, whom he is leading to sacrifice on the tomb of Achilles. He came to the particles and skipped them, for which he was bantered and persecuted for the rest of the hour by the Professor. The instructor had on hand a stock of jokes which he had been making during some forty years, and which were really formidable from their quantity and the vocal volume with which they were announced. The silent youth bore it all with a sort of impulsive disdain, only remarking, when pushed by the Professor: "Hecuba is down upon the ground praying for her daughter's life, clasping the knees of Ulysses, and I don't think that a woman in such a position would be apt to say: 'Then, thereupon;' or, 'If, then, for the matter of that.'"

But let no boy yet at school, who may read this paper, get the notion that he may be idle with impunity now and may recover himself hereafter. No teacher has ever yet found words in which to tell the young how disastrous a thing is idleness. The language is not written in which that lesson can be conveyed. To tell of the languors, of the incompetences which dog the idle boy all his days, to tell how resolution and energy simplify life and make it happy, would require characters and symbols not yet invented; the idle boy will know it for himself one of these days, and will, in his turn, be incapable of communicating it.

EDUCATION AND FREE THOUGHT.

WHETHER it is possible to bring up a child intelligently without any convictions whatever on religion, and whether true intellectual freedom and habits of mental independence are interfered with by religious teaching in early life, are two questions of the greatest importance to parents and educators. Mr. Webster's argument on the former question—in the Girard College Case—is famous. We have a plethora of argument nowadays on the latter question, and the world has just at this moment one striking instance of parental training and education disengaged *in toto* from all religious tenets, and all religious practice, from which to judge if it has any advantages as to freedom of thought.

Mr. Mill is very frank in his Autobiography as to the paternal influence upon him against religion. After describing the views and habits of his father in this respect, he says: "It will be admitted that a man of the opinions and the character above described, was likely to leave a strong impression on any mind *principally formed by him*." It is not difficult to estimate the interference of this impression with freedom of thought, both absolutely and comparatively. This will be done in this paper in both ways.

Mr. Mill admits that, "in a degree once common, but now very unusual [his father], threw his feelings into his opinions." This is precisely what has long been urged against those who give to their children or pupils a Christian education. We have been told, with endless reiteration, that it must needs interfere with liberty of opinion in others. But "it is difficult to understand," says Mr. Mill, "how any one who possesses much of both (opinions and feelings) can fail to do" as his father did. If this can be vindicated, however, where both head and heart are hostile to religion, it can where both are friendly. It is affirmed, further, that "none but those who do not care about opinions will confound this with intolerance," which is as just, if just at all, in the case of Christian parents and teachers as in the case of unchristian ones. Moreover, we are assured by Mr. Mill that "the forbearance which flows from a conscientious sense of the importance to mankind of the equal freedom of all opinions, is the only tolerance which is commendable, or to the highest moral order of minds possible;" which sounds vastly

like an old "orthodox" position, maintained among Puritan thinkers from John Milton's and John Robinson's day, and plentifully assailed now by some newspaper critics and a few preachers.

Moreover—disavowing malevolence and ill-doing for opinion's sake—Mr. Mill goes so far as to admit—what would be perilous for an "Evangelical" writer—that "those who, having opinions which they hold to be immensely important, and their contraries to be prodigiously hurtful, have *any deep regard for the general good*, will necessarily dislike as a class, and in the abstract, those who think wrong what they think right, and right what they think wrong, though they need not therefore be, nor was my father, insensible to good qualities in an opponent," &c. All this is to excuse or defend the style and amount of forming power which his anti-theistic parent exerted over himself. But one rubs his eyes on reading it, and looks again to see if it is not charged upon some Edwardean or Hopkinsian divine, or some "orthodox" person at least. But no! it is an account of James Mill by his son, John Stuart. Translate opinions into "creed" or "belief," as used in well-established religious circles, and what would come of it?

Now this father, who so impressed his son and had such an agency in forming and fastening upon him his opinions, held that right and wrong "are qualities solely of conduct—of acts and omissions;" that "feelings are no proper subjects of praise or blame." "He refused to let his praise or blame be influenced by the motive of the agent," which even intense utilitarianism would allow him to do, the motive being, supposably, utility. But the refusal to do this rendered it clearly and sharply impossible for him so much as to entertain religion as a system of the highest and best motives. Yet James Mill judged *character* by motives, though never acts—a curious logical and ethical inconsistency. His moral convictions were "wholly disengaged from religion;" "his aversion to religion," as might be anticipated, "was of the same kind with that of Lucretius." "I have a hundred times heard him say," testifies his son, "that mankind have gone on adding trait after trait" (to the character of the gods they believed in) "till they reached the most perfect conception of wickedness which the human

mind can conceive. This is a consideration of the present state of Christianity, as it is at present, and may be in the future, and even in the past, and every version of it, and every candler, and every example of it, and every "communion idea, in the sake of the require to be sure, the Roman contest of those who reject in loyalty, won by response. And a man seems on the teaching better both facts and idea of the. The appearance assure smaller lived a life in revolution, communit. Yet think religious prevent of "fr James, inconsi he testi sions ings of therefor any "acqui impression manner known at this world moral

mind can devise, and have called this God. This *ne plus ultra* of wickedness he considered to be embodied in what is commonly presented to mankind as the creed of Christianity." The mere holding of this notion, as a personal opinion, did not interfere at all, it is clear, with his son's adopting a juster and more correct opinion; but it might be, and evidently was, *so taught*, along with perversions of Christian sentiment, as to make candor, at least, impossible. For the example given in the Autobiography of what is "commonly" believed by Christians, is the idea, in its baldest form, of creating men *for the sake of eternal punishment!* And this led the father to reject all religion, and to require his son to do so. He taught him, to be sure, "to take the strongest interest in the Reformation as the great and decisive contest against priestly tyranny for liberty of thought." But he taught him, also, to reject the truths, for the sake of which, and in loyalty to which, liberty of thought was won by the Reformers, and to hold them responsible for the perversions above stated. And a mere vague passing allusion to what seems to be the intended teaching of Christ on the law of love, does not make Christ's teaching a religion to the son, or anything better than a human protest against what both father and son represent as the accepted idea of God, as a being infinitely cruel. The approach of death, the son is careful to assure us, did not cause his father "the smallest wavering in his convictions." He lived and died rejecting, "not only the belief in revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called natural religion."

Yet he might have allowed his son to think for himself, and form some sort of religious belief independently. How this was prevented is a curious revelation of the ways of "free-thinkers." Stuart Mill, in this respect at least, was the mere creature of James Mill. "It would have been wholly inconsistent with my father's ideas of duty," he testifies, "to allow me to acquire impressions contrary to his convictions and feelings on the subject of religion." He says, therefore, of himself, that he "never had" any "religious belief"—and how could he acquire one in the circumstances? "He impressed upon me from the first that the manner in which the world came into existence was a subject on which nothing was known." The theoretical atheism of both at this point, in respect to the Author of the world, was as complete and blank as their moral atheism in respect to its Governor.

The pupil thus tampered with from the very beginnings of thought, or perhaps we should say, thus tyrannized over, confesses that he "looked upon the modern exactly as upon the ancient religions, as something which in no way concerned" him, and pronounces skeptics, Deists, and those whose notions fall "far short of Deism"—evidently including his father, if not himself—the brightest ornaments of the world, "truly religious," "more genuinely religious" than Christians. It is easy for the reading and literary public to accept the book in which this is done as "The Autobiography of an Atheist."

How complete the mastery of the elder Mill over the younger was, can be seen openly in the timid way in which the one differed from the other in politics in a few points, after having been rigidly brought up on Malthus, Ricardo, Bentham, and the "Theory of Government." His logical education did not secure independence here, as might be supposed. It began with the "Organon" of Aristotle, and Latin treatises on the scholastic logic. This was followed by the study of Hobbes.

He confesses that he profited little by the "Posterior Analytics," but maintains strongly the value of "an early practical familiarity with the school logic." "I do not believe that any scientific teaching ever was more thorough, or better fitted for training the faculties, than the mode in which logic and political economy were taught to me by my father." "He gave me his explanations not before, but after, I had felt the full force of the difficulties." In the logic of atheism, however, the parental method was quite different; the difficulties were never canceled by explanations. The practical part of logic seems to have been taught by the examination of such an author as Adam Smith, in whose treatise, after having been well stocked with the ideas and reasonings of Ricardo, the young student was set to find the fallacies in the arguments and the errors in the conclusions. His instructor was vigilant in detecting whether he understood what he had read, and in training him to analyze it. He went through the whole of political economy in this way. "I thought for myself, almost from the first," he says, "and occasionally thought differently from him, though for a long time only on minor points, and making his opinion the ultimate standard. At a later period I even occasionally convinced him and altered his opinion on some points of detail." But no such thorough work and no such scrupu-

tiny—even in the lesser things of detail—were ever applied to religion. No difference on *any* point appears, or would have been allowed. The son blindly followed the father even in concealing his atheism, quite down to the time of his election to Parliament. That so eminent and applauded a champion of freedom of thought should betray so much intellectual bondage in the story of his life, has astonished not a few of its readers.

Let us now trace the education of three men of great and not dissimilar intellectual ability—resembling Mill mentally, resembling each other—with special reference to logical training and the formation of opinions about religion. Let us take men whose belief was positive just where Stuart Mill's was negative—or was disbelief—yet who cherished a “deep regard for the general good,” unequaled by that of either Mill, and whose teachers held their opinions “to be immensely important and their contraries to be prodigiously hurtful.” Nothing can be more equitable than this. Let them be three whose education was obtained half a century earlier than his, and in circumstances far less favorable in much,—three Americans, theologians by profession and logicians by habit,—far less likely on the former account to acquire independence of mind, some may think, but deserving far more credit for it, if they did. Let us see if they lost this precious quality by the fault of their instructors, or by the necessities of a Christian training in logic and truth. They were men more open to the influence of other minds, through the freer contact and varied associations which American colleges afforded a hundred years ago, than Mill ever was in the secluded and solitary pupilage in which he was trained. But waiving this, let the investigation be simply as to the intellectual liberty secured in their religious instruction during the forming period of belief and conviction.

One of the three was a thinker of whom Dr. Channing, who sufficiently disliked his views, testified: “In forming his religious opinions he was superior to human authority; he broke away from human creeds; he interpreted God's word for himself; he revered reason, the oracle of God within him.” “In accordance with his free spirit of inquiry, we find him making not a few important modifications of Calvinism.” In particular Channing testifies that in accepting predestination, as he understood it, “he believed it to be sustained by profound metaphysical argumentation, and to rest on

the only sound philosophy of the human mind: so that in receiving it he did not abandon the ground of reason.” This untrammled logician and believer said of himself: “I hope I shall never be guilty of referring to any uninspired man as an authority.” He went so far as to refuse “the weight of a straw” to the dictum of “the wisest and best men that ever lived,” in comparison with what he deemed a higher word than man's. “I now declare,” he said again, “I had much rather publish *New Divinity* than any other. And the more of this the better, if it be true. Nor do I think any doctrine can be ‘too strange to be true.’ I should think it hardly worth while to write, if I had nothing *new* to say.” His biographer, Dr. E. A. Park, says of him: “He studied more profoundly and more freely at the base of Monument Mountain than he would have done amid the fashions of a court. He was a Congregational minister in the New World; and, therefore, if true to his calling and position, he must have examined the truth for himself.” He derived from the style of religion in which he was brought up, says the same keen critic, in his elegant memoir, “one of its chief blessings—an impulse, as well as a liberty, to believe according to evidence, rather than according to prescription.” This great and profound investigator alarmed reasoners of less boldness by exploring in the most daring style the deepest and most difficult questions. This unhesitating reformer, of whom James Mill and his son probably never heard, published books of more subtle and penetrating discrimination than theirs, founded theology and reform alike upon the preference of the general good,* and denounced slavery in a great slave mart, before philanthropists had thought of the subject, and half a century before their day. This was Samuel Hopkins.

How was he educated? Whence came all this free and fearless vigor? He entered Yale College in 1737, at the age of sixteen. Logic then, according to Prof. Kingsley, “claimed the principal attention” of students, and skill in syllogistic disputation was the chief attainment aimed at by Yalensians. Burgersdicius, Ramus, Crackenthorp, and Keckermann furnished the text-books. Freshmen began logic in the last month of the first

* Mrs. Stowe's inartistic anachronism in respect to his giving up the attractive object of a strong attachment from disinterested benevolence, is still true to the life. The incident is told in Park's Memoir, p. 55.

college year. "Logic was the sole study of the first four days of the week during the second year. All resident bachelors were required to dispute syllogistically once a week, and all undergraduates, after they began to read logic, five times a week. Fridays were devoted in all the classes to ethics, rhetoric, and the theology of Wollebius. Ames's *Medulla* was recited on Saturday mornings, and on Saturday evenings the Assembly's *Catechism* in Latin." President Woolsey says that an effect of the modern Yale style of education, in comparison with this, is "to repress originality of thinking, to destroy individual peculiarities, and to produce a general sameness among those who are educated." Most manifestly Hopkins's education produced no such effects on him! It led him, says Dr. Park, "not so much into various learning, as into deep thinking. It sharpened his reasoning powers. It cultivated his taste for the abstract sciences." It did not leave him such a slave to Ames or Wollebius, as Stuart Mill was to James Mill. It enabled him to show "that theology is something better than a superstitious faith." In an age often ignorantly stigmatized nowadays as one of servitude to great names, it made of this powerful and intrepid logician a master and prince in one of the freest movements of mind philosophical history can show. He does not even quote Edwards, his great instructor, as Mill quotes his father. It prompted him to say: "It is very weak and ridiculous, if not something worse, for a divine to attempt to support or confirm any doctrine by appealing to the judgment of any man." Did Stuart Mill ever advance so far as this in becoming an atheist? or, had he done so when he wrote his *Autobiography* even?

One of the other two was the younger Jonathan Edwards. We know little, to be sure, of his father's method of teaching. It hardly needs to be said that the elder Edwards was immeasurably superior in power and depth of thought to the elder Mill; the second volume of Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy" is authority for the statement that "he was familiar with the course of speculation in the mother country, reading the writers of all schools with equal ardor;" but he was more an author than a teacher, even in the case of his own children. His biographer says that he "took much pains to come at the books of the most noted writers who advanced a scheme of divinity most contrary to his own principles;" "he called no man Father. He thought and judged

for himself, and was truly very much of an original." That such a man would start his pupil, Hopkins, and his son, in a searching, exhaustive, self-reliant style of study,—that he would beget in them a generous breadth and scope, exemption from dogmatism, individuality of intellectual life, was absolutely certain. The son excelled as a Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholar; made remarkable vernacular attainments in Indian dialects; was chosen Professor of Languages and Logic at Princeton, but shone most in the philosophy of mind and kindred studies. He was "conspicuous for logical and philosophical power"—is the characterization given in Ueberweg. He was, like Hopkins, without brilliancy, as Mill was, and a master of profound and patient investigation. Comparison in his case is singularly fair.

Turning now, as before, to the testimony of those who knew best the results of his education—on the very point in question, one of these, a Professor at Union, says: "He obviously sought nothing but truth undisguised. He investigated for himself. In his opinions he had great decision and firmness, because they were deliberately formed after patient and thorough investigation." It has been observed that "it was something mortifying, not to say provoking, to an opponent, in the writings of the Edwardses, that they would anticipate more objections than he ever dreamed of himself." About the time Stuart Mill was born, a biographer, who knew Dr. Edwards well, wrote: "He was ever ready to follow where truth led, to detect the errors that might have insinuated themselves into his own reasoning, and to abandon the conclusion unless it could be supported by other and substantial arguments." In "Patten's Reminiscences" it was said of him—and this is not the only record to the same effect—"he was amiable in his temper, but prompt and *self-opinionated*," just the error which great freedom of thought engenders. Mr. Mill was opinionated, but not—touching religion, with his father's stamp on him as he confesses it—*self-opinionated*.

Going back now to his training, Edwards graduated at Princeton, in 1765, and perhaps it can hardly be said that the course of study there was so rigorously logical—although the elder Edwards was then President of the College—as that which Hopkins received at New Haven twenty-four years before. He lived in his father's family; and so much is clear, that neither by his parental nor by his college training was the indepen-

dence of his mind at all crippled. So far as the formation of opinions was concerned, his two years after graduation, before he became tutor at Princeton, were probably the most critical. He was then nine months a pupil of Hopkins, and three months a pupil of Bellamy. It illustrates the free and self-reliant character of both teacher and student, that Hopkins placed in his hands first a new manuscript treatise of President Edwards, then deceased, the doctrine of which the son had already controverted. He had never seen this manuscript, however, but at once made vigorous and searching objection to its contents. Dr. Hopkins explained, defended, and strengthened the father's positions. The young man, unconvinced, returned to the assault next day, but found "that the subject required a deeper investigation." Dr. Patten says, "Under a conviction of conscience"—I do not know but the Mills would pronounce *this* an interference with intellectual operations, but it was purely from within, and conscience is itself partly intellectual—he changed his opinion, "and made rapid proficiency in that belief in doctrines for which he could give a reason." And of *this* result, certainly, even the Mills could not complain. In gaining a new opinion, moreover, he did not lose individuality and independence; for years after, in a letter to Hopkins, criticising freely his new "Body of Divinity," he takes occasion to say on one point: "I do not believe what President Edwards has written on this subject in his 'Treatise on Religious Affections'" Dr. Hopkins once applied to him an Indian preacher's phrase, "Me made him," *i. e.*, not made his opinions for him, but made him boldly, consistently follow reason in framing and in changing them. Of Dr. Bellamy's logical and theological methods we have more continuous and sufficient information. He gave his students lists of questions, and questions demanding spontaneous, uninhibited thought, covering all the deep subjects and hard points in religion; he made them acquainted with the ablest treatises on these, of whatever shade of opinion; "he then spent his evenings in examining them as to their views," after they had formed them for themselves, "solving the difficulties they had found, suggesting and solving others,—closing by giving his opinion and the reasons for it, and then leaving each student to digest and write out his own impressions of the entire subject. The dissertations thus prepared he examined, pointed

out what arguments were insufficient and what satisfactory, stated the objections of opposers, and suggested the answers that would be conclusive against them. He also directed them to read the writings of the most learned and acute opposers of the truth, on the various points of investigation, and laid open to them the fallacy of their conclusions and reasonings." It will not be pretended that even on political economy Stuart Mill's training was as all-sided and perfectly fair as this. What would—at least, what *might*—such a training have done for him in religion!

There remains another great student and debater, the third of these athletes, whose Christian education, in regard to mental freedom, is to be compared with that of the English Autobiographer. He was born in the same year with the second, being five weeks his senior. He graduated at Yale two years after Edwards graduated at Princeton. The New Haven curriculum was then much the same as when Hopkins came forth from it twenty-six years before. Logic retained its prominence, running through the freshman and sophomore years. The seniors studied ethics, metaphysics, and divinity. The President lectured on Civil Government, the British Constitution—for Connecticut was still a colony—"the various kinds of courts, the several forms of ecclesiastical government," etc., "upon every subject necessary to qualify young gentlemen for civil life." That the logical drill which did not impair the rugged, stalwart, and irrepressible independence of Samuel Hopkins—though he became a natural theologian, a Christian, and a teacher of Christianity—impaired that of his younger fellow-alumnus, with all the acuteness and salient idiosyncrasies of the latter, as Stuart Mill's paternal tutelage impaired his, is not to be assumed at all. This young Yalensis also became a great Christian teacher; but the name of Nathaniel Emmons is a synonym for penetrating, tireless, and stubborn free-thinking. He was ever just what Berkeley called himself when he assailed Anthony Collins, "a free-thinking anti-free-thinker." Let us see what manner of man he came to be. He was widely renowned for sharp, novel, unique ideas. Though he disclaimed originality, he left behind him a reputation for insight, for understanding more of the most baffling subjects, and understanding them better than other men, which is hardly to be distinguished from it. No thinker this side the sea ever had ways of looking at truth more utterly and peculiarly his own.

Some of his apothegms on the investigation of truth are these:

"Never try to avoid difficulties in theology, but seek for them."

"Read a few of the best authors on each side."

"Habituate yourself to examine the evidence of everything you believe, without trusting to education, former opinion, or the assertion of others."

"Follow not too strictly the path of any particular divine or divines, for by following them you will never overtake them; but endeavor, if possible, to find out some new, nearer, and easier way by which you may get before them, and really add some pittance to the common stock of theological knowledge."—[Dr. Park's Memoir.]

After he had long been a teacher of theologians himself he recommended a list of books for reading to another teacher, which, he observed, contained "heterodox as well as orthodox writers on each question." That was after his own method of reading and of instructing, and he taught more than forty years at his home in Massachusetts, and was a whole theological and biblical faculty in one person to more than a hundred preachers. At the age of twenty-four, when examined for a license to preach, his spurning of all constraint and leadership was so pronounced and prominent that some good men protested against approving him. It was still more so sixty years and more later, when he surrendered public duties. He investigated in that long and busy interval a great variety of subjects. "Few men in his profession ever read more books," and he studied more than he read, *i. e.*, gave more time to it. For sixty-five years, utterly neglecting all ordinary occupations, he sat with book or pen in hand. His practice was "to pursue a subject until completely satisfied he had found the truth." It was a saying of his that he learned most by wrestling with difficulties which others had neglected or failed to throw light upon, and that of all the authors he consulted those who wrote most forcibly against his own sentiments helped him most. He acquired more skill as a Christian advocate from what was said against Christianity by its most successful assailants than from what was advanced for it by all its friends. One of his autobiographical statements is: "I have made it my practice to read extensively, and to examine as critically and impartially as I could all ancient and modern errors and innovations in religi-

ion, which I have never seen any reason to repent." The production from which this is taken abounds in brave and strong things like this. It is as unique as Stuart Mill's, far less dreary, and full of higher evidences of fearless thought. If it were not a Christian autobiography it would be read more than his, perhaps.

Dr. Smalley, to whom Emmons went as a pupil after graduating, used to say of young ministers: "If they would ever do anything in the world, they must learn to walk alone." No American ever learned to do that more positively than Nathaniel Emmons. He went to Smalley an Old Calvinist; he came away a New Divinity man. But what Smalley did for him was to arouse the capacity and passion for original thought. To teach him, as Emmons himself said, to throw away his crutches. In his long life of theological controversy afterward the disputants he wrestled with were always the strongest and most expert among public men. He held, as did those I have named before, that great discoveries and improvements are to be expected on all subjects of human inquiry, especially religion, and that every generation should advance beyond all that have gone before; and he held his mind free at every point, every hour, to contribute to that advance. Eager for truth on all subjects, and intensely active in exploring in every direction for it, he foreclosed against it in no one field as Stuart Mill did in religion. That would have been an unintellectual denial of the birthright of freedom, of which his education made him so conscious.

Looking at these three bright outstanding examples together, we see in all the common law—digest impartially and completely all hostile opinions. They did this more thoroughly than any liberal or heresiarch of to-day. But there is no evidence that Mill, in all his multitudinous and multifarious youthful reading, ever looked into a work on religious opinions, theological or other, or into any religious book, save McCrie's "Life of John Knox," two now unknown histories of the Quakers, Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History," and Thomson's "Seasons." Of the world's teachers on these topics, the great masters and the lesser lights alike, he was, when he formed his opinions, utterly ignorant. He confesses that he infused a "sectarian spirit" into the singular psychology derived from his father; and, without confession, it is clear that the parental atheism—or anti-theism—received

the same virus when it was fastened upon him. But in all the battles of thought, touching metaphysics, theology, or religion, that raged about the three whose education has been compared with his, where shall be found the traces of such a spirit? Because of the injustice and suffering Divinity tolerated in the world Mill disowned the idea of a God; they profoundly investigated and profoundly felt these evils, without allowing them to tyrannize over reason, or extinguish the light of God's existence and unconstraining rule over free beings, or blind their vision to it. He was "*imaginatively* very susceptible," he thinks, to "high enthusiasm for ideal nobleness"—whatever such a susceptibility may be, but never mentions the character of Christ, as though spell-bound here against such an enthusiasm by some preventing cause. No farther does he ever go in the direction of God than to command in unbelievers some "ideal conception of a Perfect Being," far higher, in his judgment, than the real God, perfect in every quality, whom religious men worship and obey. And save in that controversial mention of the mere conception, this ideal never appears in any disclosure he makes of his own mind, character, or life. At one period his progress "consisted"—he is frank enough to confess—"in rediscovering things known to all the world which I had previously disbelieved or disregarded;" it is altogether probable that many of these were practical working truths, for which he had a singular inaptitude, innate, inherited, or educated—his own philosophy would perhaps require him to say educated;—but he never so far recovered from early atheistic enslavement of thought, feeling, and purpose, as to be at liberty to rediscover the working truths of Natural and Revealed Religion. While those with whom he has here contrasted held to utter and thorough-going mental freedom as the basis of responsibility for human opinion and action, no glimmer of this breaks upon the darkness and bondage of Mill's mind. He never escaped intellectually from the meshes of Necessitarianism. So he declares himself, p. 108.

Is there any advantage in such a culture as his over its opposite on the score of freedom? Are not the results immeasurably less and less desirable in his case than in the others here sketched? Putting the quantity of truth severally attained out of the account entirely, and looking at the single point of exemption from constraint and restraint in attaining it,—which is the only accurate idea

of liberty,—what must a fair judgment decide? It may be said, to break the force of the facts, that the three men, whose training has been set over against his, were exceptionally great men. The objection lacks force and pertinency. This is not a question of power, but of liberty alone. Perhaps, too, any one who would raise this objection in Mill's behalf would insist that Mill was exceptionally great also. Any way, there was nothing in greatness to give either the advantage in respect to something entirely different—liberty. And certainly, a mind not great enough—if there be any meaning in what we now say—to acquire independence under one kind of training, would not, so far as that goes, acquire it under another. This leaves the facts to stand in their own unaffected strength.

Mr. Mill's "Three Essays on Religion" supply certain illustrations of what is here maintained, which were not available when what is above written was sent to the press. It is always difficult in some degree to trace the servitude of one mind to another much beyond the adoption of ready-made beliefs on specific subjects, as all know well who have searched in any direction the history of opinions. And if the topics, in respect to which one mind has imposed itself upon another, are many and diversified, even candid critics may seriously disagree as to the amount, at least, of intellectual domineering on the one side, and of slavishness on the other. In the present case the topics have a unity sufficient to prevent disagreement among reasonable men. A glance at the "Three Essays" will plainly enough disclose Stuart Mill taking both results and processes on religious topics from James Mill.

In one of these papers the writer affirms the "tremendous power" of early education, probably quite unaware that the application to his own case is singularly easy and forcible. His special object in his reasoning here is to strip religion of its beneficial influence and transfer it to education,—a very legitimate thing to do if the merely being educated is all that is beneficial, and if it is perfectly immaterial what is employed for the purpose, or what one is educated in. His proposition is that "early religious training has owed its power over mankind rather to its being early than to its being religious," which, if it is true, only opens the way, and gives crushing force to the proposition that early irreligious training, like that his father

gave him, has an equally wondrous and "tremendous" power, due simply—aside from any natural bias—to its being early. Indeed, he admits this by instancing the case of Greece as "the only one in which any teaching other than religious has had the unspeakable advantage of forming the basis of education;" adding that "though much can be said against the quality of some part of the teaching, very little can be said against its effectiveness." We should say the same of his father's in his own case, and that however his reasoning diminishes responsibility in either instance, in the same proportion it takes away individuality and mental independence. After saying that nearly all who have been brought up by parents, or by any one interested in them, have been taught from their earliest years some kind of religious belief, and some precepts as the commands of the heavenly powers to them and to mankind, he adds that "any system of social duty divorced from religion" would have the same advantage and power. Was there ever a more perfect illustration than himself in the way in which he became—as he describes himself in the Autobiography—an example of "one who has not thrown off religious belief, but never had it?" He specifies in the Essay, moreover, as characteristic of early education, the control it obtains over the feelings; and in the Autobiography he relates how his father, "in a degree once common, but now very unusual, threw his feelings into his opinions," and how his "various opinions were seized on with youthful fanaticism by the little knot of young men of whom I (the son) was one." "We put into them a sectarian spirit," he adds, alleging that his father was free from this—of which we can judge from his writings—a spirit not lacking certainly in his own eager and harsh prejudices against religion. That the feelings do not entwine "with anything like the same force" round conclusions formed on personal investigation later in life, as about those instilled in childhood, is very true; and the example is at hand in the vehement, if not vituperative, terms he employs against the truths he was led by his father to deny, compared with the perfectly frigid coldness he preserves touching the probability and hope of a Divine origin and government of the world and a destiny for man after death, which were in some sort his own ripest conclusions.

If it be suggested that to discuss for him such subjects at all—after the paternal incul-

cation that he had "no concern" with them—is some evidence of release from his first slavery of thought, it may be answered that it is rather evidence that the early opinions could not stand examination, and that religion is a subject with which all have to do. Unquestionably it was the father's sway prolonged that kept him from even looking in that direction when that crisis came in his mental history, at little more than twenty years of age, which is depicted with so little evidence of any true comprehension of it, in Chapter V. of the Autobiography, and when the great loss and sorrow of his life overtook him forty years after in the death of Mrs. Mill. "Early education," he observes in the second Essay, "operates through men's involuntary beliefs, feelings, and desires." How inadequate an account this is, we cannot stop to show; but so far as it is true, nothing better exemplifies it than his own atheistic training.

In general it is obvious that the "Essay on Theism" embodies, with additions, what his father did and did not "allow" him to accept concerning the origin of the world, and what flowed therefrom: the "Essay on Nature," his father's dogmatism upon the conceptions of the character of God; and the "Essay on the Utility of Religion," his denials of the Divine government of men by influences such as Natural Religion and Christianity employ.

It is in connection with the fundamental question of Theism, and their joint repudiation of all belief and all grounds of belief in the existence of God, that Stuart Mill acknowledges the iron hand that shaped his "convictions and feelings respecting religion," absolutely preventing all deviation. That repudiation by James Mill was on moral grounds, "more than intellectual," grounds drawn from the course of the world under Divine government to prevent any discernment of the Divine existence. From one sort of nescience he concluded to another. The description answers equally well for Stuart Mill, save that he was never "educated in the creed of Scotch Presbyterianism," and was not led "by his own studies and reflections to reject not only Revelation, but the foundations of Natural Religion," and set up as Atheist. Of the elder the younger says: "Dogmatic atheism he looked upon as absurd;" but "he yielded to the conviction that concerning the origin of things nothing can be known," dogmatically assuming that all other minds have been and are as dark as his own. "He impressed upon me from the first that * * *

the question, 'Who made me?' cannot be answered, because we have no experience or authentic information from which to answer it"—a principle that would sweep away the larger part of modern knowledge at a blow, including all "the speculative conclusions drawn by physical science." For these are manifestly beyond either "experience or authentic information!" But when this principle of nescience was enjoined upon the future author of "Nature," "The Utility of Religion," and "Theism," the result of the last-named essay, nearly half a century later, was simply a foregone conclusion.

One of our finest American thinkers, not of any evangelical school—ex-President Hill, of Harvard—has recently said, in closing one of a series of brilliant and profound essays, that might well be bound up with Mill's, that "we have a higher warrant for believing in God than for believing in any other truth whatever," which must obviously be so if, though there are truths of which the whole world of matter is evidence, and others of which the whole world of mind is evidence, this is the only one that is a truth of the Infinite, to which the whole universe—including both matter and mind—gives evidence. On the contrary, Mill asserts in his "General Result," that "there is evidence, but insufficient for proof, and amounting to one of the lower degrees of probability." That this is what he was obliged to say by a large advance of knowledge—and probably also of thought—beyond his father's, and that he was kept from saying more than this for Theism, by the nescience saddled on his youthful mind, there cannot be a doubt. The same thing appears in his brief preliminary treatment of the evidences as *a priori* and *a posteriori*. Professing to give "a fair examination to both," he at once pronounces the former unscientific, characterizing them as pursuing a method "which infers external objective facts from ideas or convictions of our own minds," and denying that the principle on which even the latter rest—that of cause and effect—is "a truth of reason apprehended intuitively in its own light." We should be led too far aside if we should say a word here of his life-long mistakes on these points, or of the destructive effect of these two positions upon all science itself, of whatever character; but it is enough to indicate that they are the direct result of his father's dogma touching "experience" and "authentic information." For adequate illustration of this, we should be obliged to

draw largely on the "Analysis of the Human Mind" and the "System of Logic," the family relation of which is as manifest as their authors'. There can no more be an *a posteriori* argument on that dogma than an *a priori* one. Moreover, there can be no such "General Result" as we have just quoted, nor can it follow, as is asserted therein, that "the rational attitude of a thinking mind toward the supernatural is that of skepticism, as distinguished from belief on the one hand and atheism on the other; including under atheism the negative as well as the positive form of disbelief in a God (this is *unbelief*, more accurately, as the Bible has it), viz.: not only the dogmatic denial of His existence, but the denial that there is any evidence on either side." The latter may be as dogmatic as the former, but it is the legitimate progeny of nescience, and in this the son was the echo of his father, only perhaps more consistent.

Turning briefly to details, the examination in "Theism" of the two arguments from consciousness and from the general consent of mankind must be passed by as not covered by the confessions of the "Autobiography." We confess, however, that the general family relationship of error on the subject of consciousness and its religious bearings is a very tempting theme, but it would lead us into a discussion too elaborate and abstruse for this place. There remain the criticisms of the two other arguments—for a First Cause, and from Marks of Design in Nature. The essayist's assertion that "causation cannot be legitimately extended to the material universe itself, but only to its changeable phenomena;" or, in other words, to mere events or changes—and his two silent assumptions that only known changes or events are such at all, and that the existence of apparently permanent objects never has been an event or change—are altogether in the line of what he had been taught. They simply beg the question. His distinction between existence and beginning of existence is introduced for this purpose. And our ignorance of the latter—in the case of elementary substances and their properties—is taken for disproof of any cause of either! It is quite unimportant whether either Mill believed in the eternity of matter in any of its forms; the fact that "within the range of human knowledge they had no beginning," *i. e.*, that the beginning in question is not a *known* beginning, is sufficient for the conclusion *per saltum*, "consequently no cause!" That this whole argument about a beginning

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of the world or of substance comes, of course, in place of positive knowledge where such knowledge is impossible, as in all reasoning; that the question still remains: Are we warranted to believe in the beginning of the substances and properties we call matter, and so in their Cause? is not noticed. The distinction between objects and events, existence and beginning of existence, is really unavailing to skepticism, for existence itself where it was not before is an event or a beginning; and if one does not really believe in the eternity of matter, he must believe in its existence as such an event or beginning at some point in time. It was easy, after this kind of fallacy, to recognize the proximate causes of the changeable phenomena of the universe, and assert that there is no other of these or of anything. So water, as the union of oxygen and hydrogen, has a cause, for it is known, but oxygen and hydrogen are not to be *believed* to have any—which is the very question! Then the assertion that we have no experience of the creation of force by volition leads the way to elbowing a First Cause out of the universe, and putting Force and Matter in his place. Mind, however, has had a beginning if these have not; but the mere theory of the unconscious production of mind by matter opens a loophole of escape even here—notwithstanding "experience" and "authentic information" of so marvelous a "change" are fatally lacking. But what else could be expected of one who took the parental dictum "that the manner in which the world came into existence was a subject on which nothing was known" as equivalent to disproof of any belief that it came into existence at all?

The argument from design Mr. Mill is not quite able to meet with the paternal objection that we have no experience on which it can be founded, though he so states it at first as to allow himself to allege that it "amounts only to the inferior kind of inductive evidence called analogy." Clearly he had discovered no other distinction between analogy and induction than difference of degree; but in this misfortune a great many writers on the side of Christianity since Butler keep him company. Looking, however, at the special character of "Marks of Design in Nature," he admits that there is material for induction of a stronger quality, and a "large balance of probability in favor of creation by intelligence," leaning strongly, nevertheless, toward the notion of evolution in the particular form of "survival of the

fittest," which was but in the gristle when he wrote. He deems this "in no way whatever inconsistent with creation," though "*it would greatly attenuate the evidence for it.*" Dr. Hill observes that "logically the arguments from the external world" (morphological and teleological) "are unsatisfactory, and the being of an intelligent God is proved by an induction far stronger than that which sustains the law of gravitation or the correlation of forces." The American reasoner is as much Mr. Mill's superior in free movement of thought as in the handling of scientific materials. Both take Socrates's instance of the human eye. Dr. Hill says: "As we run over this complicated series of the adaptations to sight, the presumption that eyes were made for seeing becomes *absolute certainty*. The French encyclopedists answer 'No, they were not made at all—they grew.' And the men of the present day undertake to tell us how they grew—how the sensitiveness to light diffused over the whole surface of the zoophyte, being a little more concentrated in spots upon some individuals, gave them an advantage in seeking prey or avoiding danger, and thus, by natural selection, favored those that *tended* (!) to have eyes and to multiply them; and this process, after millions of repetitions, gradually formed the perfected human eye. If these dreamy speculations were as true as they seem to me false; if they were as well founded as they seem to me absolutely baseless, they would not confute the teleological argument. Such a process of developments could not take place by chance; the result is such as to show that intelligence presided over every step, whatever the steps may have been, and howsoever numerous." What intellectual glamour, or almost mechanical habit of thought, or superinduced feeling outrunning logic, was it that prevented Stuart Mill from seeing this likewise? He remarks that "sight is connected with the production of the structure as final cause," (*i. e.*, end), through "an antecedent idea of it," and "this at once marks the origin as proceeding from an intelligent will." This is "what Induction can do for Theism." Why did he shrink back from it? Would he, could he have substituted for creative forethought accidental variation and the happening at last, through its advantages, of so "extraordinary a combination of structures and functions as are seen in the eye"—admitting that this is "*prima facie* improbable" and "does not pretend to account for the

commencement of sensation," thus snatching the problem out of the hands of Design and flinging it back again unsolved—but for the Lucretian "aversion to religion," and the denial that a wise being is the Maker of the Universe under whose cold shade he grew up?

The leading purpose of the "Essay on Nature" is to show that if it discloses at all the attributes of God, they are such as man can derive no instruction from. It is no divine or even rational guide to him. The pall of nescience is stretched to cover the whole domain of Providence. Even the light that breaks from the processes and properties of Nature is not suffered to pierce it. Man is represented as set or setting himself to thwart, alter, and improve everything, without any hint as to how he is to learn to do it. That either Nature must teach him—including in that word his own nature—or the Author of Nature—in either of which cases Mill's whole attack comes to the ground—seems not to have crossed his thoughts.

The discussion of the Divine Attributes is by no means confined to this paper. It occupies also some twenty pages of that on Theism, and crops out continually in the paper on the Utility of Religion. One cannot fail to see that the aroused feeling and indurated prejudice of both father and son concentrated specially on this topic. The former "found it impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an Author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness." The latter spends all his strength in striving to oppose these qualities in our Maker to each other. He labors no point more than this; sets none in more varied lights. He holds that the world allows us no choice whether to follow the constitution and order of things or not; or else gives us a rule that is irrational and immoral. "The physical government of the world," he protests, "being full of things which when done by men are deemed the greatest enormities, it cannot be religious or moral in us to guide our actions by the analogy of the course of nature." This decision comes from the chair of the Utilitarian Philosophy, which, by both thinkers, is made the tribunal of supreme appeal. By this, God, as well as man, is judged. Curiously enough, in carrying out the argument from premises early supplied him, Stuart Mill objects, in the third essay, to the order of nature as casting any light on the character of a Creator who may cause good by

means of evil, in a strain, which, if it does not collide with evolution, bars it out of this field of argument. At least, it forbids a Theist from being an evolutionist. "It may be said," he observes, "that this capacity of improving himself and the world was given (man) by God, and that the change which he will thereby be enabled ultimately to effect in human existence will be worth purchasing by the sufferings and wasted lives of entire geological periods. This may be so; but to suppose that God could not have given him these blessings at a less frightful cost, is to make a very strange supposition concerning the Deity. It is to suppose that God could not, in the first instance, create anything better than a Bosjesman or an Andaman islander with the power of raising himself into a Newton or a Fenélon. We certainly do not know the nature of the barriers which limit the Divine Omnipotence" (barriers he is very certain exist); "but it is a very odd notion of them that they enable the Deity to confer on an almost bestial creature the power of producing by a succession of efforts what God himself had no other means of creating." It is significant that after using evolution previously, in a stress of argument, against Theism, he should give it this furious backstroke, perhaps to prevent others from ever using it for Theism, as some now attempt to do. We invite them to consider together his denial that it is consistent with Omnipotence, and his assertion that it "attenuates the evidence" for Omnipotence. Doubtless, if James Mill had lived in the days of Spencer, and Tyndall, and Darwin, he would have eagerly borrowed from them and from other evolutionists any hints toward Atheism; but we question whether that grim speculator would ever have performed a feat of logical vaulting so agile and adroit as this. But both reasoners seem logically color-blind in the same way in respect to the legitimate inferences from the evils of the world. The sophistry of drawing from indications of character a conclusion against the existence itself of the being whose character is indicated, both seem powerless to discover. And equally so the sophistry of inferring from experience of present evil anything, except it be liability of evil hereafter. Dr. Hill says: "As for arguing the divine malevolence from suffering, as readily as the divine benevolence from happiness, the assertion will not bear a moment's examination;"—suffering as a means of higher good is the logical inference on teleologic grounds. Neither Mill could be

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expected to see this, but the younger does see "that there is a certain amount of justification for inferring, on grounds of Natural Theology alone, that benevolence is one of the attributes of the Creator," adding that we have no warrant "to jump from this to the inference that his sole or chief purposes are those of benevolence, and that the single end and aim of Creation was the happiness of his creatures,"—a position quite consistent with all Christian theology, save those peculiar forms of it which try to base themselves on some phase of Utilitarianism. Whatever the attributes of God are, and whatever the philosophy that underlies any one's theology of His attributes,—it has always been seen by Theists that the use of evil anywhere by a Creator and Governor opens the way to its employment for proper purposes anywhere else; and both Mills have done something to help Theists to see this more clearly and strongly, though they cannot see it themselves. Quite as unable are they to see that if mere benevolence or pleasure-giving is not the sole attribute of God here, it cannot be hereafter. Touching all other attributes of Deity besides wisdom and goodness, Nature is as "perfect a blank" to the younger as to the elder. The latter wondered that the Sabæan or Manichean doctrine of the everlasting struggle between the good and the evil—with denial to the good of aught that would constitute God—had not been re-established; and all the arguments of the former on Natural Religion favor this doctrine, though in the second essay he pronounces it too slightly founded to be a substitute for the new "Religion of Humanity."

In that essay the virus of bitter feeling infused into one of these minds by the other, touching the government of God by influences, specially discloses itself. We do not quote again from the Autobiography the paternal caricature of the creed of Christianity on this point (see the fifth paragraph of this article),—or the assertions of its demoralizing influence in the very nature of things,—or the denunciation of "an Omnipotent Author of Hell" as a "demon," "a being eminently hateful." The extraordinary relish with which all this was evidently written, the sympathy of the writer with the anger described, sufficiently account for all the reasonings in the essays against the influence of a future life with its issues, and the elaborate endeavor to work out a secular scheme of living for the general good as a quasi religion. All this con-

sists with his ascribing the power of religious fear to disappointments in life, melancholy, and hypochondriacal disease. How it is logically consistent for utilitarians to reject a plan of Divine government in the interest of virtue addressed to the love of good and fear of evil in man, we will not inquire; men have been deemed utilitarians for maintaining this; there have been theologians who have argued therefrom the existence of infinite and perfect goodness; but here are exemplary utilitarians—and one of them claiming to hold the better, the unselfish utilitarianism—who did reject it. It was certain if the one did so that the other would. The one regarded Christianity not as a "mere mental delusion," but as "a great moral evil;" so must the other. The sweeping and daring assertions of its malign power when legitimately working, of its good results only when its believers and followers are inconsistent, made by the one, are reproduced by the other.

"The power of education," says the second essay, "is almost boundless; there is not one natural inclination which it is not strong enough to coerce, and, if needful, to destroy by disuse." Whether these last words are true or not, there could hardly be found a clearer example of a coerced natural inclination than is betrayed in the author's admission, very near the close of the same essay, of the advantage supernatural religion has over the "Religion of Humanity" in holding out to human hopes the prospect of a life after death, and of a reunion with those dear to us. The loss of this last element, he even confesses, "is in many cases beyond the reach of companion or estimate, and will always suffice to keep alive in the more sensitive natures the imaginative hope of a futurity, which, if there is nothing to prove, there is as little in our knowledge and experience to contradict." This was written between 1850 and 1858, before the death of his wife, and though it is hardly possible to consider his nature as specially sensitive, and though a hope of immortality has often been born, after such a domestic loss, in men and women who were distinctively lacking in this regard, there is not a trace of any such result in him. Writing in 1861, he says: "Her memory is to me a religion;" her ideas were the rule of his life, her approbation "the standard of all worthiness." But this because she "*would* have wished it so," not from the least anticipation of reunion. And writing again ten years or more after her

death—between 1868 and 1870—having lived every year near her grave at Avignon, because this enabled him to “feel her still near,” he pronounces the doctrine of immortality a notion without support (even from Theism, apart from express revelation, in neither of which he believed); he removes it from the region of belief entirely, as well as from that of knowledge, conceding only that hope is “legitimate and philosophically defensible”—provided it is clearly recognized that there is no ground for more, and that the grounds for this, even, are of the very lowest probability. In other words, immortality was with him mere matter of imagination, and thus of allowable aspiration; but even so, entirely without rewards or punishments, or anything better than natural improbability by our own efforts. He saw only “a total absence of evidence on either side,” which—as he declares of another religious truth—“for most practical purposes amounts to the same thing as if it had been disproved.” Could there possibly be a more dreary outcome from the parental dogmatism and his youthful tuition in it? Mrs. Mill died when her husband had passed sixty; at half that age his father died, whose “principal satisfaction, after he knew that his end was near, seemed to be the thought of what he had done to make the world better [politically and philosophically, after his own views] than he found it.” He had placed in the hands of his youthful son the volume disputing the temporal usefulness of religion, under the pseudonym of Philip Beauchamp, drawn from some manuscripts of Bentham, and itself then in manuscript, which gave him a life-long prejudice against the Christian doctrine of immortality, and is the basis of all the skepticism on the subject contained in these essays.

We deem it a real service to the theology, to say nothing of the philosophy, of our times, and the days coming, that these remarkable essays have followed so remarkable an Autobiography; and if they are instrumental in eradicating weak elements from each and both, their usefulness will be very marked. Their own weaknesses in psychology and logic will readily appear on examination—hardly any recent production is more sure of a very searching one—and very various, doubtless, will be the methods of meeting their elaborate skepticism in respect to the being and character of God. Those who are wont to use the permitted evils of the world as a foil and defense on certain theological points, will find a more radical, direct, and subtle assault on the power, skill, and love that rule the world in respect to these very evils, than they are accustomed to encounter. Students of philosophy will watch keenly to see how this fierce utilitarian denial of a supreme disposition in God to make His creatures happy will be met, especially by theological utilitarians, and those who hold that all virtue consists in this disposition. But it does not lie within the purpose of this paper to review the essays at large, or the metaphysical and religious convictions which they so sturdily assail, attractive as the subject is,—but simply to show that their ideas and spirit are the necessary outcome of the bondage in which the author was trained. If some recasting of statement and of view is found necessary in some quarters, both sides the Atlantic, in order successfully to answer them, it will be what has often happened in like cases, and no harm will result. If some light is thrown on the metes and bounds of mental freedom, and the infringement of these by the dogmatism of unbelief—often unsuspected—great good will be done.

I C E.

Ice and frozen snow were known as luxuries as far back as history records, the latter being mostly in use in the East. The mode of gathering it in winter, and transporting it for use in summer, and the method of preserving it in those intensely hot climates, was truly primitive, and frequently involved great labor and cost. In many portions of Asia the snow was gathered in sacks, far up in the mountains, and trans-

ported to the principal cities on the backs of mules, there preserved in cisterns sunk in the earth, and packed carefully between layers of straw. This method still prevails in some sections.

But up to the commencement of the present century, in those climates where the temperature never reaches the freezing point, ice was a luxury that few beyond the wealthiest could indulge in. In India, as also

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among the ancient Greeks and Romans, artificial ice was produced in small quantities, and within the last half century successful experiments in its manufacture have been made both in this country and Europe.

The natural production, however, of our northern climates, together with the great facility for transportation, has almost entirely superseded the use of this artificial movement. It is astonishing to what an extent an article, once regarded as a simple luxury in non-producing countries, and in the northern latitudes as an article of no computed practical value, has become recognized in the commerce of the world.

One hardly realizes that the frozen lakes and rivers of the North furnish labor for thousands who would otherwise be unemployed during the greater portion of the winter months; that the ice trade employs millions of capital; that in the revenue to the carrying trade of the United States, both foreign and coastwise, it ranks next to cotton and grain, and frequently exceeds the latter; that the universal practical use to which it is applied in the preservation of meats, fruits, and vegetables, has, within the past thirty years, produced an entire revolution in the system of domestic economy, to say nothing of the blessings it has brought to suffering humanity, in our hospitals, and in our pestilence-stricken cities.

The transportation of ice by sea was not thought of until the commencement of the present century. The world is indebted for the beneficent results that have followed from the introduction of the ice trade, to Frederick Tudor, a wealthy and eccentric citizen of Massachusetts, well known seventy-five years ago for his extensive salt-works at Nahant.

In 1805 the yellow fever raged through the West India Islands, the towns and cities were decimated, and the officers and crews of the European fleets were almost entirely swept off by the disease. The need of ice was very greatly felt throughout the islands. In the winter of that year, Mr. Tudor cut from a small pond, situated on a plantation of his own in Saugus, some two or three hundred tons of ice, hauled it on teams to Charlestown, loaded a portion of it into the brig "Favorite," and sailed with it to the island of Martinique. The venture was regarded by his friends as a wild and visionary one, and he suffered nearly as much ridicule as his contemporary eccentricity, "Lord Timothy Dexter," did when he shipped the warming-pans; but one of Mr. Tu-

dor's prominent points of character, and one exemplified in nearly every act of his long and useful life, was an utter contempt for other people's opinions; he never asked advice of any one, and always turned his back upon all that was offered. The strength of his purpose was generally measured by the amount of opposition he encountered. We were well acquainted with him, and often, when in one of his pleasant moods, he would delight to rehearse his early experience. There was nothing of fancy or mere speculation that induced him to embark in this experiment. He had made the subject a study, and the results of his theories effectually vindicated their soundness.

The first experiment proved a failure in a pecuniary point of view, as Mr. Tudor himself predicted, but it satisfied him as to the future, when he should have had time to work out the problems presented by the experiment.

The English Government was the first to appreciate the advantages likely to accrue to its colonists from the introduction of ice, and ten years after Mr. Tudor's first shipment, or shortly after the close of the war of 1812, he received and accepted overtures that were eminently favorable; the first was the grant of a monopoly of the trade upon conditions that were readily acceded to; the second was the release of certain port dues (then very heavy) to all ships bringing ice.

The Island of Jamaica was then in the zenith of its wealth and commercial prosperity, and the richest colonial possession of Great Britain. Mr. Tudor established his ice-houses at Kingston, the commercial capital of the island. This was the first prominent and permanent point,—although this distinction has been accorded by some to Havana, and up to the time of emancipation the trade was quite brisk. Mr. Tudor also secured the monopoly of Havana, with liberal arrangements for the introduction of ice in other ports on the Island of Cuba. The Tudor Company still retain the monopoly of Havana and the Island of Jamaica. All other ports in the West Indies are practically open to competition. Of these, the principal are St. Thomas, Martinique, Barbadoes, Trinidad, Demerara (on the main), Cienfuegos, Santiago de Cuba, Manzanillo. The ice supplied to these ports is shipped exclusively from Boston.

Next in order after the West India ports comes the introduction of ice into our domestic ports by Mr. Tudor. The first cargo

was shipped to Charleston, S. C., in 1817. Charleston was then the most important commercial port in the Southern States.

In 1818 Mr. Tudor established a branch of the trade in Savannah, then, as for years afterward, a rival of Charleston. In 1820 he established ice-houses in New Orleans, which city, thirty years later, became the largest consuming city in the United States, south of Philadelphia.

It is a singular fact that the bulk of ice consumed was in foreign and Southern domestic ports. This, however, may be accounted for in this way: Before the introduction of Croton in New York, and Cochituate in Boston, the deep wells in both cities answered the double purpose of supplying cool spring water for drink, and as reservoirs for keeping meats, butter, milk, etc., cool in summer. It is not necessary that one should be very old to remember when we did not have ice-chests in our markets, and refrigerators in our hotels and private residences. The dairyman who brought his butter and milk to market, and the farmer and butcher who slaughtered his beef and mutton during the hottest of the summer months, had his little ice-house, or cellar, containing from ten to fifty tons, which answered every purpose. Now there are delivered and consumed in New York City alone, during the winter months, more tons of ice than were cut, shipped, and consumed, in the United States in a twelvemonth thirty years ago.

In May, 1833, Mr. Tudor, at the request of English and American merchants resident in Calcutta, sent a small cargo of about 200 tons to that port. A Calcutta voyage in those days involved about six months for the passage out. The result, like that of his first shipment to the West Indies, was not a pecuniary success, but it proved that ice brought twenty thousand miles could, with all the attendant waste and losses, successfully compete in prices with that prepared by the natives. The result was the establishment of a trade which has steadily increased in volume and importance, and which enables Boston to hold the key to the rich and extensive commerce between Calcutta and the United States.

In 1834 Mr. Tudor extended his trade in another direction, and sent a cargo to Rio Janeiro. Up to 1836 Mr. Tudor was the ice king of the world. At this remove of time we can easily figure up results, but words are inadequate when one attempts to do justice to the memory of this wonderful

man, whose genius and ability have opened up such blessings to the race. He saw the conception of his brain take form and shape; he nursed it, and watched over it through trials and obstacles that would have disheartened one less confident in his own resources; he lived to see it at its full maturity, a giant among men and nations. He had succeeded, but this success did not narrow him, and he was willing, if not gratified, in seeing others spring up to share in and increase the trade he had labored so diligently to build up.

In 1842 certain intimations were received from parties in London, which induced a shipment of Boston ice to that city, in the bark "Sharon," by the firm of Gage, Hittinger & Co. Mr. Jacob Hittinger, of this firm, is, by the way, at the present writing, the oldest living representative of the ice trade in the country.

Previous to this the aristocracy and the London clubs had depended for their ice upon small shallow reservoirs or wells, where the water was let in periodically and frozen. These, with the exception of a comparatively large well-shaped reservoir on the summit of Ludgate Hill, constituted all the resources of London in that respect.

At that date fancy drinks were almost unheard of in the clubs, taverns, and gin palaces of London. Mr. Hittinger conceived the idea of introducing these, to show to what extent ice was used in "the States" for this purpose. He, therefore, secured the services of several bar-keepers, whom he had initiated into the mysteries of mixing juleps, smashes, cocktails, and other drinks known only in Yankeeeland. His experience, as he relates it himself, is very amusing:

"I went out in the steamer, so as to make arrangements for the arrival of the bark and cargo, delivered my letters, talked with parties, and felt perfectly sure that I had struck a vein. In due time the 'Sharon,' having made a good passage, arrived in the Thames. The thing had been talked over so much, that the cargo of Boston ice was as well advertised as it could have been in the columns of the 'Times.' But, after all, it appeared to them a strange fish that no one dared to touch. My feelings were just about the temperature of my ice, and wasting as rapidly. At last, I was introduced to the Chairman or President of the Fishmongers' Association, an association which I was not long in discovering had the merit of wealth, if not of social position. He was

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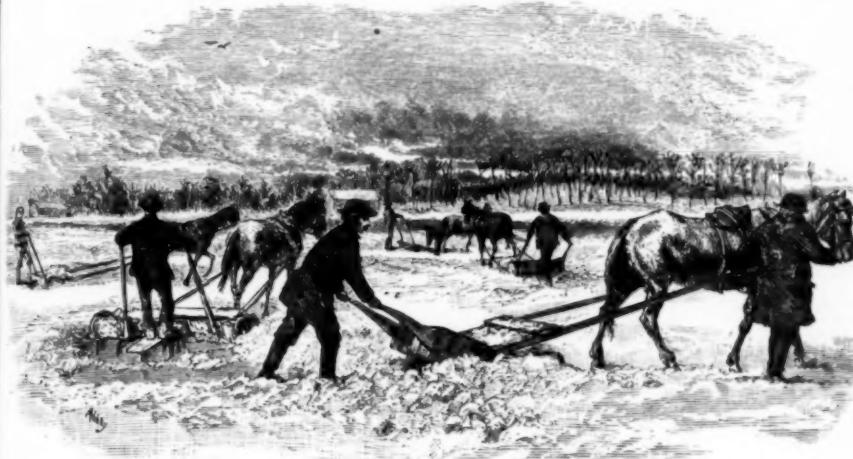
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sociable, and seemed to comprehend *my* position if I didn't *his*. Matters were soon arranged; a magnificent hall or saloon had been secured; I ascertained that my bar-keepers, through constant drill, had attained the correct sleight of hand in mixing the drinks. The hour arrived. The hall was long and brilliantly lighted. After the company was seated, the chairman introduced me and the subject matter of the evening's discussion. Now, thought I, I am all right. At a given signal the well-trained waiters appeared, laden with the different drinks. The effect was gorgeous, and I expected an ovation that no Yankee had ever had. But, alas! the first sounds that broke the silence were: 'I say—aw, waitaw, a little 'o wataw, if you please; I prefer it 'alf 'n' 'alf.' I made

taking passage in a steamer from Boston. His reception was flattering, and the most brilliant inducements and the most sanguine assurances were held out. "Wenham Lake" ice all at once became the talk in London; but, like another bubble that went before, it soon burst. After extravagant outlays, and the almost entire loss of several cargoes, the enterprise was given up, never to be repeated, and England now gets its ice from Norway. And yet to-day Wenham Lake ice is advertised in London. In this connection a story is told by Mr. Thomas Groom, a prominent merchant of Boston, a native of England, who visited London a year or two ago:

"In passing through the fish market, I noticed a sign reading thus: 'Norway,



SCRAPING

a dead rush for the door, next day settled my bills in London, took the train for Liverpool and the steamer for Boston, and counted up a clear loss of \$1,200."

This was the story of the first cargo of ice sent from the United States to England. Young Lander of Salem, however, saw fit to discredit the statement of Mr. Hittinger in regard to his loss, and, being wealthily connected, had no difficulty in obtaining the best bankers' letters of introduction, and also others from gentlemen eminent in social life, to parties holding a corresponding position there.

Thus armed, he chartered a ship to carry one thousand tons at \$10 per ton freight, and anticipated her arrival in London by

London, and American ice for sale.' I asked the fishmonger which he thought was the best.

"Oh, the London ice, sir.'

"Why?"

"You see,' he replied, 'the American ice and the Norway ice is nothing but congealed water; it is too thick, while, you see, London ice is made in one week; and being only six inches thick, is so much 'arder than the American.'"

The loading of ships at Charlestown is, perhaps, one of the most interesting features connected with the ice trade. Formerly, or in the early days of shipping, ice was loaded on board ships very much in the same manner as common cargo, and it was a tedious

process, besides involving a large waste of material. Modern inventions, originated and improved by the large dealers, have made this part of the business comparatively easy. The diagram given below will ex-

the check lever A; B represents the drum over which the chain runs, holding a gig at each end. As one gig is loaded with a cake of ice to go into the hold, the corresponding gig comes up empty over the rods



PLANING AND RIBBING.

plain the manner of delivery from the cars to the ship.

Some forty cars, containing say two hundred tons, are loaded from the houses at Fresh and Spy ponds and taken to Charlestown. As the cars pass down the track from the main road to the wharf, where the ships are waiting, they are separately weighed; then the car is moved to a position opposite

marked D, which makes the operation almost self-governing. E is the platform for the gig, which, when the ship is loaded, is placed back upon the wharf in readiness for another ship. The average amount of ice loaded on board a ship in one day is three hundred tons, but, upon an emergency, five hundred tons can easily be disposed of.

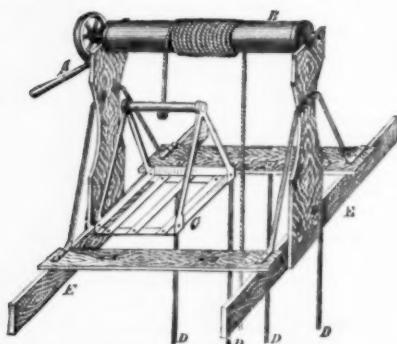
Our foreign shipments are now confined to Japan, China, East Indies, South America and the West Indies, with now and then a cargo to the Mediterranean. The bulk of the shipping trade is with Boston and with ports on the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers, supplying all the principal cities south of New York, and frequently the latter city.

The following statistics will give an approximate idea of the extent of the trade at the present time, and of its increase since 1805. The shipments are confined to Boston:

From 1805 to 1856,	230,000 tons.
" 1856 " 1872,	2,768,000 "
In 1805,	130 tons.
" 1856,	146,000 "
" 1872,	225,000 "

The average rate of freight per ton paid ships is \$5.

The foreign shipments for 1872, 1873 and 1874 were as follows:



GIG FOR CONVEYING ICE INTO SHIP'S HOLD.

the gangway of the ship; a long platform, rigged with iron or steel rails, is placed between the car and the gangway of the ship. Over this platform the ice is slid from the car door to the ship's rail; there it is received on the "gig" C; the tender holds

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To	1872.	1873.	1874.
St. Thomas, .	1,800 tons.	1,554 tons.	2,600 tons.
Martinique, .	2,000 "	2,300 "	1,400 "
Barbadoes, .	1,500 "	1,955 "	1,900 "
Trinidad, .	2,400 "	2,400 "	2,300 "
Demerara, .	4,500 "	4,500 "	4,300 "
Cienfuegos, .	1,000 "	735 "	600 "
Santiago de Cuba, .	1,000 "	900 "	900 "
Manzanilla, .	300 "	300 "	300 "
Aspinwall, .	2,500 "	2,626 "	3,100 "
Rio Janeiro, .	2,500 "	3,100 "	2,400 "

To Calcutta, ports in China, Batavia, Yokohama, and Marseilles, say about fifty thousand tons yearly.

There are no reliable data at hand from which to determine the exact date of the first shipment from Maine, but it was not till some time after the breaking out of the war.

In closing this part of the subject the following incidental facts may not be uninteresting. At a low estimate, the annual consumption in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston is :

New York, .	1,000,000 tons.
Philadelphia, .	500,000 "
Baltimore, .	200,000 "
Boston, .	300,000 " Total, 2,000,000 tons.

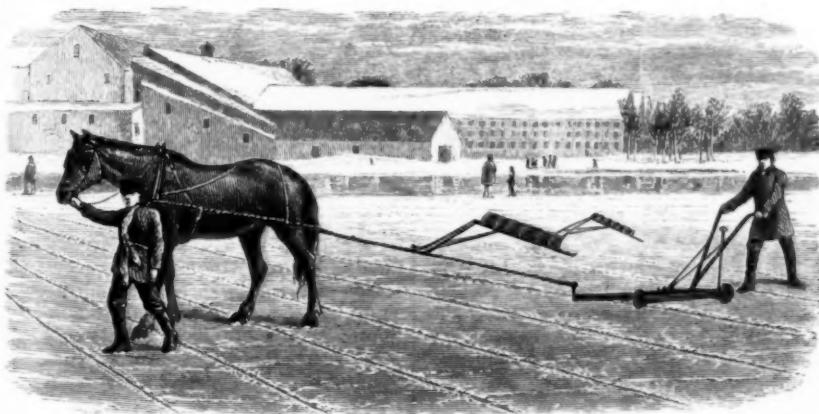
The practical cost to consumers, taking a very small average price, would be :

In New York,	\$5 to \$12 per ton.
" Philadelphia,	6 " 12 "
" Baltimore,	6 " 12 "
" Boston, .	4 " 6 "

about the lesser cities and towns, and one can realize the amount of the ice traffic of the country as reduced to dollars and cents. A large amount of this ice, however, say from one-third to one-half, is wasted in handling and transportation. When progressive science introduces some method whereby this great margin of waste can be reduced, the benefit will be as much to the producer as to the consumer.

The principal points on the Atlantic seaboard where ice is cut are, for New York, Rockland Lake, Hudson River; for Philadelphia, Schuylkill and Delaware Rivers; for Baltimore, the Patapsco and Susquehanna Rivers, for Boston, Fresh Pond, Cambridge; Smith's Pond, and Spy Pond, Arlington, Wenham Lake, Wenham; Sandy Pond, Ayer; Horn Pond, Woburn; Lake Quannapowitt, Wakefield; Haggett's Pond, Andover; Suntang Lake, Lynnfield, and the Kennebec and Penobscot Rivers, in Maine. During the year 1870, when the crop failed south of Boston, the amount cut and shipped from Maine was quite large, but recently the trade has fallen off.

Boston, from its commercial position, as well as its close proximity by rail to all the principal points of production, must be the advantageous port for shipment. An order for a cargo of ice from that port can be filled at a few hours' notice. It is seldom, if ever, without the requisite tonnage; and



GROOVING.

And, reduced to round numbers, the cost of ice to consumers in these four cities is twenty millions of dollars. Add to this amount all that is consumed in the other large cities of the Union, to say nothing

the appointment of the railroads bringing the ice to East Boston and Charlestown are so perfect, that from one hundred to five hundred cars can be placed at once.

But the ice trade is to day in its infancy;

every year it is attracting more attention. It must soon outgrow the means of individual enterprise, and powerful corporations must follow. Steamships, with air-tight compartments and built for great speed, must take the place of sailing ships, the saving by which, in the one item of waste, would suffice to build such steamers. Again, as the new ports of the East are being opened up to American commerce, the Pacific coast will have to supply the ice for India, China, Japan, etc. Already parties are prospecting for that region, and it would not be surprising to see, before the close of another decade, spacious ice-houses established in Alaska, Oregon, and California.

Let us now see what modern improvements have effected in reducing the cutting, housing, and shipping of ice to a system.

to the shore. These buildings were of wood, *battened* from the base, and were double-walled, the space between the inner and outer being filled with tan or sawdust. These were capable of holding from three to ten thousand tons each.

The next progressive move was in the direction of cutting. When the entire crop hardly exceeded five thousand tons per annum, the original method of scraping the pond answered well enough; so did the method of "shaving" the ice and sawing it into blocks. The scraper was a rudely constructed machine moved by hand; the shaving off of the porous or snow ice was done with broad axes; the cutting was done by means of a common cross-cut saw, one handle being taken off. One can imagine the laborious work thus entailed.



SAWING, CALKING AND BREAKING OFF.

Fresh Pond, in the city of Cambridge, has been selected for the illustrations, for many reasons, principal among which is the fact that here the cutting of ice for commercial purposes first commenced, and that today it and its near neighbor, Spy Pond, represent the standard of pure ice as merchantably quoted.

A little more than forty years ago, Mr. Tudor employed as his foreman Mr. Nathaniel Wyeth, of Cambridge, a man of remarkable ability. Up to this time (no reliable data are at hand to fix the year) ice was housed in subterranean vaults, generally excavated on the slope of the bank and removed some distance from the shores of the pond. Mr. Wyeth conceived the idea of erecting buildings without cellars and handy

Mr. Wyeth at once put his ingenuity to work and produced the tools that are now in use throughout the country, and which have reduced the cost of cutting to a mere nominal figure. Under the old process, one season would not suffice to secure a year's supply. Now, the cutting and housing seldom occupy more than three weeks, and the average daily work by one concern of housing six thousand tons is not considered remarkable.

It is seldom that clear ice is secured, that is, ice without a fall of snow upon it. With the modern improvements, this coating of snow is not regarded as detrimental. In fact, the thin layer of snow ice is regarded as a preservative of the clear ice.

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the ice, with the atmosphere at a temperature of ten degrees above zero, forms very rapidly. If, after it has attained the thickness of say three or four inches, capable of bearing a man, a fall of two or three inches of snow follows, then the workmen begin to "sink the pond," as it is termed. This is done by cutting holes an inch or two in diameter, and at three or four feet apart, thus admitting the water to the surface and submerging the snow, which forms the snow ice. With a steady temperature of ten degrees above zero for a week or ten days, the ice will have formed to the desirable thickness, say an average thickness of fifteen inches. We say average, because on many ponds—Fresh Pond, for instance, which is fed by warm springs—the freezing differs. The thickness is ascertained by boring holes with a two-inch auger. If, after the ice has formed sufficiently to bear horses, snow falls, then the scraping process begins, and continues with each fall of snow till the ice is thick enough to cut.

A space on the pond, say six hundred feet in width, is marked out and the snow is scraped from either side toward the center, forming what is called "the dump." Some seasons these dumps will rise to a great height, and then, through their immense weight, sink to a level. The process of scraping the snow into "dumps" is not only expensive, but wastes a great deal of ice, as only that cleared off can be cut. When the ice is twelve inches thick it will yield about a thousand tons to the acre, but so much is wasted by scraping snow, high winds, and various other causes, that it is only in exceptionally "good years" that more than half the average of a pond can be cut and stored.

After the snow is scraped off, the lining of the pond, so called, begins. This is done by taking two sights as in common railroad engineering. The targets are set, representing the line between two supposed points, say A and B. A straight edge is then run by means of a common plank between the points A and B, then striking from the angle B, it runs at right angles with the line A. Only two lines are necessary, one from A to B, and the other from B to an indefinite point.

The liner proceeds with a double instrument, or what is called a "guide and marker;" the guide is a smooth-edged blade that runs in the groove made by the square edge; the marker is a part of the same instrument and runs over the grooved lines laid out with

the cutter. As soon as the machine reaches the objective point, it is turned over by an ingenious arrangement, so that returning, the guide runs in the freshly cut groove, and the marker cuts another groove forty-four inches distant. In this way the machine goes over the whole field, running one way, the last groove it cuts forming the boundary of the second side; then, commencing on this boundary line, it runs at right angles with the first, and goes over the entire field, cutting the ice into blocks of the required dimensions. The marker cuts a groove two inches in depth. Following the marker come the cutters or plows with sharp teeth measuring from two inches in length to ten or twelve, and used according to the thickness of the ice. Then comes the snow-ice plane, which shaves off the porous or snow ice, it first being determined by auger-boring how many inches of snow ice there are. The ice is now ready for gathering. It is broken off into broad rafts, then sawed into lesser ones, then barred off in sections and floated into the canal. The calking operation consists in filling the groove lines or interstices with ice chips to prevent the water from entering and freezing; this is only necessary in very cold weather. The rafts or sheets of cakes are generally thirty cakes long by twelve wide, frequently longer. The ends have to be sawed, but every twelfth groove running lengthwise of the raft or sheet is cut deeper than the other, so that one or two men can, with one motion of the bar, separate it into strips ready for the elevator canal.

As the ice enters upon the van it is cut into single cakes of forty-four inches square. The process of elevating the ice has been reduced to almost scientific perfection. It is done by means of an endless chain fitted with buckets, and the hoisting power is a steam-engine. The ice-houses contain from three to five vaults or bins, corresponding to the several stories in a warehouse. A single range of buildings will contain five or more. The elevator is arranged so that one flat or story containing these five bins or vaults can be filled simultaneously; that is, as the ice leaves the elevator and is passed off on the wooden tramway of the platform, a man stands at the entrance of each vault to turn the cakes of ice in, the first cake from the elevator going to the farthest opening, and then in regular rotation till the first or lower flat in the range is filled. When the blocks are taken from the houses and loaded on board cars for shipment, they are reduced to twenty-two

inches by a similar process of grooving and burring.

None but the most experienced workmen are employed in storing the ice, as this requires a quick eye, a steady hand, and good judgment.

As each flat or story is completed, the

openings at either end are securely and tightly closed, and when the whole building is filled up to the bed-plate, the space between that and the hip of the roof is filled with hay, thus providing a sure protection against waste by shrinkage, which seldom exceeds one foot during the season.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND. PART II.

CHAPTER XII.

THEY were nearing the end of the cold season. Harbert had been sewing diligently on the sails, and Pencroff had been utilizing the balloon cordage for rigging. An American flag had been made with the aid of vegetable dyes, and Pencroff had insisted

on adding an extra star for the State of Lincoln. The second winter was passing with very little incident, when, on the night of the 11th of August, the colonists were suddenly awakened by Top's barking. The dog was not barking this time by the orifice of the well but on the threshold, and

he threw himself against the door as if he would break it open. Jupe on his side uttered sharp cries. They all dressed in haste and rushed to the windows. Under their eyes was spread a covering of snow that scarcely appeared white, the night was so very dark. They could see nothing, but they heard peculiar barkings. It was evident the beach had been invaded by some animals which they could not distinguish.

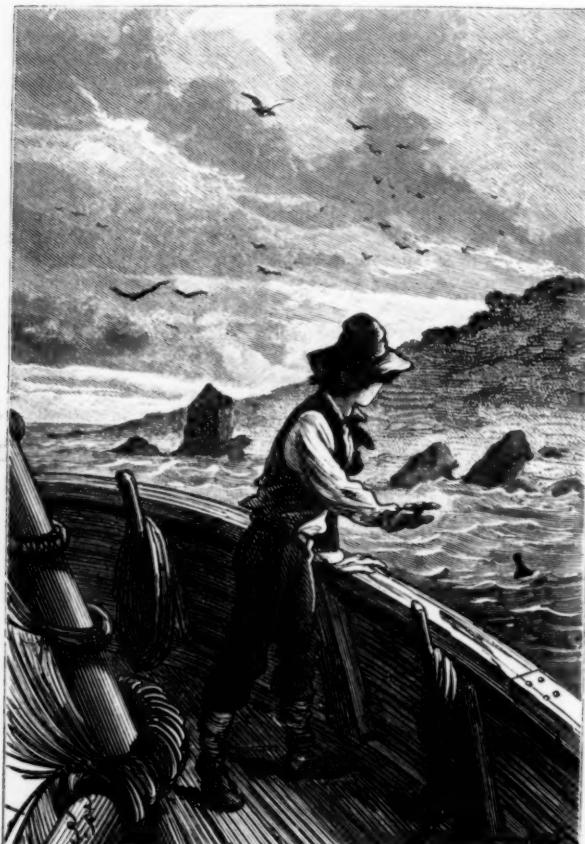
"What are they?" cried Pencroff.

"They are foxes," replied Harbert, who remembered having seen and heard them during his first visit at the head of Red Creek.

"The devil! They will reach the top of the plateau, and our chicken yards and our plantations," cried Pencroff.

"They jumped over the bridge of the strand, that some of us forgot to close."

It was evident the bridge had been crossed and the beach invaded by animals, and these, whatever they were, could, in going up



"LUFF, PENCROFF, LUUF!"

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the left bank of the Mercy, reach the plateau of Grand View. It was necessary, then, to head them off, if possible.

These foxes are dangerous animals when in large numbers and irritated by hunger; nevertheless, the colonists did not hesitate to throw themselves in the midst of the pack; the first shots of their revolvers, lighting the obscurity so rapidly, made the principal assailants fall back. The first thing to do was to prevent these depredators from reaching the plateau of Grand View. But, as the invasion of the plateau could only be made on the left bank of the Mercy, it would be sufficient if an insurmountable barrier was raised on the narrow portion of the beach between the river and the granite wall. They soon reached this spot and prepared to defend it. It was a very dark night. If it had not been for the light of the guns that each carried, they could not have seen their assailants. But they held their ground until daybreak, when the pack dispersed before the light. It was then found that Jupe, who had aided the colonists in the fight, had been seriously injured by his assailants. He was carried gently to Granite House, where under careful treatment, his wounds rapidly healed.

The fitting up of the ship and the deck of the boat was entirely finished about the 15th of September. To calk the seams, they made tow with dry shingles, which they hammered in between the planks of the hold, the cabins, and the deck; then these seams were re-covered with boiling pitch which the pines of the forest furnished in abundance. The boat was ballasted with heavy pieces of granite walled up in a bed of lime. A deck was built behind this ballast, the interior divided into two cabins, along the length of which extended two benches that answered as chests. The foot of the mast served to support the partition separating the two cabins, which were entered by two hatchways opening on the deck and supplied with guards. Pencroft had no trouble in finding a tree suitable for his mast. He chose a young fir, very straight, without knots. The iron-work of the mast, of the rudder, and of the hold, had been roughly but substantially manufactured at Chimney Forge.

(To be continued.)

UNSAID.

I FOUND out one full word,
Of all my love the sum;
In it should my soul be heard,
Though I henceforth were dumb.

But it still was as before;
With her such new love came
My word was full no more,—
Forgotten in its shame.

The rank of captain was conferred upon Pencroft, and, after a long discussion over several names, the majority decided on "Bonadventure," which was the baptismal name of the sailor.

The trial trip of the new craft was in every respect satisfactory. On the 10th of October, the boat, fully rigged, was pushed upon wheels to the river bank, where it was seized by a rising wave and floated amid the plaudits of the colonists. The day was beautiful and the wind favorable. While they were cruising along the coast, the colonists discussed the sailor's plan of visiting Tabor Island, to which the engineer was strongly opposed.

After standing out to sea, the "Bonadventure" was steered toward Port Balloon. It was important to know the passes channeled between the sand-banks and the reefs, to put in buoys, if necessary; for this little creek was to be the port where the boat would lie. They were about half a mile from shore when they had to tack against the wind. The speed of the "Bonadventure" was very moderate as yet, as the full force of the breeze was stopped by the high ground, her sails scarcely filling. The sea, smooth as a mirror, had not a ripple, except as the little gusts passed capriciously over her surface. Harbert, who was in the stern, pointing out the direction to follow in the middle of the path, suddenly cried out:

"Luff, Pencroft, luff!"

"What's the matter?" replied the sailor, raising himself. "A rock?"

"No; wait," said Harbert. "I don't see well. Luff again. All right. Go on a little."

Then Harbert, throwing himself full length, quickly plunged his arm in the water, and raising himself, called out:

"A bottle."

He held in his hand a sealed bottle, which he had thus snatched several cable lengths from shore. Cyrus Smith took the bottle. Without saying a word he cut the cork and pulled out a damp paper, on which was written these words:

"Shipwrecked—Tabor Island—153° W.
long—37° 11' lat. S.

ALONG THE SEINE.

THE savants have made laborious researches to find the origin of the word Seine, and have ranged themselves into three camps: the first for *sqwan*, a serpent, the second for *sin-ane*, the slow river; and the third for *sôgh-ané*, the peaceful river. It is a graceful stream, and most of the year a clear one. That it is good to sail, wash, row, and swim in, all agree; but there is difference of opinion concerning its value as a beverage. Those willing to take it outwardly, or use it in any of the ways described, but who object to it inwardly, are in the majority. There is probability that the wine merchants have had something to do with the reports of unhealthiness that find currency in reference to the Seine, and it is thus made to bear the burden of many of man's sins. Among its other deleterious effects, it has been affirmed that it makes men bald, which is a specimen of the remote searching to find a grievance, practiced by its enemies.

On arrival, one of the first pieces of information which the foreigner or the provincial receives, through the mouths of the servants, or that of the master of the hotel, is, that the water is unwholesome. It is hardly necessary to say that the keeper of the house, who has wine to sell, is not a disinterested person, and that his opinion should be listened to with distrust. It is by him the Seine is most maligned. Still, if, unheeding his advice, the new-comer habitually drinks of it, and returns to his home with a disordered stomach and a fatigued body, he is apt to reach the same conclusion as his Paris Amphitryon. In such cases the pursuit of pleasure of various kinds, and at all hours, has probably much more to do with the deranged system than the water.

This stream has given the Parisian a taste for water—for exterior uses. The ponds in the parks and squares of the city are the scenes of his first inclinations waterward. Here he begins with the paper boat, and this is followed by the little wooden one in full rig for the rich, and the simple sabot for the poor. The wooden shoe thus serves as an instrument of pleasure as well as of usefulness. When this sheet of water becomes too contracted for a growing ambition, he betakes himself to the Seine. If the little one is not within convenient reach of the square or the park, he accommodates himself as best

he can to circumstances, and takes advantage of a rain to send his paper boat down the tiny torrent of the gutter in front of his house, watching its flight with the interest of a ship-owner bidding good-bye to a vessel freighted with a valuable cargo.

The Gaul is fond of the water in summer, and probably gets more pleasure out of it than any other in surrounding it with attractive accessories; but this must be accepted with modifications. He likes salt water, but near the shore, and surrounded with land comforts and security; to be out at sea does not appeal to his, as it does to the British mind, for he is seldom free from a sense of being out of place on the plains of the ocean. He is like a chicken that is glad to dabble in the shallow waters of the brook, but is dismayed at getting into the pond. So when one sees a French sailor hitching his trowsers and turning the traditional quid, the operation does not seem as hearty nor as natural as in Jack across the Channel. The Gaul has been trying to be a rude sailor for ages, but has never completely succeeded, although he persuades himself that he has, as indicated in his maritime swing and phraseology. He exclaims in a husky, boat-wainy voice, "a thousand larboards," as the British sailor "shivers his timbers." There is the usual plenitude of stuff in the bottom of his trowsers, and scarcity in the upper part; the usual broad nautical collar rolled back from the throat. He calls himself a "sea-wolf," which is our way of saying sea-dog. He is clever, his bravery is beyond question, and still he does not seem to be at home on the sea. The truth is, probably, that he was made for a soldier rather than a sailor.

There are naturally exceptions to the rule that these people are afraid of salt water far from shore, and one of them, in the form of a handsome woman, recently came under my observation at one of the bathing places on the French coast. I had left the circle of bathers near the shore, and had swum a few rods seaward, when I met this Naiad also outward bound, and exchanged the compliments of the day, of which the burden was the warmth of the water, the coolness of the air, the calm of the sea, and what not. Was Madam not afraid to get so far away from shore?

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"Not particularly."

"Will Monsieur swim out to yonder boat?" asked she, pointing to the object about thirty or forty yards further out.

The tone was slightly bantering; there was



THE WOMAN WHO SAVED MONSIEUR FROM A WATERY GRAVE.

no receding, and I struck out with my fearless companion, who was, of course, a married woman or a widow, otherwise she would not have been so much at ease with a stranger; a French girl would have spoken negatively, or not at all. The woman swimmer added:

"Perhaps it will be taxing the strength of Monsieur too much."

"Only play, Madam—only play."

We arrived at the rudder of the boat, she swimming with the ease and grace of a swan, and I considerably fagged, but not inclined to admit it. Here we hung like reeds, our bodies swaying up and down at the play of the waves.

"Would Monsieur like to go out to that boat?" asked this water-sprite, pointing to another some distance out.

Monsieur measured the distance with his eyes, and said he was afraid he would have to return to shore—he had an engagement.

How does Madam come to be such an extraordinary swimmer? She came into the world on a certain part of the coast of Brittany where children are almost born in the water, and have Neptune for a godfather. Madam is evidently proud of her natatorial attainments, as well she may be, and avers

that she is strong enough to swim with a good-sized child on her back. She is asked if she ever tried it with a full-grown one, to which she replies that she has not, and begs Monsieur not to think of getting the cramp, or going down with exhaustion, as she cannot keep him up. After leaving the rudder for the beach, Monsieur, notwithstanding the advice of Madam, shows signs of fatigue, and sinks. When he re-appears, the woman's arm is thrown around his waist, and the other arm goes through the water like an oar, she begging him to assist by swimming as much as he is able. This arrangement appears to be very satisfactory to the rescued, and the twain glide pleasantly through the water. Indeed, it appears so satisfactory to the man, that the woman grows suspicious, which finds expression in:

"I believe Monsieur is shamming!"

This brings confirmatory testimony into the face of the rescued, which shows a suspicious contentment, whereupon the gentle rescuer throws him off, telling him that his conduct is abominable. At the same time, she is given over to such mirth, that she swallows some of Neptune's ale, which restores her to seriousness. As we reach the beach, she observes that any effort on Monsieur's part to play the sea-comedy again will be futile—that she will see him drown first. This was my introduction. Every



TELLING THE LIFE-SAVING INCIDENT.



THE BOAT-HIRER AT CHATOU.

day the widow—for she was of that dangerous class—swam to the boat, accompanied frequently by the stern sex, and occasionally by an Englishwoman, who was also a sturdy swimmer, but not so graceful. Other women entered the water shrinkingly, and went no further than waist deep, where they stood in ringed groups, catching hands, jumping and shouting with nervous excitement. The widow water-nymph plunged in with the equanimity of the professional baigneur who usually accompanies her sex.

A few days afterward, as we sat on the beach under the awning, making a group of three—not to count a couple of children digging in the sand—the expert swimmer gravely informed her companion that she had saved Monsieur from a watery grave, and I had to undergo the questioning and sympathy of the much interested woman to whom the communication had been made. This was the penalty for the misdemeanor on the high seas.

Boating comes from England, but Frenchmen have weaved about it new manners and customs. Here art goes to work as in everything else, and turns the rough “shiver-my-timbers” into a gala-sailor of the opera-comique. The boating of the Anglo-Saxon consists in rowing, but this is only a part of the Gaul's

boating. The model canotier attires himself in white flannel gayly trimmed with blue or red. A broad collar is thrown back in nautical fashion, and a straw hat, fantastically pointed at the top, and garnished with the same lively colors as the flannel border, crowns him. There are those who dress in the blue of the Marine and affect the customs of this branch of the Government, associating themselves into crews, with captains and subordinates. Different nationalities are assumed, some flying the English and American flags—the Prussian, of course, not being seen. A whimsical bunting is occasionally noted that is unknown to the civilized world; the prevailing flag, however, is the French tricolor.

The canotier goes by rail to Bougival and Chatou, on the top of the second-class carriages called the imperial, for he disdains the housing of the interior. To this perch he also conducts his feminine companion, who shares his sorrows and his joys, their lives being mostly made up of the latter. There is a pipe in his mouth and streamers on her hat. This blagueur waves his handkerchief in adieu to imaginary friends below, as if he were leaving for the ends of the earth, telling them to look after his dog and cat, in case anything should happen. He is going to confront the dangers of the deep as the capitaine Cook did before him. If the savages of Chatou should dispatch him



SUMMER PLEASURES.

before his friends have time to come to his assistance, he leaves his enormous wealth in trust to the French Academy for the construction of a pyramidal monument to the memory of all distinguished and virtuous

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canotiers like himself. Others join in and the chaffing becomes general, to the delight of the canotiers as well as their respective Fifines, the feminine comrades. At the sound of the whistle, the most wordy boatman waves a last adieu to fictitious friends, and the train is off.

The canotier, garbed in the way described, appears on the theater of his aquatic exploits, at Bougival, Asnières, Chatou, or Marly, all within a short distance from Paris. His sweetheart is in neat Swedish gloves, well-fitting bottines and jaunty hat. The gay boatman makes one of a party of several like himself, each accompanied in the same way. They usually arrive at their destination—say Chatou—toward the close of the day, for this is summer sport. This is an island—on one side a quickly flowing stream, on the other a body of water, quiet through canalization. Near the middle of the island a long row of all kinds of boats are moored, some private and others for hire. These are under the charge of the inmates of an adjoining inn, painted and decorated in character with the appearance of the boatmen. The shores of the island are hung with heavy, deep green, overhanging boughs. Behind this dark border, a well-wooded forest holds up its leafy arms against the sun, and furnishes a canopy to those who have fled from the heat of the city. On the water, the lively costumes and talk, the people on pleasure bent, make it look like a holiday, but all days are like this throughout the summer. The yawl—turned into *yole* by the Gallic tongue—is the craft usually selected by those who are not canotiers—the family groups who are rowed up and down the river, coming with their own provisions and making a repast in the forest when hunger calls. There are also slender yawls of cigar-shape, which furnish the happy medium between the fragile serpent racers and the fat bulging family boat, and into them the canotiers with their *bonnes amies* usually embark. In numbers, the slim row-boats, from two to eight oars, come next. There are also the solitary boatmen, whose lower extremities are concealed in the hull and who seem to be a part of the craft, reminding one of a centaur. This lone canotier, half man, half boat, is the passionate lover of boating, who sacrifices even the society of the tender sex to his vocation, which, for a Gaul, who takes the woman with him in most of his pleasures, is no half-way measure. There are drill and discipline in the boats containing more than one; in the one-

man craft there are independence and liberty; its oars dip languidly into the water or cleverly cut it into the following eddies of long, strong strokes under one will; it turns



THE COOK AT CHATOU.

capriciously toward the shore and glides under the boughs, or goes straight forward like an arrow. In a word, the rower and the boat are one.

Besides these, are the twin-cigars, two light shells attached with a space between—the hyphen which holds them together furnishing a seat for the boatman, who handles an oar with a paddle on each end; sail-boats of different rigs and coquettish construction; and several nondescript crafts. To the eyes of an Anglo-Saxon of the utilitarian school, there is ever something unreal and fantastic in all this parade and mirth—a sort of *mardi-gras en permanence*. That part of it which is of a tender character and one of its especial features, the Gaul calls the Venetian style of canotage, and it could hardly be more gallant and nonchalant than it is.



THE GARCON AT CHATOU.

Midway in the island of Chatou is situated the "Froggery,"—a floating restaurant connected with an establishment for the

hiring of boats and bathing costumes, much frequented by Parisians of both sexes. Law and custom decree that the woman bather shall attire herself in a dress similar to that worn in the bathing ports of America, and the man bather in the scanty apparel known as the caleçon, with which the requirements of French decorum are satisfied.



THE SWIMMING-MASTER.

Within a certain space where the water is not deep, a cordon is stretched for the protection of those who cannot swim, and here the bathers disport with animation. The women swimmers go out into the river followed by boats to which they cling from time to time for a rest, and occasionally one is seen attached to a cord in the hands of a boatman, ready to be hauled aboard in case of giving out. Some of the boats have steps attached to the stern, leading down into the water; this facilitates return and also furnishes a base for diving. One accosts my companion as we float by in a boat:

"Why don't you come into the water?"

"Because it is dangerous to be near you, Madam—the siren lures man to his destruction."

"Farceur, va!"

This is a specimen of the amiable chaffing which takes place between the sexes at the Froggery. An occasional boat passes where the man sits in the stern and the woman awkwardly tries her hand at rowing. In one I saw a faithful spouse holding up her husband in the water with the inevitable rope, thus endeavoring to supply the place of the swimming-master.

It is part of the programme after the bath or the rowing in the suburbs, to dine in one of the garden restaurants, which usually look out on the water. If there is yet time to take the repast by daylight, the table is spread under the trees on the border of

the stream, where groups of from two to a dozen gather, the women being an important feature therein. The exercise has made them hungry, and they fall to with alacrity. After the edge of the appetite is a little blunted there is much talk. The feminine tongue holds its own with that of the male; their sallies provoke mirth, and at intervals there is hearty laughing. If they do not get through their water amusements before night-fall, they repair to the veranda of the restaurant or one of its balconied little dining-rooms to satisfy hunger and thirst, and at the dessert some one usually goes to the piano, and others sing or dance. A chorus of these revelers heard across the water, to a predisposed mind, has a strange attraction.

Boating belongs to the strong and the young, and fishing is rather the avocation of those in the evening of life. These Gallic Izaak Waltons pursue their pleasure wherever a bit of quiet water is to be found, with the pertinacity of their fellows in other lands, and they whip the Seine in such numbers and so often, that the fish are very scarce. They sit by the hour and the day waiting



GAMINS OF THE QUAY.

for a bite, and when it comes the heart of the fisherman beats quickly, and if the fish actually gets on to the hook, it throbs tempestuously. Thus, a funny creature three or four inches long pulled out of the water furnishes episodical emotion, and stimulates the man of the rod to renewed patience. It is an event of such importance, that those

who are by gather near to see the prize taken off the hook. This occupation exercises such a fascination on some of these elderly men, that they pursue it in all kinds of weather, regardless of wind and rain, and this ardor has given rise to the French definition of a fishing-line—a piece of twine with a bête on each end; the man and the worm being placed in the same category.

Sometimes, after high water in the Seine, the fish are carried into the slack water of one of the arms of the river in considerable numbers. This is an unfrequent occurrence, but when it comes about there is no little excitement among the men of the hook and the rod, who, perhaps, for a month or two have not had so much as a bite.

The great floating bath-houses which line the Seine at Paris and the suburbs of the east and west, are adapted to all purses, some prices being as low as four sous, and the highest ten or fifteen. One-half of one of these arks of Noah is of shallow bottom, intended for those who do not know how to swim, the other half is deep, for the skillful. Poles and ropes lie on the platform surrounding the water for use in case of accident, and gay-looking baigneurs in blue and red sashes, and crowned with smartly trimmed straw hats, sit here and there as guardians of the lives of the bathers. These gayly clad watchers are also the swimming-masters, and perform their functions in the following manner: a belt is passed around the chest of the learner, attached to a rope, the end in the hands of the baigneur, who holds up the beginner from the projecting platform overhead. This professor of the art of natation, as he calls himself, is loquacious in the exercise of his calling, and adopts a military tone, as if he were putting a recruit through the drill. Indeed, this tone belongs to all men in France clothed in a little authority—not with functionaries of importance, but all the small servants of the State and of institutions and corporations,—such as conductors of omnibuses, clerks in public libraries, small railway officials, the scribes employed in the



THE BIBLIOPHILE OF THE QUAY.

different branches of the Government, and the like. These are oppressed with a sense of authority, and some manifestation of it seems to be necessary to maintain their official and technical tone. In America the private citizen is not noted for his politeness, but the servant of the Government is; in France the private citizen is distinguished for his suavity, and the Government official is not. This rule, however, does not apply to the higher range of functionaries in France, but to those who are bureaucrats by trade.

The baigneur of the gala dress, holding a lad on the end of a cord, is wordy and severe in his instructions, consisting of a running fire something after the following fashion:

"Listen well, young man. Cut the water with your closed hands straight before you, then separate them swiftly; draw up your legs, heel to heel; separate, and strike out; are you ready? It is well; let us begin. Now, then; one, two; one, two; one, two."

The baigneur, counting for each movement as he walks along the platform and occasionally holding a pole before the swimmer to give him courage, resumes:

"Ah, Monsieur, that is not the way to do it; let us begin again. Now for it, courage! Strike out; one, two," and so on, the lad making strenuous efforts to grasp the receding pole, for the professor only lets him catch it when he shows a disposition to sink, which he is never allowed to do completely, as being too demoralizing. An occasional gulp of water and the continual han-

rangue from overhead are discouraging, and the boy is dazed half the time and does not know what he is about; then the master asks him where his courage is, and ventures the opinion that he is a wet hen, this being the equivalent for our muff. The father of the lad often stands by and watches this operation with tender solicitude, and when the offspring comes out of the water the chances are that father and son embrace each other with effusion. To an American who has learned on the end of a board, or been thrown into deep water, yet untaught, and allowed to get out as best he can, this system of ropes, belts, and professorship, is singular.

It is possible that this fashion of learning to swim may be abandoned, through the invention of an apparatus whose inventor is, at present, trying to persuade the public to make use of it. It is disguised under an ordinary sack coat, and consists of a long pneumatic tube coiled around the body, which, when filled, does not enlarge the pro-

portions of the figure to an unnatural size. The tube is of such compactness that the air may be retained therein for twenty-four hours. With this apparatus the vertical position may be maintained when the water reaches to the shoulders. Horizontally, one may float with the arms crossed. Another apparatus of the same system admits of additional weight in the way of provisions in case of shipwreck. If the first-mentioned costume is ever adopted, it will, naturally, do away with much of the work of the "professor of natation;" but the introduction of any kind of innovation is a slow process in France, and it is probable that the man of the rope and the belt will continue to exercise his functions for many days to come.

Benches are placed around the platform, where the bathers rest after a swim, draped in white peignoirs. At one end of the establishment a restaurant, provided with tables, chairs, and refreshments, where the white-robed figures lounge and sip a tonic

beverage such as vermouth, or a curaçoa and bitters. A number of them smoke, as it is everywhere permitted in this place; some are seen, even in the water, with a pipe or a cigarette. Cigar smokers often amuse themselves in diving, and rising to the surface with the cigar still lighted. One of the pastimes of the bathers is to swim between two waters, as they call it—that is, just under the surface, where their movements are almost as visible as if they swam in the ordinary way. This is playing at fish, and, when well done, is graceful. Another amusement in vogue is leap-frog in the water, which is more particularly confined to the young. The order throughout is perfect. If a



TABARIN ON THE PONT NEUF, 250 YEARS AGO.

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diver comes up through the legs of a swimmer, his first duty, when his mouth gets above water, is to beg a thousand pardons, when he is assured by the owner of the legs that *il n'y a pas de quoi*. The cruel sport of ducking the beginners, is not practiced here as at home, for this belongs to that domain of practical joking to which the Gaul is averse. It is only seen once in a while, and then between two "wolves of the fresh water," who are on terms of intimacy. The "professor of natation" is not indisposed to show his prowess in this way, from time to time, for the benefit of the galleries. If a swimmer splashes in a way to inconvenience his fellows, he is called to order by one of the baigneurs in civil but peremptory fashion, when he obeys without further ado, for a policeman is on station within the establishment, ready to take charge of any recalcitrant. At one end there is a spring-board, from which the swimmer dives or jumps into the water. There is also a tower, from the top of which, about fifteen or sixteen feet above the water, the more venturesome jump. Those who dive from this elevation are considered bold fellows, and their "headers" elicit general admiration. Those who reach the bottom bring up some object, such as a shell or stone, and hold it aloft as a trophy; and, by common consent, this is considered good diving. Within the city limits the bathing is confined to these establishments.

The Gaul may not be the best of salt water sailors, but he is an excellent fresh water one. His bravery in jumping into the Seine for the rescue of the drowning is of frequent occurrence. In the absence of a member of the corps which is kept under the orders of the Prefect for the succor of those who cast themselves into the water to seek death, or fall in by accident, there is always a passer-by ready to risk his life and jump in to save that of the perishing person. In the exercise of this duty, the trained rescuer of the Government is very skillful. When the person has lost consciousness, he simply catches him by the hair of the head, turns him on his back, and swims with him to the shore; but when he has not lost consciousness, the task becomes more difficult. Then the rescuer endeavors to approach him from behind unseen, and seize him under the arms, and get him to shore as best he can, and thus avoid that terrible clutch of the drowning man so apt to paralyze the efforts of the best swimmer. Boxes are placed along the border of the stream, con-

taining everything necessary for the resuscitation of those taken out of the water, with plainly printed instructions in each how to use them, so that any one may furnish aid in case the members of the corps of assistance should not be at hand.

If the statistics were gathered of the people who have sought and found death in the Seine, they would comprise an army. A short time ago a dancer, noted for his gayety and eccentric contortions in the balls of the Mabille, threw himself from the Carrousel Bridge, or, as it is sometimes called, the Bridge of the Holy Fathers. Then only did the public learn that his gayety was factitious. His sad ending at night, after the romp of Mabille, recalls Gérôme's "Duel after the Ball," where the principal figure in the festive garb of Pierrot sinks mortally wounded into the arms of his second. I had seen the man who drowned himself a few days before in the midst of what appeared to be his pleasure. He was the Yorick of the garden, full of quips and antics. When fished out of the water, a paper was found on him, on which a few words had been scrawled, probably against the parapet of the bridge; the substance of it was, that he was disgusted with life, and that he had nerved his courage up to the jumping point through absinthe. The painful, pallid face, reposing on the marble of the Morgue, presented a striking contrast to the grotesque visage of Mabille.

With that admirable administration which belongs to every branch of the French Government, places are assigned at certain points of the river for the watering and bathing of horses, others for the washing of dogs, the former with cords stretched around for the security of man and animal. At the dog-wash there is every variety of the canine species, which are cleansed by professional washers at so much a head. Often the owner thereof presides at the operation, especially in the case of spinsters, who cannot separate themselves from their poodles during this important process, and who occasionally give directions to the washers, and address words of consolation to their idols as the rubbing goes on. For water-dogs, this is naturally a holiday, and, after the purification, they are treated by their owners to the sport of retrieving,—in which, by the way, they do not employ the pantomime of spitting on the wood, as practiced by us, but hurl it into the river dry.

A score of floating wash-houses border the shores, constructed in a way to allow

the water to run through them. They are filled with women soaping, rinsing, and rubbing, in rows facing the Seine. Any woman, for one sou the hour, or eight sous the day, has the privilege of washing in these establishments, which places them within the

conceded privileges of the washwoman to use her tongue as well as her hands. This is a great improvement on the primitive system, still practiced in many of the provinces, of kneeling on a rock by the side of a stream and beating the clothes with a club. The



THE BEGGAR.

reach of the poor as well as the professional washwoman. The existence of these houses has a good sanitary effect in promoting cleanliness. Considerable talking is done here as well as work, it being one of the

stroller along the quays looks at these rows of middle-aged and old women in vain, to find that smart, coquettish blanchisseuse, who takes his linen to him of a Sunday morning, for although she is called the wash-

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The Quay d'Orsay, which serves as a kind of vestibule to the other quays, was formerly called the Grenouillère on account of the presence of a great number of frogs. These choristers of the night have long since passed away, their chorus being stifled by civilization. It is now a quay free from noise and movement, lined with private hotels and public buildings, such as the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Corps Législatif, the Conseil d'Etat, and others, over some of which the destroying hand of the Commune has passed. In looking at these mutilated edifices, one cannot help thinking that it would be well to leave some of these ruins in their present state as a public mark of the folly and wickedness of the Vandals.

On the Voltaire Quay, the books and old maps begin to appear in force. The row of houses, which here overlooks the Seine, covers the ground once known as the *Pré aux Clercs*, a name now especially familiar to the frequenters of the Opéra Comique.

The most interesting quays begin at the corner of the Rue du Bac, on the left side of the Seine, and extend upward past the islands of the city and St. Louis. On these quays are most of the book-stalls, and behind them, across the street, the book-shops and the antiquarian and bric-à-brac shops; before them, the floating baths and swimming schools for both sexes. This part of the city is full of tradition, and to me, one of the most interesting spots is the site of the Tour de Nesle, of which, unfortunately, no vestige remains. This special interest arises from the fact that the drama of this name was the first I had ever seen, and at a tender age, when impressions remain through life, the most ineffaceable of all. The last act, in which the famous Captain Buridan scales the parapet, stabs the wicked Margaret of Burgundy, attempts to escape by the parapet, receives two or three shots, falls against the side of the door-way, turns around, facing the spectators with a stream of blood on his face, totteringly descends the steps, pronounces his dying speech to the scoffing Margaret in the throes of death, and then falls—to me this scene was of fatal fascination, and I hung close to my older companion, and convulsively clutched his arm at the stab and the shots; the ghastly horrors pursued me to my bed, and no sleep came to me in the night that followed.

It was in after years I learned that the

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author of "Tour de Nesle" had not put his play together exactly after the facts, or rather the traditions; that his Margaret was Jeanne of Burgundy, and that he had blundered into anachronism, intending her for Jeanne of Navarre, who did not live in the time of Buridan; that the latter character was not the dashing Captain which the dramatic author described, but a noted Professor in the University of Paris. These subsequent historical corrections, however, will never efface the early picture which I saw across the footlights of my native town. According to all that can be gathered on the subject, Jean Buridan, Professor of Philosophy, and the author of several books, was enticed into the Tour de Nesle, passed the night in orgies with its royal mistress, and in order that no witness of her conduct might exist, she had him put into a sack—as she had done with his predecessors—and thrown into the Seine; but by some means or other, which the historian does not explain, the *malin* Buridan got out of the sack while in the water (it is possible he ripped himself out with a knife after the manner of the Count of Monte Cristo), and swam to the opposite shore, and told the story which fixes the character of the disorderly Jeanne for all time. He is said, too, from this experience, to have given the advice, passed into sophist proverb: "Fear not to kill a queen if it be necessary." It is not known to any certainty how he died, but it is known that he did not meet death in the Tour or in the Seine; the probabilities are that he died in his bed. All this is damaging to the melodrama of early days, but I still cling to the representation of a provincial theater, although it rests on little or no foundation.

On the corner of Baune street and the Quay Voltaire, in the Hotel Vilette, lived the philosopher after whom the quay is named, and here he died, engraving on a pane of glass of his death chamber that life was only a dream. Ascending, the Saints Pères street is reached, which marks the beginning of the Quay Malaquais, where is bustle and movement and more books, on the sidewalks and in the shops, and a row of poplars—as, indeed, almost all along the quays—between the parapet and the street. Next is the Quay Conti, whose principal edifice is the Palace of the Institute, where the meetings of the forty members of the French Academy take place, and which overlooks the handsome foot-bridge of the Arts. This building may be regarded as the abode of an independent government beyond the control of

that of the State, by common consent. The Mazarin Hotel, as it is often called, might be named the Capitol of the Republic of Letters; in its neighborhood the book-stalls are most numerous. It was in this square that Napoleon Bonaparte lived in the cheap lodging of an upper story during his first residence in Paris as a Lieutenant. It was here he was possessed of the ambitious dream of becoming a Colonel, and it is probable that if this grade had then been offered to him on condition of renouncing all higher honors he would have accepted. When he became a Captain he wanted to be a General, and when he became a General he wanted to be Commander-in-Chief, then Dictator, Emperor, and Conqueror of Europe and Asia. And all this began in the small room of the upper story of No. 5, in the Quay Conti, in the person of a pale, thin young man who had hard work to get the necessary pittance to pay for his cheap perch and his frugal food. It is equal to a story of the Arabian Nights.

It was also on this Quay Conti that Sterne, in his "Sentimental Journey," locates the book-shop in which his tender interview took place with the *fille de chambre*—along here he put a crown into her purse, accompanied her homeward and said to her the agreeable and epigrammatic things which appear in print. The cautious reader probably accepts Sterne's account of the scene with a liberal allowance for the imaginative feature therein, knowing as he does that the author is prone to telling of his victories in this way, all achieved under strange circumstances and in a very short time. It is possible the amiable blagueur himself did not expect most of the incidents of this nature to be taken as authentic, but used them as a canvas for his remarkable style.

In one of the houses of the Quay Malmais, lived the handsome niece of Mazarin, Maria Anna Mancini. The association which renders her most interesting in my eyes, is her intimacy with the *bonhomme* La Fontaine, for she was that Duchess de Bouillon who persuaded him to quit his native town and fix himself in Paris, and who figures through the fabler's life as his friend and patron. Along this quay the naïf poet often wended his way and mounted the stairway of that house to sit in characteristic abstraction near the Duchess—to sit, in short, until she set him going like a clock, for she knew him better than he did himself. Here he lounged on the shore of the Seine in his long reveries, and probably clothed

some of his fables in that form which will live as long as the world reads. He must have often strolled over this ground in the company of Molière and Racine, and in the early time with Boileau.

There are different kinds of book-collectors who frequent the stalls along the quays and the shops opposite. One buys books on a given subject, another for those of a certain period; one buys on account of rarity, another because the parchment is made of human skin; one for the peculiar shape of the printed character, another on account of former ownership as shown by authenticated autograph; finally, one buys for the binding, and this buyer belongs to the largest class. D'Alembert, a good deal of a book-worm himself, tells of a man who made an extensive collection of books on Astronomy and who was entirely ignorant of that science, of another who had all his books nicely bound and borrowed all that he read for fear of spoiling his own, and who was never known to lend a single volume, or even to allow a stranger to handle one.

The collector of the quays dreams of rarities, such as the "Herodotus" of the first edition, the "Martial" of 1501, "Elzevirs," "Baskervilles," and what not. The stalls are so often and so thoroughly overhauled, that the bibliophile is seldom rewarded for his trouble. The bibliophiles, like the fishermen of the Seine, have become too numerous, and the rare editions have become as scarce as the good-sized fish. There are instances of good luck, one of which is furnished by Jules Janin, of Nodier, who bought the "Songe de Poliphile," printed at Venice by Alde, for six sous, and afterward sold it for one hundred and thirty-five francs. *La Guirlande de Julie*, a souvenir of Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, composed by the poets and decorated by the artists of the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., a treasure, according to experts, was sold at public sale and purchased by a *valet de chambre* for fifteen louis.

Several times I noted a man who haunted the quays. I observed him one day as he moved slyly along the boxes containing the books, his face exhibiting an emotion that he could not entirely conceal. His eyes stole from time to time to a book which was in the hands of a neighboring lounger, who, after turning over a few pages, laid it down, to the evident relief of the observer, seeing which I made a movement as if I were going to take it up, when the latter quickly put one hand on it and took off his hat with

the other as a "pardon" and a smile of depreciation passed his lips. He opened it at the title-page with an assumed indifference, but there was a gleam in his eye which showed that there was something that pleased him. He cautiously glanced at the vendor to see if he was observed, then took up two books from the box marked at ten sous the volume, sandwiched the first book with these two, and threw them carelessly before the dealer, asking the price for the lot.

"How much will you give me?" returned the dealer.

"Two at ten sous, and say one at twenty—let us call it two francs."

"I think you would give me three if I asked it?"

"Well, yes, I would to-day, as I'm in a hurry."

"Perhaps you would make it five?"

"You know I don't like to wrangle—let us call it five and be done with it."

The dealer laughed skeptically, then his face straightened, and he said :

"It won't do."

They exchanged looks and understood each other. The bibliophile threw off the mask of indifference and asked the lowest price.

"One hundred francs. A small edition and very rare. I paid ninety francs for it myself."

The book-lover took up the volume again, fondled it, re-examined the title-page, and portions of the text. He laid down the book as if he had half made up his mind to abandon it, but it exercised such a fascination that at last he paid the price and bore off the prize.

The next bridge further up, the Pont des Arts, has often been the scene of suicides. The most distinguished of these was that of the President of the French Academy, who, many years ago, rendered himself conspicuous in the battles of tongue and pen which he fought in behalf of the Classicists against Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas, and other leaders of the Romantics. In the thick of the fight the philosopher disappeared, although not vanquished. How far the war of words contributed to an unhappy state of mind, may not be told. Perhaps he presaged defeat. At all events, from whatever cause, life became unendurable, and, one night, in front of the Palace Mazarin, in which he had so often presided, he cast loose from it and all its pains, in leaping into the Seine.

The Bridge of Arts has been the scene of comic as well as serious events, and, of

the former, one was furnished by a professor under the reign of Louis Philippe, at whose appointment to the chair of Hygiene in the School of Medicine, the students, for some reason or other, took umbrage, annoying him with hisses and cries during his first lecture. He, however, went through with it, and thinking his troubles over for at least that day, proceeded toward his home by the Bridge of the Saints Pères, when, to his surprise, he found himself accompanied by two hundred students, hooting and laughing at him in a way that students only are capable of. The Bridge of Saints Pères on his left was free, that on his right—the Bridge of Arts—at that time took toll. An idea struck the Professor and he turned toward the latter, still accompanied by the students who fumbled in their pockets to see if their finances were equal to an unexpected demand. It appears that they were not, when the Professor, at the head of the column, handed a twenty franc piece to the toll-keeper, saying: "These gentlemen are with me—let them pass."

This disarmed the crowd and set it to laughing, and afterward the Professor delivered his lectures without interruption.

All the bridges are now free, the Revolution of February having at one stroke abolished all tolls. Of the twenty-six, two are for foot-passengers, and the rest accommodate the wheel as well as the foot. In former times there were rows of shops on the bridges, like bazaars; but they are now free of such incumbrances.

As most readers are doubtless aware, the Pont Neuf crosses one end of the island of Saint Louis, which is the heart of Paris. At one end of the island there is a café concert, and at the other end is the Morgue; one is the home of the lively strains of the *Fille de Madame Angot*, and the other of death, forlorn, and often unknown. King Henry IV., on horseback, looks down from the bridge on this nose of land where the concert is in blast. Were he in the flesh, if traditions may be relied on, it is probable that he would dismount and descend to the garden and take a bock with his well-beloved subjects.

At the end of the bridge a kneeling beggar and a boy habitually take their station in quest of alms, and the place they occupy appears to be assigned to them as if they paid rent for it. The man occasionally hums the words of a song, apparently of his own composition, in order not to infringe on the municipal rule against mendicancy, for, in so doing, he comes under the class called

"artists," and is thus supposed to furnish a feeble equivalent for the sous he receives.

During the day there is more travel on the Pont Neuf than on any other bridge, its public being chiefly composed of the middle and lower classes—men of business, laborers in blouses, seamstresses, modistes, loungers leaning over the parapet to watch the movement on the Seine, flower-girls offering bouquets to the people who pass with the usual assurance that the purchase will bring good luck, students loitering along in groups. Two hundred and fifty years ago it was a fashionable promenade, and was crowded with *gentilshommes* and grand dames, equipages and sedan-chairs, as well as with the people. Shops with flag-signs garnished the sidewalks; wares were exposed at doors and windows by eager merchants who passed most of their time in calling attention to their quality. Perambulating vendors circulated in the street, and *trottoirs* crying, "peaches of Corbeil," "pears of Dagobert," "butter of Vanvres." Fustian, blouse, mixed with ruffles and swords. Gallants whispered in the ears of sweethearts, and called them according to the fashion of the

time, *mon cœur*. It was a general rendezvous, as the passages are now.

It was here that the mountebanks and charlatans most congregated. A noted character named Montdor here sold his nostrums for all bodily ills, aided by a celebrated buffoon called Tabarin—a name familiar to Frenchmen through the press and the theater of to-day, as well as through the history of that time. This clown of the platform, besides pulling teeth, gave the reply—as his colleague now does in the circus, and told wonderful stories of the cures of the charlatan's medicines much in the style of those given by Marryat in "Japhet in Search of his Father." For eight years, Tabarin possessed the gift of amusing this capricious people, and left a phrase which remains in French literature: "How stupid men are! Nearly all live poor in order to die rich, whereas they ought to live rich and die poor." The buffoon has now passed into the repertory of the National Theater. He was the forerunner of that philosophic Turlupin, whose memory Bé-ranger entwined with poetic evergreen, two hundred years afterward.

HOW TO TREAT THE INDIANS.

"Yet, in truth, these tribes differ more widely, each from each, than the Calmuck from the Greek—differ in attributes and powers."

Most people believe that the aborigines of this country are all alike in nature, temperament, and habit. I know, from actual experience, that the contrary is the case. In the Territory of New Mexico are four distinct tribes, with many subdivisions; and from personal observation I know them to be as much unlike one another as an Irishman is unlike a German. The Pueblo Indians,—residing in towns, with comfortable houses, tilling the soil, and living entirely upon the fruits of their own labor, with a republican government, the authority of which they more implicitly obey than I have ever seen any other Government obeyed; honest, faithful, peaceable, law-abiding and self-sustaining,—in no particular resemble the warlike and savage Apaches. The latter are cruel, cunning, untrustworthy, indolent, and dependent either upon the Government or their depredations for subsistence.

Nor is the difference between Indians confined to tribal distinctions. Individual characteristics are as strongly marked as

among civilized men. Some are jolly, good-natured fellows; others are surly, disagreeable people, difficult to deal with. Some are prudent and frugal, living in comfort and husbanding their resources; others are shiftless and improvident, living in idleness and want. One becomes a strong friend of the whites; another always their bitter, implacable enemy, both being, perhaps, members of the same tribe.

It will at once appear that the Indian question should be studied from many different points of view, regarding our frontier neighbors as so many different nations requiring various plans of negotiation and treatment, instead of looking upon them as one people, and adopting laws and plans which shall apply in the same way to Pueblos and Apaches, Comanches and Cherokees.

I hear almost daily such expressions as these: "I wish all the Indians were swept off the face of the earth;" or, "Why don't the Government kill them all?" I would

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ask those who profess these ruffianly wishes to put themselves in the place of the Indian for a few moments, and then decide whether they would be better men, or better Indians than those we now have.

First of all, these Indians believe that the country they inhabit is theirs, and they truthfully tell us, "We were here before you came." They find themselves crowded back year after year by the onward march of civilization, their best lands appropriated, their game killed and driven away, and themselves forced into the mountains and other portions of country as yet unavailable to white men. They go, because they are the weaker people. They abandon the homes of their fathers, because they have not the power to defend them. They fall back before the advancing white man, because he comes with superior numbers and superior weapons.

Would the people of New York abandon their homes, and retire before the advance of another people, no matter how high their claim to superior civilization, without a struggle? I am glad to believe not. Would such a struggle be less hotly contested; would its duration be marked by less cruelty, and would its progress present less of the horrors of war than the one now progressing on our Western border? I fear not. The death roll would be longer instead of shorter, the destruction of property would be greater instead of less, and the suffering of the survivors no less great and hard to bear, than that of those who survive an Indian outbreak.

But some will say: "Why do they murder innocent men, women, and children?" I answer: We cannot expect an uneducated wild man to be more wise and human than ourselves. We look upon Indians collectively as responsible for the acts of individuals, and take our vengeance upon the first that are found, without inquiry as to whether we have the guilty person or not; Indians do the same. A white man does them a wrong, and the first white man they meet suffers the penalty. This method of righting wrongs can best be cured by setting them an example of proceeding against the real culprit.

From my observation, I am led to adopt the opinion that there is a great deal of *human nature* in the Indians. I find them controlled in their actions by the same motives which govern and control civilized men. In fact, there are, with our red brethren as with ourselves, three ways by

which they can be managed: First, they may be governed by fear, if they can be sufficiently frightened. Second, like other people, they are open to the argument of self-interest; and if the price is sufficient they will generally act from that motive. Third, like all other members of the human family, they have feelings of love and affection, and through them they can be easily governed.

If any one steps out to a white man with doubled fists and menacing aspect, and says, "You must do this, or not do that," the white man's anger and resistance will be aroused; and, unless the person attacked finds that he is overpowered by superior force, a fight is sure to ensue. Finding resistance useless, he will reluctantly yield, but await his opportunity to break from constraint and assert his independence. Indians are not unlike white men in this particular, and any policy which depends entirely upon force to keep them quiet must fail with them as it fails with all people.

There are few civilized people not open to the claims of self-interest. Better a people's condition, and they will give you their gratitude, and, what many American philanthropists think of more value, their votes. Make it the interest of the Indians to go and stay upon their reservations, and they will go and stay.

Love and affection, the strongest springs of action in most human beings, actuate all colors and conditions of men, and are not less strong among the most savage than among the most civilized people.

Holding these views, I believe that violence should not be used against Indians, except when they become intractable without cause, and leave their reservations to commit depredations; *excepting, of course, when crime is committed among them.* I believe the Government can, and is in duty bound to afford subsistence and clothing where needed to Indians who will remain upon reservations; and that the expense of thus providing for them is far less than the cost of carrying on a war against a people living in regions often almost inaccessible to troops.

My opinion is, that the salary of Indian agents should be increased to such an amount as will secure men of first class ability to discharge the delicate duties intrusted to them. The present salary of agents (fifteen hundred dollars per annum) brings into the field three classes of men, not any one of which furnishes the kind of men needed,

viz.: worthless men, with too little ability to make a living at home, who have no idea of the real duties of their position, and who fail to gain the confidence of the Indians, and, at the same time, are too weak to protect either the Government or the Indians from the bad white men of the frontier; who think it no sin to rob the public treasury, to steal from Indians, and too often to take such action as will lead to Indian outbreaks, in order that they may profit by the increased expenditure.

The present salary of agents opens the door to another class, who lie and cheat to gain their positions, too often joining churches for no other purpose. Such men take the place to make money out of it, and are entirely unscrupulous about the means they employ. Certainly Indians will not be improved by such agents.

Another class, and by far the best, consists of men whose health has broken down in the East, and who accept these positions to secure a change of climate. But this is not the kind of men needed. Among so many, there are, of course, some suitable men.

The position requires men in the full vigor of manhood, well trained in business affairs, with mind, heart, tact, and judgment sufficient to understand the people placed under their care, and to secure their good-will and co-operation in the reforms they are charged with making. Such men can be found, but they do not work for fifteen hundred dollars *per annum*.

Such an agent would, in many places, save the Government many thousands of dollars each year, and under his management the Indians would rapidly advance toward a position of independence, in which they would sustain themselves.

The method of appointment adopted by the President is one that must commend itself to all men who desire the welfare of the Indians; but if the religious bodies making the selections would take more care to inquire into other necessary qualifications besides mere piety, better men would fill many of these places.

I believe the present system is at fault in another particular. There are now five "inspectors," who are changed from one district to another every six months. The inspectors' districts are large, and they must move rapidly to get over the ground in their allotted time. Of course little opportunity is afforded them to become familiar with the working of affairs in their districts, and certainly a cunning agent can cover up much

for two or three days, which might be discovered by a man constantly on the ground. I would place a sufficient number of officers, similar to the inspectors, permanently over a district, over which they could easily travel three or four times a year, if necessary, and give them full power to suspend any agent or employé summarily, and hold such officers responsible for the conduct of affairs in their respective districts. These officers should also have power to change agents from one agency to another, where such change would result in benefit to the service. The lack of direct responsibility to a superior power close at hand is one of the most fruitful causes of wrong-doing and neglect of duty by the agents.

I believe the troops stationed upon Indian reservations should have no duty to perform, except maintaining order upon the reservation and protecting the Government property. All hostile demonstrations should come from the outside, and when the Indians have once been collected upon their reserves, they should be made to understand that they are not safe outside its boundaries, and if found there, they should be driven back by troops. A few such lessons would make the work of the agent more easy upon his reservation. But all demonstrations made by troops upon reservations only serve to unsettle matters, and make it difficult to keep the Indians at home.

I believe that a more general use of the peaceable tribes as soldiers would save the Government much expense, and promote the efficiency of the troops. The cost of transporting recruits long distances to join their regiments would be saved, and desertions would be less frequent. The friendly Indians would move against the hostile ones with more celerity and certainty than regular troops, as they know the country, and how to take advantage of all the mountain trails. The employment of Indians, now fed by the Government, would result in great economy, because service would then be rendered for benefits received. I am sure a regiment of men could be recruited among the Navajos, which would render most valuable service in fighting the Apaches, Cheyennes, and Arrapahoes.

Upon most reservations no subdivisions of the land among individuals has ever been made. This should be done at once, and all encouragement given to those who will build permanent homes, and resort to tilling the soil on their own account. All persons with fixed property are conservative. It is

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generally the poor, starving, and naked men of any community who stir up strife, and bring about hostilities. But few Indians now have more property than they can put upon their horses and carry away. Let them acquire property not portable, and they will be as adverse to war as we could desire. Congress ought at once to provide for the survey and subdivision of these Indian lands; and the agents should do all in their power to bring about their division into families, each having a separate home.

Most of the beef issued to Indians is received alive by the agents, and an average is arrived at by the contractor and agent, each selecting two cattle; the four are killed and the average weight is taken as the average of the herd. Of course, the contractors have two stall-fed cattle along for their selection, each probably weighing as much as any other two in the herd. Each agency should be furnished with a pair of scales large enough to weigh one or more cattle at a time. This expenditure would save the Government a large sum of money annually. All issues should be made only to Indians actually present, and a count should be had at every issue. The days of issue should be made as frequent as possible, because it gives the agent an opportunity to ascertain frequently whether his Indians are upon the reservation or not.

At present there are no means of punishing crimes committed by Indians against one another. My opinion is that the agent should be constituted a judicial officer to the extent of hearing and disposing of all minor offenses committed upon the reservation by any persons, either Indians or white men; and that they should have power to hold to bail, or commit to jail for trial by the proper court, all persons guilty of capital offenses. *I believe that all crimes committed by Indians should, if possible, be punished by the Civil Courts.* The judicial powers of the agents might be similar to those of United States Commissioners. The sooner we show these people a way to have their wrongs righted without resort to bloody retaliation, the only law they now know, the sooner we shall make peaceable and law-abiding citizens of them.

Most Indian reservations are now infested with bad white men, who traffic with the Indians, giving them whisky, fire-arms, and ammunition in exchange for ponies, hides, blankets, etc., etc. Summary punishment ought to be meted out to these rascals. By getting the Indians drunk they endanger the lives of the agent, his employés, and the

surrounding settlers. Probably a short trial and a short rope would not be too harsh a treatment for these fiends in human shape.

The issue of rations, clothing, and other articles to Indians ought to be made, when possible, in payment for services performed, and never as a gratuity, if it can be avoided.

The efforts to educate Indians are now mostly confined to endeavors to teach them letters and Christianity. There is another kind of education which should be carefully looked after, viz.: they should be trained in knowledge of how to work, and how to preserve the fruits of their industry. My views in this particular coincide with those of most persons who have had any connection with Indian affairs. I believe that at every agency there should be an industrial school established, with suitable buildings, and a sufficient tract of arable land upon which practical farming and gardening could be taught. Instruction should also be given in spinning and weaving. Knowledge of the culinary and other arts should also be inculcated. Giving the Indians an acquaintance with the arts, and teaching them how to preserve for winter's use the products of their summer's labor, will give them an occasion they do not now have for the use of letters. Of course, such schools should be provided with facilities for boarding their pupils; for no regular attendance can be expected while the children are allowed to follow their parents from place to place; and while they listen to none but their own language for the greater part of the day they cannot be expected to acquire a rapid knowledge of English. Much prejudice would have to be overcome; but, with the right agents and teachers, it is possible to make such schools a complete success.

In conclusion, I regard the essential point in the proper treatment of Indians to be found in the "Golden rule:" "Whosoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Drive from the reservations all white men who have no business there. Punish with severity all who ill-treat the Indians or sell them whisky. Set them the example of meting out justice to the real offender, instead of inflicting retaliation upon one man for the offense of another. Stimulate them to become farmers, herders, and artisans, by securing to each individual the fruits of his own labor, and by rewards judiciously distributed. When such a policy prevails, we shall see peace upon our borders, and then, if ever, the civilization of the red men will begin.

AN ENGLEWOOD MYSTERY.

DEAR READER, have you ever lived at Englewood? If so, Palisade Avenue and Engle street, the stone church on the hill, the elegant neighboring country seats, the pretty, cozy, picturesque cottages, are all familiar to your eyes, as well as our dear, disgraceful little railway station, where the locomotive stands puffing, while restive steeds, the spoiled children of fortune, are reined in by liveried coachmen, and fat, good-natured little ponies, belonging in less fashionable houses, toss their heads, pretending to be frightened, and sober family horses gaze before them with the calm, immovable dignity which age and experience bring alike to man and beast. And perhaps, too, you know the very spot around which hangs this mystery—a sad tale, which it remains with me alone to relate, or leave forever unrevealed. Indeed, the latter seemed to me at first so decidedly the more generous course that it secured my complete silence; but now, when it is considered that there may be those living who long for tidings of two lives, which, to them, have gone out in darkness, why should any one deprive those mourners of the little comfort there is in a definite, rather than an unmeasured sorrow? Therefore I make this slight record—to those whom it may concern, a lost and long-sought link in a chain of sad events; to the unconcerned, a not over-merry tale to pass an idle hour.

The spot, I have said, may be familiar to you. "The sluggard's retreat" it has been called by those who knew not that it was without tenant or owner; "the haunted house" by others, who little guessed how well haunted it might be. It stands a forlorn little two-story building, with a great rose, in wild, unpruned luxuriance, climbing the piazza columns, and a dilapidated, dingy, broken-paneled conservatory along the southern wall in the midst of a plot of ground, likewise going to ruin as far as nature can. Before the conservatory door is a rockery, the ferns and flowers in its crevices long since dead; the semicircular carriage-way is overgrown with weeds, and the flower-bed, which once followed its line along the edge of the lawn, is traceable only by the tall, uncared-for rose-trees, at equal distances, and the smaller hardy annuals which still struggle up through the choking grass. Around it all runs a rustic railing, broken in several places. Do you

know the place? It was not thus when I first beheld it. But that was long ago. Englewood then was not what it is now. There was no railroad, no busy throng traveling back and forth to New York daily, no succession of fashionable houses along the road-side, no dashing by of elegant equipages. It was a collection of simple farm-cottages, with two or three stores on the main street, and off in the distance, on the Palisades, an isolated mansion or two. At that time, the little house of which I speak could hardly be considered within the limits of Englewood. I sauntered a mile or two away from where the station now stands before I came to it. It was a beautiful morning in June, and the sun shone brightly. On either side of the road were large fields fenced in, with here and there a patch of woods, the ferns and wild flowers clustering coyly in the shade of the great trees. Through one of these groves a little stream meandered, and I paused upon the rough, rustic bridge—since supplanted by a fine piece of masonry—to gaze down into the bubbling, eddying water. Then I walked on, and soon, greatly to my surprise, in the midst of this uncultivated region, came upon a little oasis, where culture seemed to have reached its climax. The simple outlines of the little cottage were lost to me in the beauty of its surroundings. I gazed upon a perfect fairy-land of flowers, shut in from the road by a rustic railing of artistic design, on which the sweet clematis and graceful Virginia creeper climbed, swinging their airy tendrils to and fro in the breeze. The glory of those roses was something to remember,—pink, white, crimson, yellow, in gorgeous profusion, yet perfect harmony. In the lesser plants, every color of the rainbow was represented; but every flower, shade and color, had its appointed place. The precision was remarkable. Not a blade of grass trespassed its borders, nor a weed marred the smooth carriage-way, on which were traces neither of wheel nor hoof. The sunlight glittered on the polished panes of the conservatory, the emptiness of which was half hidden by the drooping, swaying vines and ferns of the rockery in front, and the air was laden with perfume and the hum of bees. On the cottage piazza, in the shade of a climbing rose, covered with lovely flowers, sat an old gentleman with snow-white beard, deep-set,

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dreamy eyes, looking thoughtfully before him, while his hand rested in a careless caress upon the neck of a large dog, which pressed its head affectionately against its master's side. With that utter unconsciousness of self, which sometimes comes to us when standing before anything very beautiful, I lingered at the gate, looking in eagerly. The old gentleman arose and descended from the piazza. I stepped back hastily. However, as he did not seem to notice me, but took the path which led to the rear of the house, I resumed my position, and permitted my pleased curiosity to hold me bound. Through the bushes I observed his retreating figure. I suppose he went to the barn. Presently he returned, leading a very beautiful white cow. He paused. I heard the wheel of the well rattle as the bucket went down; he was giving the creature a drink. It seemed strange that a man of his marked aristocratic aspect should be tending his own cattle; but perhaps this animal was a pet. Then there was the clink of a chain, and the white cow was tethered to a staple in the grass at the side of the house, and the gentleman re-appeared upon the path, walking toward me. He stopped short as he became aware of my presence, his brows contracted, and he bit his lips. He took a step forward, and then something—it may have been a generous impulse to let me indulge my inquisitiveness; but it seemed almost like a sudden diffidence at confronting a stranger—checked him, and he turned abruptly and entered the house. I could not have received a sharper rebuke, and, deeply regretting that I had no opportunity to explain or apologize, I retreated precipitately.

The next day I left Englewood. But it was not for long. The place had charmed me, and, as the railroad was already in course of construction, I felt it soon would not be too far from the city to become my permanent home. Accordingly, I entered into negotiations for a little cottage, on a pretty plot of ground, which was soon to become vacant, and the next autumn my wife and little family moved to Englewood. Already changes were visible. More stores were opened, many new houses were in process of construction, and the little village had assumed quite an air of activity.

Once established in our new home, my chief object was to enjoy the country as much as possible before the severity of winter set in. Late into the gray, mysterious November days, every spare moment I had

I kept up my rambles. One day I found myself standing on a wooden bridge, gazing into the mist of little, interlacing leafless branches above me, and down into the water which flowed almost noiselessly past the roots of the old trees, the stones, and the dying underbrush. The spot seemed familiar to me. Suddenly I exclaimed to myself: "Why, this is the same bridge!" and off I started in search of my rose-environed cottage. It left such a bright impression on my mind, I longed to see it again. I wondered how it would look. Of course those roses had faded, but a clever florist has flowers for every season. There would be gay-colored dahlias and artimesias in the garden, snowy wax-plants, perhaps some late tuberoses, sweetly scenting the air; may be, rarer plants, I had never seen or heard of. I wondered whether the old gentleman would be sitting on the piazza, with his beautiful dog, and whether the white cow would be tethered behind the bushes. I hoped the old gentleman would be there. I should not stand gazing at the gate again. If I saw him, I meant to speak to him; to apologize for my conduct on a former occasion, and explain to him that it was the excess of my admiration which caused me to transgress. Surely, if he were human, that could not offend. And I thought, too, I would talk to him a little about various things, tell him that I was one of his new neighbors, had just moved to Englewood, and thus strike up an acquaintance. When I saw him before, his whole appearance attracted me; his noble brow, sad eyes, and fine, sensitive features had all a charm, and I felt that, if I could but overcome the extreme reserve which a single glance told me was one of his distinguishing traits, I might find in him a most congenial friend. I was not naturally a forward man, and I smiled to myself at the shape my thoughts had taken; but diffident people sometimes become very bold when confronting those they know to be still more retiring than themselves. So, with my mind pleasantly occupied, I walked quickly forward, and soon only a few trees divided me from the spot I sought. I passed them, and—but, how can I describe it? There stood the cottage, but, oh, how changed! Was it possible that it was the same? I looked at it, then down the road I had come, then at it again. There was no mistake. As a single line or feature on the face of a corpse may prove that the strange, stony countenance before us is the same

which in life we looked upon and loved, so there were certain traces about the place which made it unmistakable. Yet the changes seemed the work of years, rather than of months. I approached nearer with a feeling of awe. The gate on which I had leaned lay broken on the ground. The carriage-way was strewn thick with dead leaves, and the foot-paths were almost choked with weeds. All the more delicate plants stood dead in their places, killed by the early frost, while the harder ones flung out their branches in all directions, creating a wild confusion, which it was difficult to believe was the growth of only one summer. In the rockery, everything had died except a few ferns. The conservatory was empty, its glass dirty and broken. The house was all closed, except one window in the upper story, and the climbing rose on the piazza had fallen from some of its fastenings and tossed its neglected branches wherever chance had cast them. It was a dreary picture. And what did it mean? I stood before it a long time. Then I walked up the road—it was a lonely road, without a single house on it; then I walked back again and stood where I had stopped before, and looked, and looked, and looked. What did it all mean? Why should it mean anything at all, more than that the family, who had occupied the house, had moved away? Do not all empty houses look dreary, and, in time, go to ruin? Was not the simple fact that I had come prepared to see one thing and had found something so different, the real reason why the objects before me made such a deep and painful impression? In vain I reasoned with myself. The longer I remained there gazing, the more powerfully I felt the weird fascination of the place; and I turned away from it at last, and walked home sadly, with the mournful conviction that some dark, melancholy history lay hidden behind that desolate exterior.

My wife, when I told her of the episode, seemed interested, but saw no just cause for the views I held concerning it. With a woman's quick fancy, she furnished me with half a dozen good reasons why the family might have left their home suddenly, expecting soon to return, and been prevented. Indeed, it all seemed so simple to another mind than my own, that I felt somewhat ashamed of my hasty conclusion, and resolved not to mention it further. However, I was too much interested in the old house, not to make some inquiries regarding it, and

I plied my few neighbors and the trades-people in the village with as many questions as I could on the simple plea of idle curiosity. But it was a fact which struck me not a little—and which, indeed, did not go far toward allaying my suspicion—that no one whom I interrogated could give me any definite information. Some had never seen the house, others had, but knew nothing of its inhabitants; and the best informed could only tell me, that it had been occupied by an old French gentleman, with whom no one seemed to be acquainted, and that, as he had not been seen for a long time and the house appeared to be closed, it was supposed he had moved away. No one professed the slightest interest in the stranger or his concerns.

I was not satisfied with this. I determined to test how far my feelings were the creation of fancy, by a second visit to the deserted cottage. Late on a chilly autumn afternoon, not long after, I started out and sought the road which had now become familiar to me. The sun dropped behind the horizon just as I crossed the little bridge, and a gray, cheerless twilight, which was fast darkening into night, fell upon the landscape as I approached the solitary, sad-looking little house. Its outlines and immediate surroundings were only half traceable through the gathering gloom, but the bare branches of the neighboring trees stood out boldly against the cold autumn sunset. I looked calmly at the dreary scene, and asked myself if there was anything in it which justified my wild, unshaped conjectures. I hardly knew. I walked nearer, intending to enter, and at least examine the grounds and outside of the house. I paused a moment in the gate-way. Just then, some large dark thing darted suddenly across the path before me, disappeared behind the bushes, and a prolonged, blood-curdling howl rung out upon the air. Perhaps it is impossible exactly to measure sound when one stands alone, in a lonely spot, where a death-like stillness is reigning, but this seemed to me the loudest, longest, and most horrible I ever heard in my life. It echoed from the house, it echoed from the woods, it seemed to resound through the whole atmosphere—there was something infernal about it. Then the death-like stillness reigned again. I stood at the gate hesitating, and then—Reader, was I a much greater coward than you, under similar circumstances, would have been?—turned and walked hastily home.

It was hard to shake off the gloomy impression this second visit made upon me. That dismal howl rung in my ears again and again; I could not banish its reverberations from my mind. Of course, I did not connect this sound in any way with the history of the house; it merely completed the atmosphere of desolation about it. The woods on the Palisades I knew were inhabited; foxes had frequently been seen, and wolves too—though by an odd coincidence these latter had never appeared except to solitary wanderers, and it seemed not improbable that some animal, prowling about at night-fall, had ventured near the deserted house. Still, matter-of-fact as I tried to be in my reflections, I found that the almost morbid interest with which I regarded that dreary little cottage had not abated, and I resolved to visit it again some bright day in the midst of clear, encouraging sunshine.

Accordingly, on the fairest of Indian summer mornings, I started out. The day was so charming, the scene so sweet, as I walked along the road, that I came upon the forlorn little dwelling in quite a cheerful frame of mind, and looked at it smiling half contemptuously at myself. I stepped across the broken gate and followed the path, the dead leaves rustling at my every footfall. I walked around the house, staring at the closed shutters, closed doors, and dirty, broken glass of the conservatory. What was so oppressive? Had the weather suddenly grown warm? I drew a long breath. The place seemed to me very lonely, yet how I would have started had a human being suddenly appeared! The dreariness was there in spite of the sunshine; but I continued my inspection. Near the kitchen door was a well, the bucket gone, and the wheel, over which the rope had passed, thick with rust. I leaned over and looked down. Fathoms below, in a dim nether world, I saw my own face leering up inquisitively at me. I drew back and resumed the path. Soon I was in what must once have been a large, well-kept vegetable garden. It was a wilderness, but, though everywhere the evidences of neglect were prominent, traces of the large square beds and narrow paths were still visible, here and there defined by rows of currant bushes. The path on which I walked was lined on either side with rows of dwarf French fruit-trees. At the end of the path was another conservatory. It was dingy, broken, and dilapidated as the one adjoining the house. I turned to the right and went toward the

stable. One of its doors had fallen from its hinges and lay on the ground, the other looking as if it soon might follow. I went in. The stalls were empty; the loft contained a little hay; against the wall stood a few garden implements red with rust. I went out again, stepping backward a few paces to survey the exterior, but stopped suddenly, with a sense of danger; not unwarranted, for I was on the brink of a pit. It was about six feet deep, and at the bottom lay a mass of something—it looked like a half-rotten old sleigh robe—partly submerged in the water which had collected from the rain. An unpleasant atmosphere exhaled from this hole, and I turned away with a half sick feeling and walked toward the house. As I approached it, I noticed something white upon the grass near the bushes. A second glance showed me that it was the skeleton of a large animal. I went nearer. Was it possible! a broad leather strap was about the bony neck, a long chain attaching it to a strong iron staple driven firmly into the ground. Could it be that this was the beautiful white cow? In what agonies the poor creature must have died! The grass in a large circle around the staple looked different from all beyond, as if it had been gnawed into the very roots, and could not grow again. But how had these things happened? Surely no family would go away and leave an animal—a favorite, too—to starve to death. If unable to take it with them, they would rather have turned it loose upon the road, and given it, at least, a chance for life. There was, indeed, a mystery. Had any horrible accident happened? Had the family, perhaps, been attacked by robbers and murdered in their beds? I determined to force my way into the house and see if there was any clue to this enigma. I drew out my jack-knife and picked up a large stone and went upon the piazza, intending to break the lock of the front door. I laid my hand on the knob; it turned, and, to my utter amazement, the door slowly swung wide open. A narrow hall, and a small steep staircase, both uncarpeted, confronted me. I stood breathless. After a moment of dumb staring I recovered myself, and entered. My first glance was at the parlor. Bare floor, bare walls, closed windows and an empty fire-place, were all I saw. I then went into the dining-room. The aspect of this was the same. I looked into the kitchen, but solid wooden shutters excluded every ray of light. I ascended to the second story. Here the hall occupied one side of

the house, and two large rooms the other. I tried the first door; it was locked. I tried the second; it was open. The room to which it admitted me was, like those below, bare and empty, without a sign of ever having been inhabited. What did it mean? Had the family deliberately left the place, carried with them every scrap of furniture, and left that beautiful animal on the lawn alone to die its cruel death? There must be something behind these peculiar appearances. I stood wondering in vain, endeavoring to form some definite idea. I was just turning to go, when I recollect that I had not entered the second room, the door of which, however, between the rooms, stood open sufficiently to show me a bare floor and wall. I pushed the door back; but, when I had done so, instead of entering, stood motionless, lost in astonishment. Here were traces of an occupant of this strange mansion. On the farther wall hung a gun in a leather case, a military cloak, and an old fur cap. There was, indeed, no carpet on the floor, but a rug of rich material and design, though of faded colors, was spread before the very humble-looking bed which stood in the corner. A few pieces of furniture were in the room, and in the center were a chair and table, on the latter a few books, some writing materials, an empty candlestick, and among them all a large rat, with glittering black eyes, which it fixed on me half fearfully, half in defiance. I walked in, and looked around me with a growing, sickening sense of wonder. If the air without had seemed oppressive, within it was stifling. The sunshine poured in through the dusty window-panes and made bright squares on the unswept floor, but it gave no aspect of cheerfulness to the dull, close apartment. The very spiders hung in their webs, too stupefied to seek their natural prey, which buzzed on the glass only a few inches from them. Suddenly, with a sharp slam, the door behind me closed. The rat bounced from his seat on the table, and disappeared through a hole in the wainscot. I stood alone, rooted to the spot, in breathless horror. My heart seemed literally in my throat. At last I summoned courage and went to the door, desperately heroic, prepared to meet anything. I opened it, and saw before me—nothing! It was almost more startling than a ghost would have been just then. After a moment, however, I calmed myself, and was about resuming my observations, when—how shall I describe it? Something hot commencing at my

heels, mounted through my spine to my brain, suffused my whole body; then I grew cold all over, and felt my hair stiffening at the roots, as if it intended to stand erect. *I heard something coming upstairs.* It was not a human footstep; it was too light. The creature reached the top of the stairs; it brushed against the other side of the locked door, only two feet from me; it went along the hall to the door which was not locked; it paused. My heart went thump, thump, thump; not rapidly, but in great sledge-hammer strokes, as if each one meant to be the very last. The door opened slowly; first on a crack, then wider, and then a large, thin black object, the ghost of a dog rather than a real one, walked into the room. The wretched animal seemed more startled at seeing me than I was at seeing him. He stood, with a look of terrified bewilderment, dilating his eyes; then that expression faded away from his haggard face, and he came and sat down before me and looked up into my eyes appealingly, with a glance so perfectly human that it almost confused my senses. I stretched out my hand and stroked his head. He sprang up and placed his paws on my shoulders. I started back, unable to endure those wonderful eyes so close to my own, and pushed him off roughly. He sank down dejected on the floor, without resisting or uttering a sound, but he never took his eyes off me for a moment. The miserable creature! what did his presence here denote? His size and color told me that he was the same dog I had seen at the cottage before. Where had he been in the interval? Not shut up in the house, surely, or he would have been dead; not free, for he was a mere skeleton. I went across to the window, his eyes following me. I turned again toward the center of the room, and for the first time the position of things there struck me. The chair in front of the table was pushed back a little, as if some one had just risen from it; on the table were paper, pens and ink-bottle, placed as if they had lately been in use; but the pen was rusty, the ink in the bottle dry, and a thick white coating of dust lay over them all. I stepped forward and picked up one of the pieces of paper, on which something was written. Simultaneously the dog sprang up from the floor, and, placing his front paws on the table, raised his great, glaring, eager eyes almost to a level with mine. What did the animal want? Was he an animal at all? I almost questioned. It would not have been diffi-

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cult to believe him a human being bewitched, or a fiend in disguise. "Down, down!" I said, but he never heeded my words; only stretched his neck to the utmost, as if he meant to read the paper with me. Almost forgetting that he could not, I held it toward him. He smelt all around the edges, uttered a low whine, then dropped upon the floor again, and lay there quietly watching me. With a mixture of awe and excitement I gazed on that strange bit of paper. What could it mean? Carefully I removed the dust with my handkerchief. Ah! what hand had penned those tremulous characters? Where was it now? What marvelous tale of human destiny might not here be disclosed to me? The letter was in French. The date—sad coincidence—was that of the very day in June when I had lingered at the gate, admiring, half coveting, the beautiful roses and that apparently sweet and peaceful abode. In substance it ran as follows:

"Oh, Stranger!—Friend, let me rather say, for to one cut off from his kind, a human being seems almost a brother—judge not harshly of him whose fate is here revealed. To dwell in total isolation, with dreadful memories haunting the mind, to renew disappointment by renewing hope till hope dies, breaks the heart, and renders life a torment. The condemned prisoner is happier than I. To endure longer is impossible. I go where I seek peace. In this world I suffer too bitterly. The good God will not punish me in the next. Farewell!"

"My little property I leave as the law bestows what is unclaimed. If he dies not with me, have a care to my faithful dog. My body will be found not far from here.

"RAIMOND, COUNT D'AR— —"

The last two, perhaps three syllables of the name were utterly illegible—possibly intentionally, though may be owing to agitation, or merely to habit.

A heart-piercing emotion of sympathy for this lone sufferer, an appalling sense of horror, and a wild hope that the paper might not really be what it seemed, struggled together in my mind. But the hope soon faded. I read the letter again and again—it could be only what it purported. But what was the dark secret of this lonely life and its terrible ending? I recalled the old man I had seen six months before, his calm, sad, noble countenance—was it possible that he was capable of crime, guilty of self-destruction? His isolation must have made him insane—and yet, perhaps not. But the thought that the frightful event occurred on the very day that I stood at the gate watching seemed almost to reproach me. Why

had I not spoken to the old gentleman? Why do we so seldom follow our most innocent and natural impulses? Why does society make so many artificial laws to keep us separate from our kind? I knew that nothing I could have said would have altered that man's life—but it might have altered his death. His past I could never undo, nor materially improve his future; but I might have breathed hope into his heart, and encouraged him to do much for himself. Indeed, at that very moment, when we turned away from each other, a kindly, cheering conversation on any trifling subject might have broken the train of morbid thought and feeling which led so quickly to the final tragedy.

Sadly I folded the farewell letter, and placed it in my pocket. The dog sprang to his feet, and, standing with one paw raised, looked up into my face with an eager, alert expression, as if ready for action. He ran to the door, then back to me, then to the door again, and returned. He put his fore paws upon my knee, in a feeble attempt at a caress, then took hold of my coat with his teeth, and jerked it. I arose; he bounded before me; I followed. He rushed down the stairs, out of the door, around the house, along the path through the vegetable garden, pausing every few moments to see if I were coming. Then he went across toward the stable, stopped short at the brink of the pit near by, and uttered several strange, short, sharp, yet half-subdued barks. As I approached, he turned toward me, his eyes wildly dilated. Then he sprang into the hole, out of it again, into it, and out, with an agility which only excitement could lend to an animal in his wretched condition. Then he threw himself down at my feet and whined and moaned with a cry of grief almost human. I believed that I understood what he meant. I went to the stable, took a rake and a hoe, and fastened them together. With these I reached down, and, fastening the teeth of the rake in the old, half-submerged sleigh-robe, drew it away—the dog uttered a wild, unearthly howl, which I recognized—I stumbled backward, recoiling in horror. It was as I half feared, half expected—the hideous remains of a human being lay before me.

As soon as I regained my self-control, I arose. I stroked the poor dog tenderly, and spoke words of sympathy to him, as if I expected him to understand me. And I believe he did, for he came and leaned against me, and looked up at me gratefully, yet sadly.

"Stay, Mourner," I said—that was the name I involuntarily gave him—"sit down here and wait. I will come back to you." And he did understand me, for he obeyed implicitly. He returned to the brink of the pit and sat there, mounting guard, while I hastily went away. I walked into the village as rapidly as possible, sought the sheriff and the coroner, and did not rest till I had brought them to the spot. The body was taken from the pit, a few stupid men looked at it, the verdict "suicide" was rendered; then it was placed in a plain coffin and taken away, and quietly buried. A statement of the facts was sent to the Detective Bureau, and there the matter ended. A few days later the following accurate account appeared in the New York newspapers:

"The body of an unknown man was found in the woods near Englewood last week. It had remained there too long to be recognizable, but from papers found on the person of the deceased, it appeared that he was a foreigner in distress, and had committed suicide."

And that was all the world ever knew of it. Some of our neighbors pointed out the paragraph to each other with exclamations of wonder, and then forgot it completely. The event seemed to make no impression. To be sure, Englewood was in a sort of transition state just then. Numbers of new residents had moved there very lately, and could not as yet be much acquainted with local concerns. Those who had lived there always were not excited on the subject, for those who knew anything, knew only that there was an old Frenchman living alone in a remote house, and that, after a time, he had committed suicide. The thing seemed to them more natural than astonishing.

On me, however, it made a very deep and painful impression. Perhaps it was natural that a man living for many years entirely alone should commit suicide; but why did he live alone? There was a mystery here unrevealed, and the thought of it haunted me constantly. I revisited the house and examined everything carefully, but found nothing which threw any light on the subject. I went there several times, drawn by a melancholy fascination. On one of those sad, quiet days, when autumn is just dying into winter, I lingered in the gate-way, looking dreamily at the cottage. As it stood there in the cold November light, it was a weird picture of dreariness. A fresh bit of pine-board, harshly out of keeping with its surroundings, announced, by order of the authorities, that the place was "for sale." I

wondered, sarcastically, who would buy it. The only sign of life there was a yew-tree on the lawn—and is not that emblem of immortality ever associated in our minds with death? I turned to go; but, noticing an old woman up the road, who hastened on seeing me, paused. As she came closer, I perceived that she was a person of marked peculiarity. Her figure was small and very slight, and her dress, though extremely simple, had an almost aristocratic severity of neatness about it. Beneath her white cap, silver locks clustered thick on her high forehead, but scarcely a wrinkle was visible on her face, and her large black eyes retained almost the fire of youth. She looked at me keenly while she was regaining her breath. Then she said, with a strong, foreign accent:

"Sir, can you tell me where lives Mr. Raymond?"

"Raimond D'Ar——?" escaped my lips involuntarily.

She shrieked, and threw her hands in the air.

"You know him?" she gasped.

"No," I replied, slowly; "but I know of him."

"Where lives he?"

"He did live here."

She looked earnestly at the old house and all about it; her lip quivered.

"And where lives he now?" she asked, softly, looking me full in the face.

How could I answer? I turned away my head, pretending not to hear. Inwardly I was struggling to form some plan by which to break gently to her what I feared must be terrible news.

"I ask you, where lives he now?" she said louder, and with a slight tone of impatience.

"I wish, madam, that I could prepare your mind for the melancholy truth," I began slowly.

"What! Is he in prison?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"God only knows," I said sadly, and hid my face from her again.

With sudden violence she seized my arm, and, looking up at me almost fiercely, exclaimed:

"Tell me—is he dead?"

My voice failed me. I could not speak. A slow, melancholy inclination of the head was my only reply. The grasp on my arm relaxed, a wild moan of anguish smote my ears, and the old lady lay fainting at my

feet. I raised her gently, carried her to the piazza of the deserted cottage, and then hastened to the stream for water. The little cup, which I kept in my pocket, was now of service. As I returned, bearing it filled with water, I noticed on the ground, where we had been standing, a dainty little leather case. I picked it up. A letter dropped from it. "Celestine, Countess D'Ar—" the last syllables illegible as before, was written upon it, in a hand I had seen but once, yet could not fail to recognize. I thrust both into my pocket and hastened to my charge. I held the water to her lips. She returned to partial consciousness, muttered a few disconnected words and then fainted again. I lifted her light form up in my arms and carried her home. My wife kindly received the wayside sufferer, gave her the best of care and sent for the doctor. He thought that very little could be done. The old lady lingered several days in a dull slumber, but with occasional lucid moments. She spoke to my wife and to me once or twice in French, but only to thank us for the services we were rendering her. On Saturday evening she seemed more clear-minded than usual. She pressed my hand warmly, when I bade her good-night. "You have been very good to me," she said, "I must tell you something—a long, sad story. To-morrow, you go not away, you will have leisure to listen. Not now; good-night!" Then she sank back on the pillows and her eyelids closed—never in this world to open again.

In the morning we found that she was dead. She had passed away very quietly, without a struggle. Hoping to find some information concerning her and her former home, I examined the contents of the little leather case in my possession. It held an exquisitely painted miniature of a very handsome man, set massively in gold, a short curly lock of jet-black hair, tied with a scarlet ribbon, and the letter already mentioned. This last I seized upon eagerly. I opened it with agitation. One letter! how much, how little it might disclose. It was in French, dated three years before—though, better cared for, it was more legible than that of only a few months ago. It ran much as follows:

"DEAREST CELESTINE: My loved angel. One opportunity is granted me of communicating with thee. Wilt thou spurn my letter? I live alone in the wilderness, separated from my fellow-beings, harrowed by remorse. Night and day I pray for God's forgiveness and for thine. Is it all in vain? Are both withheld forever? Shall the crime of

one rash moment never find pardon? Wilt not thou, whom of all creatures on earth I adore, judge me gently? It was my passion for thee which aroused my violence. How could I, eagerly hastening home from my long and perilous journey, know that in my absence none of my communications had reached their destination—that I was long since deemed among the dead? How could I imagine that my frivolous younger brother would presume to seek in my widow his wife? And even were it thus, how could I believe that so soon—but I will not reproach thee. I have caused too much bitter, agonizing grief. I dare not reproach any one. The result thou knowest. The doings of that dark and dreadful night are doubtless imprinted upon thy mind, as on my own, in characters of fire. Never can I forget, seldom do I cease to view the frightful scene before me. In my dreams at night, in my lone wanderings in the woods by day, it haunts me ever. Ah, how happy was I that night, when, secretly entering the chateau, I hoped to make thee a sweet surprise—and how quickly was that joy annihilated! Unannounced, I sought thy chamber. I found thee there, beautiful as in thy youngest day, reclining upon a lounge beside the window, the moonlight streaming in full upon thee. But thy head rested not on the velvet cushions—it nestled upon the shoulder of a man—and his arm was around thee! I knew him not. To me he was a fiend, and thou and I alike his victims. Revenge swallowed up all other emotion. I seized a dagger which lay upon the table before me, and plunged it deep, to the hilt, in his heart. As he rolled over upon the floor, I saw it was my brother! I know not how long I sat there, dumb with grief, watching his life-blood flow and his visage grow pale with death. When I struck the blow, thou suddenly wert gone. Again thou wert before me, clad in a snow-white robe, thy face still whiter. Thy words were 'Fly! If thou didst ever love me, save thyself! Here is money. Without is one whom thou mayst trust, who will guide thee safely. In this place, I myself will guard thy secret. Go!' No love was in thy large dark eyes, no tenderness in thy voice. There was but the stern command which I mechanically obeyed. Descending by a ladder from thy balcony, I found in the garden thy faithful foster-brother, Pierre. He led me I know not whither, changed my garments, altered my very countenance, and we went forth together and traveled from city to city, he as master, I as servant. At Brest, I read in the journals, that Eugène, Count D'Ar—, had been murdered in his own apartment, in his chateau, by robbers; that he was found one morning on the floor, in a pool of his own blood, Madame, the Countess, in a fainting fit, reclining near him; that the room was strewn with valuables, but the robbers, probably startled by some noise, had escaped, carrying with them only a bag of gold—the money thou gavest me!—which the Count had received as a payment the day before, and a day later would have deposited in the bank. It was believed that the robbers were leaders of a desperate band, that they had knowledge of the money, and that they were likely to be caught. It also said that one of the maid-servants had seen a man that night upon the terrace, but that he so resembled Count Raimond—who died two years before at sea, in the wreck of the man-of-war 'La France,' off the coast of Africa—that she thought it was a ghost, and dared not mention the circumstance for fear of the Countess's anger, and the ridicule of her fellow-servants. Thus, one short paragraph told me much in my own history of which I was ignorant.

It also showed me thy brave and ingenious device to save me from the law. I must thank thee for thy great presence of mind in that fearful crisis.

"The next day we sailed for New York. That is a wearisome place. The people constantly hurry hither and thither, not for pleasure, but for toil. They love not amusement, they love to gain money. I was glad to go away. My heart was sick, my brain was tired, I longed for quiet. We went upon a fine steamer and sailed up the Hudson River. It is a noble stream, broad as a lake, blue as heaven, with beautiful shores—but one misses the chateaux upon the hills. On the western bank is a great wall of rock, rising many feet in the air and extending miles up the river. It is called the Palisades. On the top are forests. I wearied not looking at it. I said to Pierre, 'Behind those tall rocks, in the valley, in the midst of the woods, there must be peace and solitude. Let us go thither.' We landed at a town called Nyack, where we passed the night at an inn. From this place we could see, across the river, the great prison. Sometimes I have wished that I were within its walls—in the hands of others I should feel less anxious than I do ever hiding and guarding myself and my secret from my fellow-men. The next morning Pierre hired a little wagon and we drove in a southerly direction on a road which goes along the top of the Palisades. Here and there we had magnificent glimpses of scenery, but a great part of the way we went through the woods. Now and then we came to a house. At one we stopped to get some water. Pierre, who, fortunately, owing to his long stay in England during his youth, was able to talk fluently with all whom we met, entered into conversation with the man. He told us much about the neighboring country, but added that he was going to leave it as soon as he could sell his house. This was an humble little cottage, with a few acres of ground, partially cleared, around it. The quiet seclusion of the place suited me. We made the purchase, and in a few days were in possession. In this instance, as in all others, Pierre has shown extreme devotion. Frequently he has gone to Nyack and further on my errands, hiring wagon and bringing me household stores, trees and plants for my garden, and even window-sashes and wood, that we might construct a conservatory. The last thing he has brought me is a dog, a faithful animal, now my constant companion. In my garden I find occupation a great part of the year, and the most peaceful moments I have enjoyed have been those employed in working among my flowers. But a season comes when there is little to be done out of doors. Then I wander through the forest and watch the leaves turn gold and scarlet—gorgeous colors, such as one sees upon the trees only in America. I go also and sit upon the great rocks which overhang the river and look at the view, which extends miles and miles away. In the dim distance I see the great noisy city and the harbor of New York, the East River, Long Island, the Sound; next a wide tract of country all unknown to me; then the opposite shore of the Hudson, studded with little towns and fine villas; I hear the locomotive and see the train flying onward; I see the steamboats going up and down the river, the trading sloops and pleasure yachts tacking back and forth, and close below me, at the foot of the Palisades, I see isolated little cottages, men at work, women hanging out clothes to dry, and children playing on the slope. Ah, how much of the world I look upon! How much human life I behold! But no living creature looks upon me—outcast of my race. In my anguish I turn to the rocky

abyss at my feet. 'One leap and thou art at peace!' I exclaim—then I fall upon my knees and pray God to save me from this crime. Rising, I glance not again at my temptation, but hastily follow the narrow path my own feet have worn through the shadowy woods and seek my home. How sweet it looks as I approach! Who could dream of the sorrow that dwells there? Without is a rustic fence, a graceful vine, once green, now scarlet, clinging to it and tossing its fragile tendrils in the breeze; in the garden the gay-colored autumn flowers are blooming, and the beautiful rose which climbs the piazza has not yet lost its leaves. I enter the house—but there is desolation! I have not the heart to make it seem other than it is. I indulge in no bodily comforts, I seek not to disguise from myself what I endure. Luxuries were a mockery. No couch so soft that it could rest my soul! In a scantily furnished upper room I sleep. Pierre occupies the kitchen. Our food is simple, mostly the produce of our garden. His peasant's life and my early vegetarian habits enable us to live almost without meat, which we rarely taste, except in the hunting season. We work while we can find aught to do, trying to cheer each other and trying to forget. But the time is when work fails; then comes thought, and, with it, grief to us both. I say it is wrong that one man's life should be sacrificed for the crimes of another. I tell him to return to France. Generous soul, he refuses to go! Again and again I repeat it. At last he consents. Fast comes the day when we must part. When he is gone, canst thou picture what my life will be then?

"Ah, dearest Celestine, he will bring this letter to thee. Wilt thou read it? Has thy heart one soft feeling for the being who suffers so much, and loves thee so dearly, and whom thou once didst truly love? Mid all my grief, I am consumed with one longing—it is to see thee! To betray now the secret we so long have guarded were madness—thou knowest I cannot go to thee. Wilt thou not come hither? What holds thee back? Surely, where thou art, thou hast not joy. Thou art without husband, children, parents, brothers, sisters; thou dwellest in a house of which thou art no longer mistress, and Emil's proud wife is no companion to thee. Whom hast thou to love thee and bring thee comfort? Thou hast only rank, and wealth, and a breaking heart. Come to me!—and all my life shall be given to seeking thy happiness. No longer will I live an outcast from the world. For thy sake, I will go again among men. I will make for myself an honorable position in this foreign land, and it shall be thine. Only two miles from here, and ever creeping nearer, is the village of Englewood. Often in my lonely wanderings I watch the inhabitants from a distance, or at night, when darkness hides me, enter the quiet streets and gaze, through open windows, at happy family groups. The people are good, simple and true, and some there are among them of refinement, culture, and wealth. Thou shalt not be without friends; thou shalt not live as I have lived—and must live, if thou comest not to me. And thy home shall not be desolate. The elegance to which thou art accustomed it may lack, but every comfort shall be thine, and beauty shall not be wanting. Already, without it is lovely to look upon. When thou art here, it shall be even more charming within. Wilt thou not come? Thou canst not do so hastily, I know. Thy plans must be wisely laid and cautiously executed. Consult with Pierre. He has much practical knowledge and will find thee a means of escape. Couldst thou not go to another part of France, and, professing to waver in thy re-

ligion, out of sight come to the instant road till we watch for the gate appointed, complete my soul's removal, burdened, can I not world now? is it not we, know it is ignorant being come for each not our for new some little "Dear From the years I God gua

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ligion, enter for a time some convent; and when out of sight, thou art also out of mind to thy friends, come to America, to Englewood, and, remembering the instructions Pierre will give thee, walk out on the road till thou findest my house? Ah, how I will watch for thee! Think of me ever as standing at the gate, waiting and hoping. Thou wilt not disappoint me, dearest Celestine? Thou wilt not crush completely this broken spirit? The guilt which stains my soul and harrows my conscience, thou canst not remove. God only can free me from that frightful burden! But thou canst greatly console me—and can I not comfort thee? If we two alone of all the world must bear the weight of this dreadful secret, is it not better that we do so together? Cannot we, knowing the hidden sorrow of which the world is ignorant, be to each other what no other human being could be to either of us? Cannot we soothe for each other the grief we dare not name? Will not our prayers, uttered in unison, strengthen us for new efforts? Shall we not, hand in hand, do some little good, before we depart this life forever?

"Dearest Celestine, thou hast heard my prayer! From the time thou receivest this letter, for two years I will look for thee. I hope, I watch, I wait. God guard thee and bring thee speedily to me!"

"Thy loving husband, "RAIMOND."

And thus was I admitted to the confidence of the dead. More or less of this sad tale I would gladly have learnt, but neither was possible. The missing links in the chain of events I never could find; those in my possession hung heavily about me. I could not unread what I had read, and what I had seen I could never forget. My wife sent for the minister, and we had the old lady respectfully buried. I saw to it that her grave, in the church-yard a few miles distant, was made beside the nameless one, in which I knew her unhappy husband's remains reposed. Afterward, I placed a rustic cross, with an ivy climbing upon it, at the head of both, the simple inscription "D.A." and the date, deeply cut into the bark. It was all

that I could do for the unfortunate departed. Alas, that it should have been so little!

Mourner took up his abode with me on the day of his master's burial. With careful feeding and kind treatment, his health and fine appearance were restored to him, but never his good spirits. He was a faithful dog, but always quiet. The children could do anything with him, except make him play. By a strange coincidence, or a wonderful instinct—I hardly know which—though it may have been simply that he was attracted by the foreign accent—he became devoted to the old French lady from the first moment he saw her. He would sit for hours by her bed, her thin little hand resting passively on his head. He could hardly be induced to leave the sick-room at all, and for several days following the funeral seemed greatly dejected. After that he appeared to accept me for his master, and I have found in him ever since a sympathetic friend and trusty companion. But he is very old now, and his strength fast failing. Perhaps, before this is printed even, he may lay down and stretch himself out for his long last sleep!

The miniature, the lock of hair, and the letters still remain in my possession. Time and again I have endeavored—as far as was possible without making the matter public—to find some trace of the family to which the unhappy suicide belonged,—personally, when I was in France, and frequently through friends; but always in vain. The particular circumstances of the case, as well as the contents of the Count's letter to his wife, have remained undisclosed until to-day. May the revelation be to some good purpose!

TO HOPE.

O HOPE!

No more, I implore,
Deceive me that I may believe thee;
For I know that the flake will follow
On the airy way of the swallow,
That the drift shall lie where the lily blows
And the icicle hang from the stem of the rose,—
O Hope!—no more!

O Hope!

Beguile yet awhile;
Deceive me and I will believe thee,
Though I know that the flake must follow
On the airy way of the swallow,
That the drift must lie where the lily blows
And the icicle hang from the stem of the rose,—
O Hope!—once more!

MADAME DÉLICIEUSE.

JUST adjoining the old Café de Poésie on the corner, stood the little one-story, yellow-washed tenement of Dr. Mossy, with its two glass doors protected by batten shutters, and its low, weed-grown tile roof sloping out over the sidewalk. You were very likely to find the Doctor in, for he was a great student and rather negligent of his business—as business. He was a small, sedate, Creole gentleman of thirty or more, with a face and manner that provoked instant admiration. He would receive you—be you who you may—in a mild, candid manner, looking into your face with his deep blue eyes, and reassuring you with a modest, amiable smile, very sweet and rare on a man's mouth.

To be frank, the Doctor's little establishment was dusty and disorderly—very. It was curious to see the jars, and jars, and jars. In them were serpents and hideous fishes and precious specimens of many sorts. There were stuffed birds on broken perches; and dried lizards, and eels, and little alligators, and old skulls with their crowns sawed off, and ten thousand odd scraps of writing-paper strewn with crumbs of lonely lunches, and interspersed with long-lost spatulas and rust-eaten lancets.

All New Orleans, at least all Creole New Orleans, knew, and yet did not know, the dear little Doctor. So gentle, so kind, so skillful, so patient, so lenient; so careless of the rich and so attentive to the poor; a man, all in all, such as, should you once love him, you would love him forever. So very learned, too, but with apparently no idea of how to *show himself* to his social profit,—two features much more smiled at than respected, not to say admired, by a people remote from the seats of learning, and spending most of their esteem upon animal heroisms and exterior display.

"Alas!" said his wealthy acquaintances, "what a pity; when he might as well be rich."

"Yes, his father has plenty."

"Certainly, and gives it freely. But intends his son shall see none of it."

"His son? You dare not so much as mention him."

"Well, well, how strange! But they can never agree—not even upon their name. Is not that droll?—a man named General Villavicencio, and his son, Dr. Mossy!"

"Oh, that is nothing; it is only that the Doctor drops the *de Villavicencio*."

"Drops the *de Villavicencio*? but I think the *de Villavicencio* drops him, ho, ho, ho,—*diabolical!*"

Next to the residence of good Dr. Mossy towered the narrow, red-brick front mansion of young Madame Délicieuse, firm friend at once and always of those two antipodes, General Villavicencio and Dr. Mossy. Its dark-covered carriage-way was ever rumbling, and, with nightfall, its drawing-rooms always sent forth a luxurious light from the lace-curtained windows of the second-story balconies.

It was one of the sights of the rue Royale to see by night its tall, narrow outline reaching high up toward the stars, with all its windows aglow.

The Madame had had some tastes of human experience; had been betrothed at sixteen (to a man she did not love, "being at that time a fool," as she said); one summer day at noon had been a bride, and at sundown—a widow. Accidental discharge of the tipsy bridegroom's own pistol. Pass it by! It left but one lasting effect on her, a special detestation of quarrels and weapons.

The little maidens whom poor parentage has doomed to sit upon street door-sills and nurse their infant brothers have a game of "choosing" the beautiful ladies who sweep by along the pavement; but in rue Royale there was no choosing; every little damsel must own Madame Délicieuse or nobody, and as that richly adorned and regal favorite of old General Villavicencio came along they would lift their big, bold eyes away up to her face and pour forth their admiration in a universal—"Ah-h-h-h!"

But, mark you, she was good Madame Délicieuse as well as fair Madame Délicieuse: her principles, however, not constructed in the austere Anglo-Saxon style, exactly (what need, with the lattice of the Confessional not a stone's throw off?). Her kind offices and beneficent schemes were almost as famous as General Villavicencio's splendid alms; if she could at times do what the infantile Washington said he could not, why, no doubt she and her friends generally looked upon it as a mere question of enterprise.

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She had charms, too, of intellect—albeit not such a sinner against time and place as to be an “educated woman”—charms that even in a plainer person, would have brought down the half of New Orleans upon one knee, with both hands on the left side. *She* had the whole city at her feet, and, with the fine tact which was the perfection of her character, kept it there contented. Madame was, in short, one of the kind that gracefully wrest from society the prerogative of doing as they please, and had gone even to such extravagant lengths as driving out in the *Américain* faubourg, learning the English tongue, talking national politics, and similar freaks whereby she provoked the unbounded worship of her less audacious lady friends. In the center of the cluster of Creole beauties which everywhere gathered about her, and, most of all, in those incomparable companies which assembled in her own splendid drawing-rooms, she was always queen lily. Her house, her drawing-rooms, etc.; for the little brown aunt who lived with her was a mere piece of curious furniture.

There was this notable charm about Madame Délicieuse, she improved by comparison. She never looked so grand as when, hanging on General Villavicencio's arm at some gorgeous ball, these two bore down on you like a royal barge lashed to a ship-of-the-line. She never looked so like her sweet name, as when she seated her prettiest lady adorers close around her, and got them all a-laughing.

Of the two balconies which overhung the banquette on the front of the Délicieuse house, one was a small affair, and the other a deeper and broader one, from which Madame and her ladies were wont upon gala days to wave handkerchiefs and cast flowers to the friends in the processions. There they gathered one Eighth of January morning to see the military display. It was a bright blue day, and the group that quite filled the balcony had laid wrappings aside, as all flower-buds are apt to do on such Creole January days, and shone resplendent in spring attire.

The sight-seers passing below looked up by hundreds and smiled at the ladies' eager twitter, as, flirting in humming-bird fashion from one subject to another, they laughed away the half hours waiting for the pageant. By and by they fell a-listening, for Madame Délicieuse had begun a narrative concerning Dr. Mossy. She sat somewhat above her listeners, her elbow on the arm of her chair, and her plump white hand waving now and

then in graceful gesture, they silently attending with eyes full of laughter and lips starting apart.

“*Vous savez*,” she said (they conversed in French of course), “you know it is now long that Dr. Mossy and his father have been in discord. Indeed, when have they not differed? For, when Mossy was but a little boy, his father thought it hard that he was not a rowdy. He switched him once because he would not play with his toy gun and drum. He was not so high when his father wished to send him to Paris to enter the French army; but he would not go. We used to play often together on the banquette—for I am not so very many years younger than he, no indeed—and, if I wanted some fun, I had only to pull his hair and run into the house; he would cry, and monsieur papa would come out with his hand spread open and —”

Madame gave her hand a malicious little sweep, and joined heartily in the laugh which followed.

“That was when they lived over the way. But wait! you shall see; I have something. This evening the General —”

The houses of rue Royale gave a start and rattled their windows. In the long, irregular line of balconies the beauty of the city rose up. Then the houses jumped again and the windows rattled; Madame steps inside the window and gives a message which the housemaid smiles at in receiving. As she turns the houses shake again, and now again; and now there comes a distant strain of trumpets, and by and by the drums and bayonets and clattering hoofs, and plumes and dancing banners; far down the long street stretch out the shining ranks of gallant men, and the fluttering, overleaning swarms of ladies shower down their sweet favors and wave their countless welcomes.

In the front, towering above his captains, rides General Villavicencio, veteran of 1814-15, and, with the gracious pomp of the old-time gentleman, lifts his cocked hat, and bows, and bows.

Madame Délicieuse's balcony was a perfect maze of waving kerchiefs. The General looked up for the woman of all women; she was not there. But he remembered the other balcony, the smaller one, and cast his glance onward to it. There he saw Madame and one other person only. A small blue-eyed, broad-browed, scholarly-looking man whom the arch lady had lured from his pen by means of a mock professional summons, and who now stood beside her, a smile of

pleasure playing on his lips and about his eyes.

"Vite!" said Madame, as the father's eyes met the son's. Dr. Mossy lifted his arm and cast a bouquet of roses. A girl in the crowd bounded forward, caught it in the air, and, blushing, handed it to the plumed giant. He bowed low, first to the girl, then to the balcony above; and then, with a responsive smile, tossed up two splendid kisses, one to Madame, and one, it seemed—

"For what was that cheer?"

"Why, did you not see? General Villavicencio cast a kiss to his son."

The staff of General Villavicencio were a faithful few who had not bowed the knee to any abomination of the Américains, nor sworn deceitfully to any species of compromise; and this band, heroically unconscious of their feebleness, putting their trust in "reactions" and like delusions, resolved to make one more stand for the traditions of their fathers. It was concerning this that Madame Délicieuse was incidentally about to speak when interrupted by the boom of cannon; they had promised to meet at her house that evening.

They met. With very little discussion or delay (for their minds were made up beforehand), it was decided to announce in the French-English newspaper that, at a meeting of leading citizens, it had been thought consonant with the public interest to place before the people the name of General Hercule Mossy de Villavicencio. No explanation was considered necessary. All had been done in strict accordance with time-honored customs and if any one did not know it was his own fault. No eulogium was to follow, no editorial indorsement. The two announcements were destined to stand next morning, one on the English side and one on the French, in severe simplicity, to be greeted with profound gratification by a few old gentlemen in blue cottonade, and by roars of laughter from a rampant majority.

As the junto were departing, sparkling Madame Délicieuse detained the General at the head of the stairs that descended into the tiled carriage-way, to wish she was a man, that she might vote for him.

"But, General," she said, "had I not a beautiful bouquet of ladies on my balcony this morning?"

The General replied, with majestic gallantry, that "it was as magnificent as could be expected with the central rose wanting." And so Madame was disappointed, for she

was trying to force the General to mention his son. "I will bear this no longer; he shall not rest," she had said to her little aunt, "until he has either kissed his son or quarreled with him." To which the aunt had answered that, "coute que coute, she need not cry about it," nor did she. Though the General's compliment had foiled her thrust, she answered gayly to the effect that enough was enough; "but, ah! General," dropping her voice to an undertone, "if you had heard what some of those rose-buds said of you!"

The old General pricked up like a country beau. Madame laughed to herself, "Monsieur Peacock, I have thee," but aloud she said gravely:

"Come into the drawing-room, if you please, and seat yourself. You must be greatly fatigued."

The friends who waited below overheard the invitation.

"Au revoir, General," said they.

"Au revoir, Messieurs," he answered, and followed the lady.

"General," said she, as if her heart were overflowing, "you have been spoken against. Please sit down."

"Is that true, Madame?"

"Yes, General."

She sank into a luxurious chair.

"A lady said to-day—but you will be angry with me, General."

"With you, Madame? That is not possible."

"I do not love to make revelations, General; but when a noble friend is evil spoken of"—she leaned her brow upon her thumb and forefinger, and looked pensively at her slipper's toe peeping out at the edge of her skirt on the rich carpet—"one's heart gets very big."

"Madame, you are an angel! But what said she, Madame?"

"Well, General, I have to tell you the whole truth, if you will not be angry. We were all speaking at once of handsome men. She said to me: 'Well, Madame Délicieuse, you may say what you will of General Villavicencio, and I suppose it is true; but everybody knows—pardon me, General, but just so she said—all the world knows he treats his son very badly.'"

"It is not true," said the General.

"If I wasn't angry!" said Madame, making a pretty fist. "How can that be?" I said. "Well," she said, "mamma says he has been angry with his son for fifteen years." "But what did his son do?" I said. "Noth-

ing,' said she. 'Ma foi,' I said, 'me, I too would be angry if my son had done nothing for fifteen years'—ho, ho, ho!"

The old General cleared his throat, and smiled as by compulsion.

"You know, General," said Madame, looking distressed, "it was nothing to joke about, but I had to say so, because I did not know what your son had done, nor did I wish to hear anything against one who has the honor to call you his father."

She paused a moment to let the flattery take effect, and then proceeded:

"But then another lady said to me; she said, 'for shame, Clarisse, to laugh at good Dr. Mossy; nobody—neither General Villavicencio, neither any other, has a right to be angry against that noble, gentle, kind, brave _____!'"

"Brave!" said the General, with a touch of irony.

"So she said," answered Madame Délicieuse, "and I asked her, 'how brave?' 'Brave?' she said, 'why, braver than *any* soldier, in tending the small-pox, the cholera, the fevers, and all those horrible things. Me, I saw his father once run from a snake; I think *he* wouldn't fight the small-pox—my faith!' she said, 'they say that Dr. Mossy does all that and never wears a scapula!—and does it nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand for nothing! Is that brave, Madame Délicieuse, or is it not?'—And, General,—what could I say?"

Madame dropped her palms on either side of her spreading robes and waited pleadingly for an answer. There was no sound but the drumming of the General's fingers on his sword-hilt. Madame resumed:

"I said, 'I do not deny that Mossy is a noble gentleman;—I had to say that, had I not, General?'"

"Certainly, Madame," said the General, "my son is a gentleman, yes."

"But," I said, "he should not make Monsieur, his father, angry."

"True," said the General, eagerly.

"But that lady said: 'Monsieur, his father, makes himself angry,' she said. 'Do you know, Madame, why his father is angry so long?' Another lady says, 'I know!' 'For what?' said I. 'Because he refused to become a soldier; mamma told me that.' 'It cannot be!' I said.

The General flushed. Madame saw it, but relentlessly continued:

"'Mais oui,' said that lady. 'What!' I said, 'think you General Villavicencio will

not rather be the very man most certain to respect a son who has the courage to be his own master? Oh, what does he want with a poor fool of a son who will do only as he says? You think he will love him less for healing instead of killing? Mesdemoiselles, you do not know that noble soldier!'"

The noble soldier glowed and bowed his acknowledgments in a dubious, half remonstrative way, as if Madame might be producing material for her next confession, as, indeed, she diligently was doing; but she went straight on once more, as a surgeon would.

"But that other lady said: 'No, Madame, no, ladies; but I am going to tell you why Monsieur, the General, is angry with his son.' 'Very well, why?'—'Why? It is just—because—he is—a little man!'"

General Villavicencio stood straight up.

"Ah! mon ami," cried the lady, rising excitedly, "I have wounded you and made you angry, with my silly revelations. Pardon me, my friend. Those were foolish girls, and, any how, they admired you. They said you looked glorious—grand—at the head of the procession."

Now, all at once, the General felt the tremendous fatigues of the day; there was a wild, swimming, whirling sensation in his head that forced him to let his eyelids sink down; yet, just there, in the midst of his painful bewilderment, he realized with ecstatic complacency that the most martial-looking man in Louisiana was standing in his spurs with the hand of Louisiana's queenliest woman laid tenderly on his arm.

"I am a wretched tattler!" said she.

"Ah! no, Madame, you are my dearest friend, yes."

"Well, any how, I called them fools. 'Ah! innocent creatures,' I said, 'think you a man of his sense and goodness, giving his thousands to the sick and afflicted, will cease to love his only son because he is not big like a horse or quarrelsome like a dog? No, ladies, there is a great reason which none of you know.' 'Well, well,' they cried, 'tell it; he has need of a very good reason; tell it now.' 'My ladies,' I said, 'I must not'—for, General, for all the world I knew not a reason why you should be angry against your son; you know, General, you have never told me."

The beauty again laid her hand on his arm and gazed, with round-eyed simplicity, into his somber countenance. For an instant her witchery had almost conquered.

"Nay, Madame, some day I shall tell you;

I have more than one burden *here*. But let me ask you to be seated, for I have a question, also, for you, which I have longed to ask. It lies heavily upon my heart; I must ask it now. A matter of so great importance — ”

Madame's little brown aunt gave a faint cough from a dim corner of the room.

“ 'Tis a beautiful night,” she remarked, and stepped out upon the balcony.

Then the General asked his question. It was a very long question, or, may be, repeated twice or thrice; for it was fully ten minutes before he moved out of the room, saying good-evening.

Ah! old General Villavicencio. The most martial-looking man in Louisiana! But what would the people, the people who cheered in the morning, have said, to see the fair Queen Délicieuse at the top of the stair, sweetly bowing you down into the starlight,—humbled, crest-fallen, rejected!

The campaign opened. The Villavicencio ticket was read in French and English with the very different sentiments already noted. In the Exchange, about the courts, among the “banks,” there was lively talking concerning its intrinsic excellence and extrinsic chances. The young gentlemen who stood about the doors of the so-called “coffee-houses” talked with a frantic energy alarming to any stranger, and just when you would have expected to see them jump and bite large mouthfuls out of each other's face, they would turn and enter the door, talking on in the same furious manner, and, walking up to the bar, click their glasses to the success of the Villavicencio ticket. Sundry swarthy and wrinkled remnants of an earlier generation were still more enthusiastic. There was to be a happy renaissance; a purging out of Yankee ideas; a blessed home-coming of those good old Bourbon morals and manners which Yankee notions had expatriated. In the cheerfulness of their anticipations they even went the length of throwing their feet high in air, thus indicating how the Villavicencio ticket was going to give “doze Américains” the kick under the nose.

In the three or four weeks which followed, the General gathered a surfeit of adulation, notwithstanding which he was constantly imagining a confused chatter of ladies, and when he shut his eyes with annoyance, there was Madame Délicieuse standing, and saying, “I knew not a reason why you should be angry against your son,” gazing in his

face with such simplicity, and then—that last scene on the stairs.

Madame herself was keeping good her resolution.

“ Now or never,” she said, “ a reconciliation or a quarrel.”

When the General, to keep up appearances, called again soon after his late discomfiture, she so moved him with an account of certain kindly speeches of her own invention which she imputed to Dr. Mossy, that he promised to call and see his son; “perhaps;” “pretty soon;” “probably.”

Dr. Mossy, sitting one February morning among his specimens and books of reference, finishing a thrilling chapter on the cuticle, too absorbed to hear a door open, suddenly realized that something was in his light, and, looking up, beheld General Villavicencio standing over him. Breathing a pleased sigh, he put down his pen, and, rising on tiptoe, laid his hand upon his father's shoulder, and, lifting his lips like a little wife, kissed him.

“ Be seated, papa,” he said, offering his own chair, and perching on the desk.

The General took it, and, clearing his throat, gazed around upon the jars and jars with their little Adams and Eves in zoölogical gardens.

“ Is all going well, papa?” finally asked Dr. Mossy.

“ Yes.”

Then there was a long pause.

“ 'Tis a beautiful day,” said the son.

“ Very beautiful,” rejoined the father.

“ I thought there would have been a rain, but it has cleared off,” said the son.

“ Yes,” responded the father, and drummed on the desk.

“ Does it appear to be turning cool?” asked the son.

“ No; it does not appear to be turning cool at all,” was the answer.

“ H'm'm!” said Dr. Mossy.

“ Hem!” said General Villavicencio.

Dr. Mossy, not realizing his own action, stole a glance at his manuscript.

“ I am interrupting you,” said the General, quickly, and rose.

“ No, no! pardon me; be seated; it gives me great pleasure to—I did not know what I was doing. It is the work with which I fill my leisure moments.”

So the General settled down again, and father and son sat very close to each other—in a bodily sense; spiritually they were many miles apart. The General's finger-ends, softly

tapping the desk, had the sound of far-away drums.

"The city—it is healthy?" asked the General.

"Did you ask me if—" said the little Doctor, starting and looking up.

"The city—it has not much sickness at present?" repeated the father.

"No, yes—not much," said Mossy, and, with utter unconsciousness, leaned down upon his elbow and supplied an omitted word to the manuscript.

The General was on his feet as if by the touch of a spring.

"I must go!"

"Ah! no, papa," said the son.

"But yes, I must."

"But wait, papa, I had just now something to speak of—"

"Well?" said the General, standing with his hand on the door, and with rather a dark countenance.

Dr. Mossy touched his fingers to his forehead, trying to remember.

"I fear I have—ah! I rejoice to see your name before the public, dear papa, and at the head of the ticket."

The General's displeasure sank down like an eagle's feathers. He smiled thankfully, and bowed.

"My friends compelled me," he said.

"They think you will be elected?"

"They will not doubt it. But what think you, my son?"

Now the son had a conviction which it would have been madness to express, so he only said :

"They could not elect one more faithful."

The General bowed solemnly.

"Perhaps the people will think so; my friends believe they will."

"Your friends who have used your name should help you as much as they can, papa," said the Doctor. "Myself, I should like to assist you, papa, if I could."

"A-bah!" said the pleased father, incredulously.

"But, yes," said the son.

A thrill of delight filled the General's frame. *This was like a son.*

"Thank you, my son! I thank you much, Ah, Mossy, my dear boy, you make me happy!"

"But," added Mossy, realizing with a tremor how far he had gone, "I see not how it is possible."

The General's chin dropped.

"Not being a public man," continued the Doctor; "unless, indeed, my pen—you might enlist my pen."

He paused with a smile of bashful inquiry. The General stood aghast for a moment, and then caught the idea.

"Certainly! cer-tain-ly! ha, ha, ha!"—backing out of the door—"certainly! Ah! Mossy, you are right, to be sure; to make a complete world we must have swords and pens. Well, my son, 'au revoir; no, I cannot stay—I will return. I hasten to tell my friends that the pen of Dr. Mossy is on our side! Adieu, dear son."

Standing outside on the banquette he bowed—not to Dr. Mossy, but to the balcony of the big red-brick front—a most sunshiny smile, and departed.

The very next morning, as if fate had ordered it, the Villavicencio ticket was attacked—ambushed, as it were, from behind the Américain newspaper. The onslaught was—at least General Villavicencio said it was—absolutely ruffianly. Never had all the lofty courtesies and formalities of chivalric contest been so completely ignored. Poisoned balls—at least personal epithets—were used. The General himself was called "antiquated!" The friends who had nominated him, they were positively sneered at; dubbed "fossils," "old ladies," and their caucus termed "irresponsible"—thunder and lightning! gentlemen of honor to be called "not responsible!" It was asserted that the nomination was made secretly, in a private house, by two or three unauthorized harum-scarums (that touched the very bone) who had with more caution than propriety withheld their names. The article was headed, "The Crayfish-eaters' Ticket." It continued farther to say that, had not the publication of this ticket been regarded as a dull hoax, it would not have been suffered to pass for two weeks unchallenged, and that it was now high time the universal wish should be realized in its withdrawal.

Among the earliest readers of this production was the young Madame. She first enjoyed a quiet gleeful smile over it, and then called :

"Nannie, here, take this down to Dr. Mossy—stop." She marked the communication heavily with her gold pencil. "No answer; he need not return it."

About the same hour, and in a neighboring street, one of the "not responsibles" knocked on the Villavicencio castle gate. The General invited him into his bedroom. With a short and strictly profane harangue the visitor produced the offensive newspaper, and was about to begin reading, when one of those loud nasal blasts, so peculiar to the

Gaul, resounded at the gate, and another "not responsible" entered, more excited, if possible, than the first. Several minutes were spent in exchanging fierce sentiments and slapping the palm of the left hand rapidly with the back of the right. Presently there was a pause for breath.

"Alphonse, proceed to read," said the General, sitting up in bed.

"De Crayfish-eaters' Ticket"—began Alphonse; but a third rapping at the gate interrupted him, and a third "irresponsible" reinforced their number, talking loudly and wildly to the waiting-man as he came up the hall.

Finally, Alphonse read the article. Little by little the incensed gentlemen gave it a hearing, now two words and now three, interrupting it to rip out long, rasping maledictions, and wag their forefingers at each other as they strode ferociously about the apartment.

As Alphonse reached the close, and dashed the paper to the floor, the whole quartette, in terrific unison, cried for the blood of the editor.

But hereupon the General spoke with authority.

"No, Messieurs," he said, buttoning his dressing-gown savagely, "you shall not fight him. I forbid it—you shall not!"

"But," cried the three at once, "one of us must fight, and you—you cannot; if you fight our cause is lost! The candidate must not fight."

"Hah-h! Messieurs," cried the hero, beating his breast and lifting his eyes, "grace au ciel. I have a son. Yes, my beloved friends, a son who shall call the villain out and make him pay for his impudence with blood, or eat his words in to-morrow morning's paper. Heaven be thanked that gave me a son for this occasion! I shall see him at once—as soon as I can dress."

"We will go with you."

"No, gentlemen, let me see my son alone. I can meet you at Maspero's in two hours. Adieu, my dear friends."

He was resolved.

"Au revoir," said the dear friends.

Shortly after, cane in hand, General Villavicencio moved with an ireful stride up the banquette of rue Royale. Just as he passed the red-brick front one of the battened shutters opened the faintest bit, and a certain pair of lovely eyes looked after him, without any of that round simplicity which we have before discovered in them. As he half turned to knock at his son's door he glanced

at this very shutter, but it was as tightly closed as though the house were an enchanted palace.

Dr. Mossy's door, on the contrary, swung ajar when he knocked, and the General entered.

"Well, my son, have you seen that newspaper? No, I think not. I see you have not, since your cheeks are not red with shame and anger."

Dr. Mossy looked up with astonishment from the desk where he sat writing.

"What is that, papa?"

"My faith! Mossy, is it possible you have not heard of the attack upon me, which has surprised and exasperated the city this morning?"

"No," said Dr. Mossy, with still greater surprise, and laying his hand on the arm of his chair.

His father put on a dying look. "My soul!" At that moment his glance fell upon the paper which had been sent in by Madame Délicieuse. "But, Mossy, my son," he screamed, "there it is!" striking it rapidly with one finger—"there! there! there! read it! It calls me 'not responsible!' 'not responsible' it calls me! Read! read!"

"But, papa," said the quiet little Doctor, rising, and accepting the crumpled paper thrust at him. "I have read this. If this is it, well, then, already I am preparing to respond to it."

The General seized him violently, and spreading a suffocating kiss on his face, sealed it with an affectionate oath.

"Ah, Mossy, my boy, you are glorious! You had begun already to write! You are glorious! Read to me what you have written, my son."

The Doctor took up a bit of manuscript, and, resuming his chair, began:

"*Messrs. Editors: On your journal of this morning—*"

"Eh! how! you have not written it in English, is it, son?"

"But, yes, papa."

"'Tis a vile tongue," said the General; "but, if it is necessary—proceed."

"*Messrs. Editors: On your journal of this morning is published an editorial article upon the Villavicencio ticket, which is plentiful and abundant with mistakes. Who is the author or writer of the above said editorial article your correspondent does at present ignore, but doubts not he is one who, hasty to form an opinion, will yet, however, make his assent to the correction of some errors and mistakes which—*"

"Bah!" cried the General.

Dr. Mossy looked up, blushing crimson.

"Bah!" cried the General, still more forcibly. "Bêtise!"

"How?" asked the gentle son.

"Tis all nonsense!" cried the General, bursting into English. "Hall you 'ave to say is: 'Sieur Editeurs! I want you s'all give de nem of de indignan' scoundrel who meek some lies on you' paper about mon père et ses amis!'"

"Ah-h!" said Dr. Mossy, in a tone of derision and anger.

His father gazed at him in mute astonishment. He stood beside his disorderly little desk, his small form drawn up, a hand thrust into his breast, and that look of invincibility in his eyes such as blue eyes sometimes surprise us with.

"You want me to fight," he said.

"My faith!" gasped the General, loosening in all his joints. "I believe—you may cut me in pieces if I do not believe you were going to reason it out in the newspaper! Fight? If I want you to fight? Upon my soul, I believe you do not want to fight!"

"No," said Mossy.

"My God!" whispered the General. His heart seemed to break.

"Yes," said the steadily gazing Doctor, his lips trembling as he opened them. "Yes, your God. I am afraid"—

"Afraid!" gasped the General.

"Yes," rang out the Doctor, "afraid; afraid! God forbid that I should not be afraid. But I will tell you what I do not fear—I call your affairs of honor—murder!"

"My son!" cried the father.

"I retract," cried the son; "consider it unsaid. I will never reproach my father."

"It is well," said the father. "I was wrong. It is my quarrel. I go to settle it myself."

Dr. Mossy moved quickly between his father and the door. General Villavicencio stood before him utterly bowed down.

"What will you?" sadly demanded the old man.

"Papa," said the son, with much tenderness, "I cannot permit you. Fifteen years we were strangers, and yesterday were friends. You must not leave me so. I will even settle this quarrel for you. You must let me. I am pledged to your service."

The peace-loving little Doctor did not mean "to settle," but "to adjust." He felt in an instant that he was misunderstood; yet, as quiet people are apt to do, though not

wishing to deceive, he let the misinterpretation stand. In his embarrassment he did not certainly know what he should do himself.

The father's face—he thought of but one way to settle a quarrel—began instantly to brighten. "I would myself do it," he said apologetically, "but my friends forbid it."

"And so do I," said the Doctor, "but I will go myself now, and will not return until all is finished. Give me the paper."

"My son, I do not wish to compel you."

There was something acid in the Doctor's smile as he answered:

"No; but give me the paper, if you please."

The General handed it.

"Papa," said the son, "you must wait here for my return."

"But I have an appointment at Maspero's at"—

"I will call and make excuse for you," said the son.

"Well," consented the almost happy father, "go, my son; I will stay. But if some of your sick shall call?"

"Sit quiet," said the son. "They will think no one is here." And the General noticed that the dust lay so thick on the panes that a person outside would have to put his face close to the glass to see within.

In the course of half an hour the Doctor had reached the newspaper office, thrice addressed himself to the wrong person, finally found the courteous editor, and easily convinced him that his father had been imposed upon; but when Dr. Mossy went farther, and asked which one of the talented editorial staff had written the article:

"You see, Doctor," said the editor—"just step into my private office a moment."

They went in together. The next minute saw Dr. Mossy departing hurriedly from the place, while the editor complacently resumed his pen, assured that he would not return.

General Villavicencio sat and waited among the serpents and innocents. His spirits began to droop again. Revolving Mossy's words, he could not escape the fear that possibly, after all, his son might compromise the Villavicencio honor in the interests of peace. Not that he preferred to put his son's life in jeopardy; he would not object to an adjustment, provided the enemy should beg for it. But if not, whom would his son select to perform those friendly offices indispensable in polite quarrels? Some half-

priest, half-woman? Some spectacled book-worm? He suffered.

The monotony of his passive task was relieved by one or two callers who had the sagacity (or bad manners) to peer through the dirty glass, and then open the door, to whom, half rising from his chair, he answered, with a polite smile, that the Doctor was out, nor could he say how long he might be absent. Still the time dragged painfully, and he began at length to wonder why Mossy did not return.

There came a rap at the glass door different from all the raps that had forerun it—a fearless, but gentle, dignified, graceful rap; and the General, before he looked round, felt in all his veins that it came from the young Madame. Yes, there was her glorious outline thrown sidewise upon the glass. He hastened and threw open the door, bending low at the same instant, and extending his hand.

She extended hers also, but not to take his. With a calm dexterity that took the General's breath, she reached between him and the door, and closed it.

"What have you?" anxiously asked the General,—for her face, in spite of its smile, was severe.

"General," she began, ignoring his inquiry—and, with all her Creole bows, smiles, and insinuating phrases, the severity of her countenance but partially waned—"I came to see my physician—your son. Ah! General, when I find you reconciled to your son it makes me think I am in heaven. You will let me say so? You will not be offended with the old playmate of your son?"

She gave him no time to answer.

"He is out, I think, is he not? But I am glad of it. It gives us occasion to rejoice together over his many merits. For you know, General, in all the years of your estrangement Mossy had no friend like myself. I am proud to tell you so now; is it not so?"

The General was so taken aback that, when he had thanked her in a mechanical way, he could say nothing else. She seemed to fall for a little while into a sad meditation that embarrassed the General beyond measure. But as he opened his mouth to speak, she resumed:

"Nobody knew him so well as I; though I, poor me, I could not altogether understand him; for look you, General, he was—what do you think?—a great man!—nothing less."

"How?" asked the General, not knowing what else to respond.

"You never dreamed of that, eh?" continued the lady. "But, of course not; nobody did but me. Some of those Américains, I suppose, knew it; but who would ever ask them? Here in Royal street, in New Orleans, where we people know nothing and care nothing but for meat, drink, and pleasure, he was only Dr. Mossy, who gave pills. My faith! General, no wonder you were disappointed in your son, for you thought the same. Ah! yes, you did! But why did you not ask me, his old playmate? I knew better. I could have told you how your little son stood head and shoulders above the crowd. I could have told you some things too wonderful to believe. I could have told you that his name was known and honored in the scientific schools of Paris, of London, of Germany! Yes! I could have shown you"—she warmed as she proceeded—"I could have shown you letters (I begged them of him), written as between brother and brother, from the foremost men of science and discovery!"

She stood up, her eyes flashing with excitement.

"But why did you never tell me?" cried the General.

"He never would allow me—but you—why did you not ask me? I will tell you; you were too proud to mention your son. But he had pride to match yours—ha!—achieving all—everything—with an assumed name! 'Let me tell your father,' I implored him; but—'let him find me out,' he said, and you never found him out. Ah! there he was fine. He would not, he said, though only for your sake, re-enter your affections as anything more or less than just—your son. Ha!"

And so she went on. Twenty times the old General was astonished anew, twenty times was angry or alarmed enough to cry out, but twenty times she would not be interrupted. Once he attempted a laugh, but again her hand commanded silence.

"Behold, Monsieur, all these dusty specimens, these revolting fragments. How have you blushed to know that our idle people laugh in their sleeves at these things! How have you blushed—and you his father! But why did you not ask me? I could have told you: 'Sir, your son is not an apothecary; not one of these ugly things but has helped him on in the glorious path of discovery; discovery, General—your son—known in Europe as a scientific discoverer!' Ah-h! the blind people say, 'how is that, that General Villavicencio should be dissatisfied with

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his son? He is a good man, and a good doctor, only a little careless, that's all.' But you were more blind still, for you shut your eyes tight like this; when, had you searched for his virtues as you did for his faults, you, too, might have known before it was too late what nobility, what beauty, what strength, were in the character of your poor, poor son!"

"Just Heaven! Madame, you shall not speak of my son as of one dead and buried! But, if you have some bad news."

"Your son took your quarrel on his hands, eh?"

"I believe so—I think —"

"Well; I saw him an hour ago in search of your slanderer!"

"He must find him!" said the General, plucking up.

"But if the search is already over," slowly responded Madame.

The father looked one instant in her face, then rose with an exclamation:

"Where is my son? What has happened? Do you think I am a child, to be trifled with—a horse to be teased? Tell me of my son!"

Madame was stricken with genuine anguish.

"Take your chair," she begged; "wait; listen; take your chair."

"Never!" cried the General; "I am going to find my son—my God! Madame, you have *locked this door!* What are you that you should treat me so? Give me, this instant —"

"Oh! Monsieur, I beseech you to take your chair and I will tell you all. You can do nothing now. Listen! suppose you should rush out and find that your son had played the coward at last! Sit down and —"

"Ah! Madame, this is play!" cried the distracted man.

"But no; it is not play. Sit down; I want to ask you something."

He sank down and she stood over him, anguish and triumph strangely mingled in her beautiful face.

"General, tell me true; did not you force this quarrel into your son's hand? I know he would not choose to have it. Did you not do it to test his courage, because all these fifteen years you have made yourself a fool with the fear that he became a student only to escape being a soldier? Did you not?"

Her eyes looked him through and through.

"And if I did?" demanded he with faint defiance.

"Yes! and if he has made dreadful haste and proved his courage?" asked she.

"Well, then,"—the General straightened up triumphantly—"then he is my son!"

He beat the desk.

"And heir to your wealth, for example?"

"Certainly."

The lady bowed in solemn mockery.

"It will make him a magnificent funeral!"

The father bounded up and stood speechless, trembling from head to foot. Madame looked straight in his eye.

"Your son has met the writer of that article."

"Where?" the old man's lips tried to ask.

"Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a passage way."

"My God! and the villain —"

"Lives!" cried Madame.

He rushed to the door, forgetting that it was locked.

"Give me that key!" he cried, wrenched at the knob, turned away bewildered, turned again toward it, and again away; and at every step and turn he cried, "Oh! my son, my son! I have killed my son! Oh! Mossy, my son, my little boy! Oh! my son, my son!"

Madame buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. Then the father hushed his cries and stood for a moment before her.

"Give me the key, Clarisse, let me go."

She rose and laid her face on his shoulder.

"What is it, Clarisse?" asked he.

"Your son and I were ten years betrothed."

"Oh, my child!"

"Because, being disinherited, he would not be my husband."

"Alas! would to God I had known it! Oh! Mossy, my son."

"Oh! Monsieur," cried the lady, clasping her hands, "forgive me—mourn no more—your son is unharmed! I wrote the article—I am your recanting slanderer! Your son is hunting for me now. I told my aunt to misdirect him. I slipped by him unseen in the carriage-way."

The wild old General, having already staggered back and rushed forward again, would have seized her in his arms, had not the little Doctor himself at that instant violently rattled the door and shook his finger at them playfully as he peered through the glass.

"Behold!" said Madame, attempting a smile; "open to your son; here is the key."

She sank into a chair.

Father and son leaped into each other's arms; then turned to Madame:

"Ah! thou lovely mischief-maker."

She had fainted away.

"Ah! well, keep out of the way, if you please, papa," said Dr. Mossy, as Madame presently re-opened her eyes; "no wonder you fainted; you have finished some hard work—see; here; so; Clarisse, dear, take this."

Father and son stood side by side, tenderly regarding her as she revived.

"Now, papa, you may kiss her; she is quite herself again, already."

"My daughter!" said the stately General; "this is my son's ransom; and, with this, I withdraw the Villavicencio ticket."

"You shall not," exclaimed the laughing lady, throwing her arms about his neck.

"But, yes!" he insisted; "my faith! you will at least allow me to remove my dead from the field."

"But, certainly;" said the son; "see Clarisse, here is Madame, your aunt, asking us all into the house. Let us go."

The group passed out into the rue Royale, Doctor Mossy shutting the door behind them. The sky was blue, the air was soft and balmy, and on the sweet south breeze, to which the old General bared his grateful brow, floated a ravishing odor of—

"Ah! what is it?" the veteran asked of the younger pair, seeing the little aunt glance at them with a playful smile.

Madame Délicieuse, for almost the first time in her life, and Doctor Mossy for the thousandth—blushed.

It was the odor of orange blossoms.

THE AWAKENING.

FROM day to day the dreary Heaven
Outpoured its hopeless heart in rain;
The conscious pines, half shuddering, heard
The secret of the East Wind's pain.

Mist veiled the sun;—the somber land,
In floating cloud-wracks densely furled,
Seemed shut forever from the bloom,
And gladness of the living world.

From week to week the changeless Heaven
Wept on;—and still its secret pain
To the bent pine-trees sobbed the wind,
In hollow truces of the rain.

'Till in a sunset hour, whose light
Pale hints of radiance pulsed o'erhead,
Afar the moaning East Wind died,
And the mild West Wind breathed instead.

Then the clouds broke, and ceased the rain;
The sunset many a kindling shaft
Shot to the wood's heart;—Nature rose,
And through her soft-lipped verdures laughed

Low to the breeze; as some fair maid,
Love wakes from troubrous dreams, might rise,
Half-dazed, yet happy,—mists of sleep
Still hovering in her haunted eyes!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

What the Centennial ought to accomplish.

We are to have grand doings next year. There is to be an Exposition. There are to be speeches, and songs, and processions, and elaborate ceremonies and general rejoicings. Cannon are to be fired, flags are to be floated, and the eagle is expected to scream while he dips the tip of either pinion in the Atlantic and the Pacific, and sprinkles the land with a new baptism of freedom. The national oratory will exhaust the figures of speech in patriotic glorification, while the effete civilizations of the Old World, and the despots of the East, tottering upon their tumbling thrones, will rub their eyes and sleepily inquire, "What's the row?" The Centennial is expected to celebrate in a fitting way—somewhat dimly apprehended, it is true—the birth of a nation.

Well, the object is a good one. When the old colonies declared themselves free, they took a grand step in the march of progress; but now, before we begin our celebration of this event, would it not be well for us to inquire whether we have a nation? In a large number of the States of this country there exists not only a belief that the United States do not constitute a nation, but a theory of State rights which forbids that they ever shall become one. We hear about the perturbed condition of the Southern mind. We hear it said that multitudes there are just as disloyal as they were during the civil war. This, we believe, we are justified in denying. Before the war they had a theory of State rights. They fought to establish that theory, and they now speak of the result as "the lost cause." They are not actively in rebellion, and they do not propose to be. They do not hope for the re-establishment of slavery. They fought bravely and well to establish their theory, but the majority was against them; and if the result of the war emphasized any fact, it was that *en masse* the people of the United States constitute a nation—indivisible in constituents, in interest, in destiny. The result of the war was without significance, if it did not mean that the United States constitute a nation which cannot be divided; which will not permit itself to be divided; which is integral, indissoluble, indestructible. We do not care what theories of State rights are entertained outside of this. State rights, in all the States, should be jealously guarded, and, by all legitimate means, defended. New York should be as jealous of her State prerogatives as South Carolina or Louisiana; but this theory which makes of the Union a rope of sand, and of the States a collection of petty nationalities that can at liberty drop the bands which hold them together, is forever exploded. It has been tested at the point of the bayonet. It went down in blood, and went down for all time. Its adherents may mourn over the fact, as we can never cease to mourn over the events which accompanied it, over the sad, incalculable cost to them and to those who opposed them. The great

point with them is to recognize the fact that, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health, until death do us part, these United States constitute a nation; that we are to live, grow, prosper, and suffer together, united by bands that cannot be sundered.

Unless this fact is fully recognized throughout the Union, our Centennial will be but a hollow mockery. If we are to celebrate anything worth celebrating, it is the birth of a nation. If we are to celebrate anything worth celebrating, it should be by the whole heart and united voice of the nation. If we can make the Centennial an occasion for emphasizing the great lesson of the war, and universally assenting to the results of the war, it will, indeed, be worth all the money expended upon and the time devoted to it. If around the old Altars of Liberty we cannot rejoin our hands in brotherly affection and national loyalty, let us spike the cannon that will only proclaim our weakness, put our flags at half-mast, smother our eagles, eat our ashes, and wait for our American alioe to give us a better blossoming.

A few weeks ago, Mr. Jefferson Davis, the ex-President of the Confederacy, was reported to have exhorted an audience to which he was speaking to be as loyal to the old flag of the Union now as they were during the Mexican War. If the South could know what music there was in these words to Northern ears—how grateful we were to their old chief for them—it would appreciate the strength of our longing for a complete restoration of the national feeling that existed when Northern and Southern blood mingled in common sacrifice on Mexican soil. This national feeling, this national pride, this brotherly sympathy *must be restored*; and accursed be any Northern or Southern man, whether in power or out of power, whether politician, theorizer, carpet-bagger, president-maker or plunderer, who puts obstacles in the way of such a restoration. Men of the South, we want you. Men of the South, we long for the restoration of your peace and your prosperity. We would see your cities thriving, your homes happy, your plantations teeming with plenteous harvests, your schools overflowing, your wisest statesmen leading you, and all causes and all memories of discord wiped out forever. You do not believe this? Then you do not know the heart of the North. Have you cause of complaint against the politicians? Alas! so have we. Help us, as loving and loyal American citizens, to make our politicians better. Only remember and believe that there is nothing that the North wants so much to-day, as your recognition of the fact that the old relations between you and us are forever restored—that your hope, your pride, your policy, and your destiny are one with ours. Our children will grow up to despise our childishness, if we cannot do away with our personal hates so far, that in the cause of an established nationality we may join hands under the old flag.

To bring about this reunion of the two sections

of the country in the old fellowship, should be the leading object of the approaching Centennial. A celebration of the national birth, begun, carried on, and finished by a section, would be a mockery and a shame. The nations of the world might well point at it the finger of scorn. The money expended upon it were better sunk in the sea, or devoted to repairing the waste places of the war. Men of the South, it is for you to say whether your magnanimity is equal to your valor—whether you are as reasonable as you are brave, and whether, like your old chief, you accept that definite and irreversible result of the war which makes you and yours forever members of the great American nation with us. Let us see to it, North and South, that the Centennial heals all the old wounds, reconciles all the old differences, and furnishes the occasion for such a reunion of the great American nationality, as shall make our celebration an expression of fraternal good-will among all sections and all States, and a corner-stone over which shall be reared a new temple to national freedom, concord, peace, and prosperity.

Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI is a remarkable place. It is awful to remember how many hogs have been killed and cut up there, within the last half century. It is fearful to think of the multiplication of such tragedies as Dr. Holmes has depicted that must have taken place there—of the four-footed wraiths and specters which haunt the palaces reared on the bones of the popular animal. The people drink of the water that flows by them, as yellow as the Tiber. They breathe an atmosphere of lamp-black, and the ladies are accomplished in the delicate art of blowing the flocculent carbon from their ears, as it drops from chimneys that vomit blackness. The buildings take on the grime of age in five years, and look five centuries old before they are settled and have finished their cracking. We are told that they make beer there, and sell it. We suppose somebody drinks it, and pays for the privilege of doing so—which is a mystery. They climb their hills in elevators to win the prospect of a city which seems to have been burned down, and to be still smoking in its ruin.

But Cincinnati, with all its drawbacks, is intellectually and artistically alive. More than that, its people, though accounted slow in the latitude of Chicago, and given over to material things in the polite society of Boston, are intelligently public-spirited and grandly self-sacrificing. There is not a city in the Union where so much is doing at this time for polite culture, as in Cincinnati. A few weeks ago, a musical festival was celebrated there, conducted by our prince of musicians, Theodore Thomas. He found there an orchestra which he immediately incorporated with his own, and which melted into it without a jar—it is equal in all particulars. He found a chorus of a thousand well-trained voices, gathered alike from the humbler and higher walks of life. He found a chorus of two thousand public-school children, trained in music as no other

public-school children have ever been trained in this country. Through seven magnificent performances, following in rapid succession, and including such works as Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and the Seventh and Ninth Symphonies, he led all these musicians from triumph to triumph, in the presence of charmed and applauding crowds, gathered from every part of the country. The festival was, perhaps, the greatest musical achievement of which our new country can boast—greater than New York has ever known—great beyond New York's present possibilities. This triumph was due to unity of spirit and purpose, and loyalty to all the conditions of success. Girls of the best culture, traipsed in music by the best masters at home and abroad, were members of the chorus, who, in snow, and rain, and cold, had stood by the drill-master all the long winter, taking the honor of Cincinnati on their shoulders and bearing it bravely.

But Cincinnati is not music-mad, nor devoted to music alone. She has a splendid public library in one of the best library buildings on the continent. She has the nucleus of a gallery of art. She has an art school, to which one citizen has given fifty thousand dollars. The ladies in large numbers are carving wood under a competent instructor. Others are painting porcelain, with remarkable results. She has an annual exposition of art and industry, annually increasing in interest and in practical results, and attracting the attention and attendance of many thousands from all parts of the country. Her musical festival was held in the Exposition Hall. She has a new park that will be, when completed, a gem. She has the beginning of a Zoological Garden and a Botanical Garden. One of the most beautiful fountains in the world adorns one of her squares, the gift of a private citizen. Another citizen has just given fifty thousand dollars for music in the park *in perpetuo*. Since the festival, still another citizen has given a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars toward a music hall. The men of wealth vie with one another in munificence toward all objects that elevate the social, intellectual, and aesthetic tone of the people.

Now, we have not written this article for the purpose of glorifying Cincinnati, any further than justice may demand a recognition of all agencies tending to raise and purify the national civilization; but for the purpose of calling attention everywhere to that which is the highest use of superfluous wealth, and the true glory of a city. Cincinnati is doing for herself, not only that which makes her citizens better and happier, but that which makes her respected and widely attractive. Under the influences which she is throwing around herself, the desire for luxurious display, the vulgarizing devotion to material pursuits, the greed for gossip, the false standards of respectability, the boastfulness of ignorance, will go out; and, in a hundred years, she will arrive at a higher civilization than the cities of the Old World have attained in a thousand. Material growth and prosperity are of little moment if they are not accompanied by generous culture. A city that has nothing to boast of but its wealth and

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its growth, is necessarily vulgar and contemptible. A city may be without a character as truly as a man may be. To have a city's head full of projects connected with the culture of the brain and the taste, is a great deal better than to have it filled with corner lots and the price of wheat. It is well to get rich, but when one is rich, it is necessary to have culture in order that life be worth living.

Well, we congratulate Cincinnati on its noble beginnings. We trust it will not get weary in its well-doing, but that it will continue to be, what it now undoubtedly is, an inspiring example for all the young cities of the country.

The Next Duty.

THIS is an epoch of elevators. We do not climb to our rooms in the hotel; we ride. We do not reach the upper stories of Stewart's by slow and patient steps; we are lifted there. The Simplon is crossed by a railroad, and steam has usurped the place of the Alpen-stock on the Rhigi. The climb which used to give us health on Mount Holyoke, and a beautiful prospect, with the reward of rest, is now purchased for twenty-five cents of a stationary engine.

If our efforts to get our bodies into the air by machinery were not complemented by our efforts to get our lives up in the same way, we might not find much fault with them; but, in truth, the tendency everywhere is to get up in the world without climbing. Yearnings after the Infinite are in the fashion. Aspirations for eminence—even ambitions for usefulness—are altogether in advance of the willingness for the necessary preliminary discipline and work. The amount of vaporizing among young men and young women, who desire to do something which somebody else is doing—something far in advance of their present powers—is fearful and most lamentable. They are not willing to climb the stairway; they must go up in an elevator. They are not willing to scale the rocks in a walk of weary hours, under a broiling sun; they would go up in a car with an umbrella over their heads. They are unable, or unwilling, to recognize the fact that, in order to do that very beautiful thing which some other man is doing, they must go slowly through the discipline, through the maturing processes of time, through the patient work, which have made him what he is, and fitted him for his sphere of life and labor. In short, they are not willing to do their next duty, and take what comes of it.

No man now standing on an eminence of influence and power, and doing great work, has arrived at his position by going up in an elevator. He took the stairway, step by step. He climbed the rocks, often with bleeding hands. He prepared himself by the work of climbing for the work he is doing. He never accomplished an inch of his elevation by standing at the foot of the stairs with his mouth open and longing. There is no "royal road" to anything good—not even to wealth. Money that has not been paid for in life is not wealth. It goes as it comes. There is no element of permanence in it.

The man who reaches his money in an elevator does not know how to enjoy it; so it is not wealth to him. To get a high position without climbing to it, to win wealth without earning it, to do fine work without the discipline necessary to its performance, to be famous, or useful, or ornamental without preliminary cost, seems to be the universal desire of the young. The children would begin where the fathers leave off.

What exactly is the secret of true success in life? It is to do, without flinching, and with utter faithfulness, the duty that stands next to one. When a man has mastered the duties around him, he is ready for those of a higher grade, and he takes naturally one step upward. When he has mastered the duties at the new grade, he goes on climbing. There are no surprises to the man who arrives at eminence legitimately. It is entirely natural that he should be there, and he is as much at home there, and as little elated, as when he was working patiently at the foot of the stairs. There are heights above him, and he remains humble and simple.

Preachments are of little avail, perhaps; but when one comes into contact with so many men and women who put aspiration in the place of perspiration, and yearning for earning, and longing for labor, he is tempted to say to them: "Stop looking up, and look around you! Do the work that first comes to your hands, and do it well. Take no upward step until you come to it naturally, and have won the power to hold it. The top, in this little world, is not so very high, and patient climbing will bring you to it ere you are aware."

Did he Succeed?

SOMEWHAT less than forty years ago there moved among the students of Yale College a young man, poorly dressed, put princely in bearing and in mind. He was bred in the country, among humble surroundings, but he was a gentleman from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and in every fiber of his body and mind. Slender, tall, handsome, with an intellectual brow, a fine voice and a Christian spirit, he had every possession of nature and culture necessary to win admiration, respect, and affection. This man was poor; so, before his educational course was completed, he was obliged to leave college, and to resort to teaching for a livelihood; but, wherever he moved, he won the strongest personal friends. Men named their boys after him. Women regarded him as a model man, and the name of STILLMAN A. CLEMENS stood in high honor in all the little communities in which it was known.

He was particularly fond of mechanics and mathematics—a born inventor, with more than the ordinary culture of the American inventor. He had an exquisite literary faculty, rare wit, a fine appreciation of humor, and good conversational powers. Indeed, he seemed to be furnished with all desirable powers and accomplishments except those which were necessary to enable him to "get on in the world." He was born poor, and, the other day, after a life of dreams and disappointments, he died poor. The brown head and beard had grown gray, the spare

figure was bowed, and the end of his life was accompanied by circumstances of torture which need not be detailed here. The life which, for thirty years, had been an unbroken struggle with adversity, went out, and the weary worker was at rest.

The inventor's dreams were always large. They all had "millions in them." First, in an arrangement of centrifugal force for the development of motive power; then in a machine or process for detaching the manila fiber; then in a cotton-press of unique construction, for compressing cotton so completely at the gin that it would need no further treatment for shipping; then in a flax-dressing machine; and last, in a railway which was to displace forever the present railway system, and solve the problem of cheap transportation. In the cotton-compressing machine he made an incidental invention, to which he attached no special importance, out of which others have since made the fortune which, during all his life, was denied to him. He strewed his way all along with ideas of immense value to all around him. It is not a year since he read his paper before an association of engineers at Chicago, exposing in detail his railway invention; and it is said that on the morning of his death he was called upon by a capitalist, with reference to subjecting this invention to a practical test. It was a magnificent project, and we hope that it may yet be tried, though he in whose fertile brain it originated is beyond the satisfaction of success and the shame of failure.

Well, did our friend succeed, or did he fail? There were mean men around him who became rich. There were sordid men in the large community in which his later years were spent whose money flowed in upon them by millions. There were brokers and speculators, and merchants and hotel proprietors, and manufacturers, who won more wealth than they knew how to use, while he was toiling for the begrimed pittance that gave him bread, or floundering in the new disappointments with which each year was freighted. They "succeeded," as the world would

say, but let us see what this man did. He used every faculty he possessed for forwarding the world's great interests. He put all his vitality, all his ingenuity, all his knowledge, into his country's service. The outcome is not yet, but the outcome is just as sure as the sprouting of a sound seed in good soil. The wealth he did not win will go into the coffers of others. He never sacrificed his manhood. He kept himself spotless. He did not repine or whine. The man who saw him in his last years found him still the courteous Christian gentleman, bearing his trials with patience, trusting in the infinite goodness, accepting his discipline with more than equanimity, and still hopeful and persistent. He maintained his courage and his self-respect. He won and kept his personal friends. He went to his grave with clean hands, and his soul ready for the welcome exchange of worlds. He left behind him the memory of a character which money cannot build and cannot buy. It was an honor to be affectionately associated with him. It is a high honor to be called upon to record the lesson of his life, and a high duty to command it.

Did he succeed? Yes, he did; and the community in which rest his precious remains could do itself no higher honor than to erect over them a stone bearing the inscription: "Here lies Stillman A. Clemens, who died poor in this world's goods and poor in spirit, but rich in faith, rich in mind and heart, rich in character and in all the graces of a Christian gentleman, and rich in the affection of all who knew him and were worthy of his acquaintance."

That he wanted wealth to bestow upon those whom he loved we do not doubt. That he wanted it to prove that his dreams were not baseless, is true, we presume. That he dreamed of it among his other dreams would be very natural. The dream has come true.

"That dream he carried in a hopeful spirit,
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And the Redemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him."

THE OLD CABINET.

"Let spouting fountains cool the air,
Singing in the sun-baked square."

ARE these the same people who were here last year? I ask, as I sit on a bench by the fountain, and the sky grows darker and bluer, and the gas-lights redder in the windows round the square. I recognize none of the faces. But even last year they were almost all new every evening.

It is curious to see what a quieting effect the fountain has: there is no loud talking. Indeed, all but a few are sitting perfectly quiet, staring mainly at the fountain—and unconsciously lulled by its delicate, monotonous splatter. A fountain has the same sooth-ing effect as a wood-fire on the hearth.

One cannot help speculating about the thoughts of some of these people. At first look, no doubt,

most persons appear commonplace. But it is with persons as with familiar words: when you intently consider them for awhile, they take on a certain strangeness. So these commonplace men and women and young people, as one sits here and considers them, begin to be invested with a new interest. Under such circumstances, it is easy to attribute sentimental cogitations. The plain, lonely little lady on the next bench, with her brown dress and brown bonnet and ivory-handled umbrella and black kid gloves—she is asking herself why he does not come; it is nearly time to start for the Hippodrome Concert; ah! she sees him over her shoulder crossing Fourth Avenue at Sixteenth street; and, involuntarily, her left hand goes up to her bonnet-strings, and her fingers make that queer little intricate motion,

He used the world's his inge-
s service, is just as good soil, coifers of He kept fine. The him still in his trials goodness, unanimity, gained his kept his with clean exchange of a not buy. rated with to record recommend it. commu- do itself a stone fulman. A. goods and mind and es of a ion of all nce." se whom ed it to true, we his other as come

him."

is with intently certain women them, Under imental on the brown back kid come; the Con- crossing volunta- gies, and motion,

peculiar to the feminine hand, which leaves the bow so shapely and elastic. It is natural to suppose that these are the matters which engross her mind. But it is quite likely to be otherwise. Nobody does come in fact, and it is very probable that she is thinking merely of some stirring shopping experience of the day; something that engaged her thoughts actively for a short time, but had been forgotten—just as in the listlessness that precedes sleep at night, the incident of the day most engrossing returns and mixes with our dreams. The ordinary-looking man at my left, in trowsers of a gray striped pattern, black coat, and white stove-pipe—he is simply trying to decide whether he had better have his summer suit made to order, of English goods, warranted to last two seasons, at forty-five dollars; or buy a ready-made suit for twenty dollars,—in which case he would have more than enough money left to buy a new suit of the same quality next year, instead of wearing the old one—the question resolving itself into a matter of cut, and whether an old suit, well cut, looks better than a new suit that—but, gracious! what is the matter with the man in striped trowsers?—he mutters to himself, shows his narrow white teeth under his moustache, and glares into vacancy—at what unseen foe, Heaven only knows.

You see, mind-reading is difficult for any but an expert. When I was a small observer I had a way of climbing up and leaning close over the head of some member of the family, and imagining that our brains were one, and thus discovering his thought. I really seemed to myself to enter into the individuality of another, in that way; but I could never put my discovery into words. You see, also, that generalization is as dangerous with regard to humanity as it is with regard to art. Everything admonishes us of that, and yet we are so slow to learn. It was only lately that the newspapers were passing around the trite remark of a writer in an English scientific journal, to the effect that during an English spring it is always rash to speak of winter in the past tense. Whenever a person states a thing positively, he should hold himself in readiness to discover that a statement that seems to be exactly opposite is equally true. One of the advantages of having our criticism done by men of genius is, that, for all their prejudice and dogmatism, for all their insistence upon methods which they themselves have found successful, every now and then they cry out mightily against the shackles of precedent and convention, of dictation or advice, against the rigid application of any general rules or observations whatsoever. There is, too, a magnificent inconsistency about them, which itself enforces the lesson of freedom and hope. Ruskin insists that women cannot paint; he runs against a picture by Miss Thomson, and away to the winds with his theory and dictum. It does one good to read the master critic Lessing's protests against the generalizations of half-baked philosophers. And it is one of the pleasures of reading this book of Swinburne's ("Essays and Studies"), that here and there, in his multitudinous but often eloquent talk, he says splendid things about these hateful and hampering generalities. Take this: "All the ineffably

foolish jargon and jangle of critics about classic subjects, and romantic, remote or immediate interests, duties of the poet to face and handle this thing instead of that, or his own age instead of another, can only serve to darken counsel by words without knowledge; a poet of the first order raises all subjects to the first rank, and puts the life-blood of an equal interest into Hebrew forms or Greek, medieval or modern, yesterday or yestererage."

THE arrogant tone of much of Swinburne's book may partly be excused, when we consider the stone wall of Philistinism against which the poet critic must needs dash himself in his "youth and enthusiasm." American Philistinism is bad enough, but it is not fortified by such century-rooted prejudice, and such abounding cleverness among the artists themselves, as exist in England. The hoarse falsetto into which his well-tuned voice sometimes breaks, the loathsome invective in which he sometimes indulges, have, at least, an explanation. And also much must be forgiven in one who loves much. There is too little of enthusiasm about—too little of pure, unadulterated, buoyant, proselyting delight in—the works of contemporary genius. We do not easily give ourselves up to pleasure in anything—we Anglo-Saxons. That gentle traveler, John Burroughs, struck the true note in writing about his first view of England—the old mother at last, no longer a faith or a fable. "Why should I not exult?" he cries. "Go to! I will be indulged. These trees, those fields, that bird darting along the hedge-rows, those men and boys picking blackberries in October, those English flowers by the roadside (stop the carriage while I leap out and pluck them); the homely, domestic look of things; those houses, those queer vehicles, those thick-coated horses, those big-footed, coarsely clad, clear-skinned men and women; this massive, homely, compact architecture. Let me have a good look, for this is my first hour in England, and I am drunk with the joy of seeing." Swinburne exults; go to! ye who blame him for that. Look into your own brains and hearts, and inquire closely whether you have enough of either to see what he sees and feel what he feels. Disloyalty to genius—it is one of the crimes of our age as of every other! If we allow ourselves to rejoice without stint in any true poet of our time, we are almost sure to avenge later upon him our sin of enthusiasm. We are not content to sift the bad from the good, as our minds and tastes mature or change; but we sweep all his work aside together with scorn and contumely; and the fault of individuals is the crime of generations. Every poet, like every dog, has his day. Thank Heaven that long testing time holds its inevitable and indestructible reward. Meanwhile we can afford to bear with those who "read a poet, as he should be read, with enthusiasm," and praise him, as he should be praised, lovingly and strenuously. The painter with no splendor of color can match the charm of nature, though he may err in his graphic analysis of her beauty.

So much in favor of Swinburne's glowing eulogy of Rossetti,—marvelous poet and painter that he is,

and worthy of the splendid discipleship he has won. It is not desirable to discuss here the question of his rank, which Swinburne confidently declares to be supreme among English poets of our day. But there is a single critical point which may be spoken of in this connection; a vital point it is, too, and deserving of more argument than may here be given it. There are certain portions of Rossetti's work which are an abomination in the eyes of the Philistines, and have earned for him a reputed place in the ranks of what is called, with more or less of intelligence, the *fleshy school*. It is a singular fact, that among the English critics who denounce Rossetti, and that ilk, with the greatest virulence, are to be found some of the most ardent admirers of our American Walt Whitman. But, leaving out utterly all vexed questions of delicacy and morality, and all questions of art based upon, or in any way associated with, moral considerations, let us look at a certain tendency in Whitman and a certain tendency in Rossetti in the simple light of art and literary workmanship. I hold that it is not incompatible with the intense enjoyment of whatever is beautiful and whatever is great in either of these poets (poets between whom it is intended to make no comparison here, but who are now associated merely for a trait which they have in common), to feel and to maintain that certain methods which they employ are, artistically, weak and bad. The literary tyro and the literary sentimental, in attempting to give the effect of pathos, for instance, are both ignorant of any better method than that of downright statement. They say that the scene was *pathetic*, using the very word; telling, in a weakly, bawling fashion, about this most pitiful incident; and calling upon the hearer to shed tears forthwith, as there is evidently nothing else to be done. This is the way a school-girl writes; this is the way that Dickens wrote. There is no suggestion, no mastery, no art in this method of producing an effect of pathos. Well, Walt Whitman desires to convey the idea of virility, and how does he do it? It need not be said how he does it, but his readers know very well. Rossetti wants to convey an idea itself essentially poetic, and in which love enters; and how has he done that in one notable instance? He has done it in language which, in its directness, though not in any coarseness, is allied to Whitman's. The effect is sought to be produced by means which, it is suggested, are not artistic, and which are the same as those employed by the sentimental in the manner above indicated. If it be urged that Shakespeare is almost as direct, but not as unpleasant, it may be answered that Shakespeare's mood and Shakespeare's art are higher and better,—more impersonal and more spontaneous,—which might be enforced with greater fullness if that were necessary.

ENOUGH of this, however. Enough of flaw-finding and criticism. No words that the present writer could utter would express his own profound delight in the work of, and his obligation to, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Why will not Messrs. Roberts Brothers, who have already published his original poems, let

us have an American edition of his "Dante and his Circle." Send for the English plates, Messrs. Roberts, and give us a duplicate of the volume, paper, print, cover, and all. Let us have it as a Christmas offering in all our homes.

IT HAS often been said that the dividing ocean makes of America a posterity in relation to the works of European writers. In the view of this geographical posterity how pitiful and worthless seems the spirit of discord and hate hinted at in these critical pages of Swinburne. Are cowl and reproach and calumny inevitably associated with the artist life? Must those who create and those who love the beautiful always be hurting each other, as if the world did not rasp and hurt them enough without this? For a poet to despise a poet, that is something monstrous: for the poet himself should best know the worth of him who, as Sidney said, with a tale forsooth cometh unto us, with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue.

BUT we are still in the Square.

There is a question which one cannot help asking as he contemplates these thronging people: The spirit of youth, the spirit of youth, has it departed from this one or from that one? That spirit, I mean, which may be absent from the child and present in the gray-beard; that buoyancy and hope which can make the hardest life happy, and without which the easiest life is stale and tired indeed. Perhaps this is the main question after all; for if this spirit is not, how can faith itself have any but a dry and barren existence?

How is it, I ask, with that group of three—the bare-headed Irishwoman, with her bare-headed baby in her lap, and a bare-headed girl of ten by her side? They are all three silent; even the baby is still,—under the spell of the fountain. Somehow they do not trouble me, this little group. The world will not be very gentle with them, you may be sure; but, to whatever miseries life may have in store for them, will not be added any nineteenth century psychologies or subtleties whatsoever. I cannot help noting the phantasy: the wind has blown the hairs of the girl's head loose, and, as she is between me and the gaslight, her head is set in a halo. Why should not the Square have its saint? I, at least, salute thee, my little lady of the fountain.

The policeman in his gray uniform standing yonder with his foot on the coping, grave, important, happy,—ah! the spirit of youth is with him also. Time cannot touch his dignity, nor will his last moments be without their official consolation; in his imagination he shall see the funereal pageant, and hear the tramp of the squad.

The spirit of youth, the spirit of youth, it has not departed from that passing middle-aged gentleman with his hat coyly set upon the side of his head; it has not departed from that sentimental young man in the third seat, who, I happen to know, looks upon the universe as a dismal failure, and is probably

at this moment trying to make the fountain responsible for some very bad magazine poetry. It has not departed from those young children who are chasing each other like mad around the narrow coping of the basin. It has not departed from the fountain itself, springing incessantly against the sky; streaming out white and yellow in the mixed moonlight and gaslight, like a flag swayed and shaken by the wind; touching your hot cheek, as you pass to leeward, with a breath from the very land of fable, the true earthly paradise, the fountain of perpetual youth.

ARCHITECTS come, and architectural horrors go up, but the telegraph lines go on forever. They are the one sure picturesque element of our nineteenth century city-building. They are lines of beauty that fall in pleasant and unpleasant places alike, and every once in a while they give us a bounding reminiscence of childhood when a forlorn city kite gets stranded across one or more of them, and hangs there draggled and picturesque against the un pitying sky. There is so much evident poetry in the telegraph wire, that it is a difficult subject to handle poetically. We once heard a Methodist preacher do very well by it, however; he had it wailing above the Colosseum, the requiem of superstition. It was a good point and would have brought down the house under other circumstances. A great many of the newspaper poets, we believe, have tried it, but generally with much the same fate as that of the city kite above mentioned. You will recall Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Telegrams;" very suggestive, certainly, and with something of the telegraphic rattle and surprise; but a poem more, perhaps, of the telegraph office than of the telegraph wire—or if of the wire, then chiefly of its psychology:

"Let him hasten, lest worse befall him,
To look on me, ere I die:
I will whisper one curse to appall him,
Ere the black flood carry me by.
His bridal? The fiends forbid it;
I have shown them his proofs of guilt;
Let him hear, with my laugh, who did it;
Then hurry, Death, as thou wilt!
On, and on, and ever on!
What next?"

HOME AND SOCIETY.

"Door-steps."

THE following warm-weather suggestion comes to us from the country:

A country-house in summer is delightful in proportion to its piazzas and its shade-trees. The shade-trees are for noonday heats, but the piazzas belong especially to the "golden hour," the gloaming and the moonlight. The house itself has to be, but when one can make the compromise between the pastoral simplicity of living altogether out of doors and the civilized necessity of architecture, it is fair to suppose that the happy medium is attained. And just at the door-steps there is this combination of security and freedom, of unconstraint and the

Mr. George P. Lathrop, however, has given us "The Singing Wire," itself:

"I listened to the branchless pole
That held aloft the singing wire:
I heard its muffled music roll,
And stirred with sweet desire.

"O wire more soft than seasoned lute,
Hast thou no sunlit word for me?
O, though so long so coyly mute,
Sure she may speak through thee!"

"I listened: but it was in vain.
At first the wind's old wayward will
Drew forth again the sad refrain;
That ceased, and all was still.

But suddenly some kindly shock
Struck flashing through the wire; a bird,
Poised on it, screamed, and flew; a flock
Rose with him, wheeled and whirred.

Then to my soul there came this sense:
'Her heart has answered unto thine;
She comes, to-night! Up! hence, O hence!
Meet her: no more repine!'

Mayhap the fancy was far fetched;
And yet, mayhap, it hinted true.
Ere moonrise, love, a hand was stretched
In mine, that gave me—you!"

So now, according to the newspapers, the telegraph wires are to be taken down and buried, with all their music in them, just as if they were some of your old classic statues—Venus of Milo or Laocoön! O, Mrs. Howe and Mr. Lathrop! O, all ye poets of New York,—you who sang the death of the flowers and of the musical leaves of the forest; you who sang of Pan in Wall street; you who mourned so tenderly for the youth that goes and never comes again,—come forth and bewail! Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas? O, winds, sweeping in from the sea, weep and moan, for your harp of many strings is taken from you! O, my poor tenement-house child, living in the sixth story back, no more at night you shall wake and listen to the songs of angels!

proprieties, which satisfies at the same time the natural propensities and the artificial tastes. Certainly the summer breezes and odors have something to do with one's enjoyment, but the ascetic value of the surroundings is a large unknown quantity.

One does not often sit solitary on one's door-step to watch the stars. There is a sort of sociability that is of the summer. Perhaps it comes more perceptibly to us who have just escaped the rigors of winter; at any rate, it belongs especially to the summer time, and takes tone and color from the surroundings. It is a part of the twilight in the country, and has a prominent place in everybody's "vine and fig-tree" ideal.

At first the family is attracted to the one person

sitting on the door-steps. The modern piazza is a mere expansion of the primitive door-steps, and is the same significant border country. The cares and anxieties of life are "to be continued" another day, like a serial story in the next number of the magazine. In the meantime, there *is* the border country, where there is neither house work nor garden labor. After the family are assembled, friends drop in, and neighbors stop at the gate. They have something sensible to say, as, "What beautiful roses you have!" or, "I've brought you some harvest apples." Then they come up the gravel-walk; you extend to them the hospitalities of your door-steps, and sociability is accomplished. There are no elaborate toilets to prepare, no "fuss and feathers." And to be social without the aid of "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," is beyond belief; one accepts it as certain spiritual manifestations are accepted—as a matter of experience. It was in this way that our Sociables originated, and we called them, significantly, "Door-steps." It is a good name. Gradually we found out the *morale* that I've already attempted to indicate. It does not limit us to the outside or the inside of the house, but only means a homely, home-like, hearty hospitality, better than mere *sans souci*.

But what do we do? Are the Sociables literary or dancing Societies, or devoted to sentiment? It's so hard to know what to do with people when you get them together. Almost any two or three persons may make themselves interesting to each other; but when you put these same people in a group of twenty or thirty, they often prove uncommonly dull, with such a dullness that is drearier than that of "Mariana in the Moated Grange." Dancing or literature, according to the predominating tastes, takes care of that number of people in the evening. We intuitively avoid sentiment. The conventional "lovely evening" is as pleasant as if the remark were the direct result of inspiration. And it is well that it is so, for the inspiration doesn't come often. The silver moon rolls on to our faint praises, and we talk commonplaces to its accompaniment. Does anybody suppose that on this account we don't know how beautiful it all is? The light falling softly on the tree-tops and in silvery shafts among the branches; the dim, hazy shadows on the lawn; the lake or river glittering in the valley, and the pale gray mountains beyond. Of course we know all about it, but we don't encroach on the domains of the poets and essayists. So we talk our commonplaces, and find ourselves refreshed and cheered thereby. I can't pretend to tell why this is so, but the knowledge is drawn from observation. We are literary chiefly in the way of reminiscences. Our dramatic recitations are often the well-remembered treasures of our school-days. We rescue "Sir John Moore" and "Marco Bozzaris" from oblivion. Somebody remembers a little of Shakespeare or has learned a little of Tennyson, and that satisfies our modest ambition.

Our "Door-steps" don't supply a perfect social system. It's a sort of a warm weather compromise to our winter sociability. But it gives us a

friendly interest in our neighbors, and takes us out of that circle of self-interest in which one's sympathies are apt to revolve; and last, not least, it is a pleasant reality to the "vine and fig-tree" ideal.

Comfort Below Stairs.

OLD clocks, chairs, and china command very nearly their weight in money nowadays; but it would be better, it seems to us, to import into our houses a few of the customs of our ancestors instead of so much of their old furniture; for example, the careful details of comfort in arrangements for the servants' department. In old times, when the wife of a gentleman took her place, not as "lady of the house," but the house-keeper, her eye overlooked kitchen, pantry, and cellars, as well as boudoir or drawing-room. She felt as keen delight in the plentiful shining tin-ware, the store of snowy linen, the neat chambers for the maids, as the leader of fashion does nowadays in her Persian rugs and cinquecento furniture. In the city houses, where Persian rugs are to be found in the library, and rarest of Sèvres in the china-closet, the maids, too often, sleep in bare stifling rooms in the attic, and John, the coachman, in a den over the stable. How can a woman of culture and refinement fill her mind with such unclean detail?

An hour or two of oversight daily, and the outlay of a few dollars, would remove the unclean detail, and make of her house a perfect whole. We should like to lead one of these butterfly women over certain Quaker houses we know of. We are sure that the exquisite order, the plenty, the shrewd sense of arrangement, would seem to them every whit as admirable and beautiful in its way as their own aesthetic tables and tea-sets.

Housekeeping, as a fine art, requires more than bric-à-brac, or any parlor luxuries, comfortable beds for servants, who drag their weary way up seven flights of stairs at night, and great chests, where clothes, shoes, and bedding can be neatly stored, instead of littering the closets. But, unfortunately, homely comforts such as these have been overlooked by the very housekeepers who welcome with delight Chinese cabinets and Italian fire-screens. This ought they to have done, no doubt, but not surely to have left the other undone.

The Children's Hour.

WHILE we talk to the house-mother (and the name ought to suit the dainty matron on Murray Hill, or the Ohio farmer's wife, as well as it did Griselda) about giving an hour every morning to ordering and righting the details of comfort in her household, we must put in a claim on behalf of the children for an hour in the evening. Of course, every mother cries out that she gives her life to her children; they are on her mind night and day—she thinks, plans, works for them constantly. All very probably true, and yet the children may scarcely know their mother, or feel that they individually have any share in her. The more a woman actually works for her children, cooks, sews, or perhaps earns

money for them, the less likely is she to sit down with her hands folded to talk to them, to listen to their little secrets and stories about the teacher and the school-boys, to get into the very heart of their fancies and foolish plans and hopes. We insist upon the hour, which shall be absolutely the children's, no matter what work or social claim must be put aside for it. Let any woman quietly reckon over the minutes of the day when she is her children's companion—not nurse, nor seamstress, nor instructor—and she will be startled into confessing that our plan is more needed than she thought. By the time their school-hours and the necessary household occupations, and the time for meals, visits, and visitors, are subtracted, there is usually not a moment when the little creatures can feel that their mother is altogether their own. Especially is this true in city life, where nurses and governesses come in between them, and cannot well be put aside. Even in the evening, at the hour when almost every mother loves to hang over her baby and sing it to sleep, Tom and Jenny, grown out of babyhood, are sent off to their lessons, and presently creep sleepily to bed, left to think their own thoughts as they go. Now, suppose every mother who reads this page should, for a month or two as a trial, set apart that lonesome evening hour as the children's. What if she does give up the opera or agreeable guests in the parlor? There are higher duties required of her than the study of Offenbach or hospitality. Let her leave her sewing behind; don't let her dress be too fine for Nelly to maul and climb over, nor her thoughts busy with anything but the children's talk. Silly as that may be, they are the keenest of observers; they will know instantly whether it is only mamma's body that is with them while her mind is far away, or whether she herself is as much in earnest, as eager to talk and to listen, as she is with grown people and strangers.

Nor need she fill up the hour with hints on behavior or morals; put off reproofs until tomorrow; let them slaughter their tenses or tell of their school-scrapes as they choose,—for this little while she is their friend—comes near to them. We know of one house where a poor seamstress puts by her machine every evening to play blind-man's buff or marbles with her boys. "It will count for more than money," she says; and another where two bearded young fellows at nine o'clock eagerly clear away their Virgils and maps for "mother's talk," and think it the best hour of the whole day.

False Economy.

WE know a very industrious and amiable little housewife out West who has a taste for darning stockings. She can put as neat a patch upon a stocking as ever you saw, the threads of cotton as regular as fish-netting, and as straight as an "only direct railway route;" and the whole so smoothly done that you hardly know which is the original and which the darn. Indeed, her jovial neighbor who lives just across the alley says those darns never wear out. She says that Mrs. Hamilton's stockings are like the human system—the material is renewed

every seven years. And the neighbor, being in good circumstances, and having nothing else to do, has calculated the total expense of mending these stockings after the first thorough overhauling, as expressed in cotton, needles, and candles, and finds that it would have kept Mrs. Hamilton's family in the best Balbriggans or British hose, instead of the inferior quality which she had bought for their cheapness. In this estimate no account was taken of the time employed in the mending. Mrs. Hamilton had said that her labor was her capital, and it hardly seemed fair to count that in. Our informant says, however, that her Joe heard Clint Hamilton say the other day that, somehow, that last batch of doughnuts wouldn't go down.

We know another worthy and well-meaning young woman in New York, whose limited salary as private tutor has for several years supported a chivalrous old soldier of the last two wars, whom the last one left impoverished and unpensioned in Alabama. It was her custom—Heaven knows she thought it her duty—to walk up to her work, twenty blocks, through the slush and snow of last winter in order to save the fares by the street cars. She would, perhaps, have reasoned, between coughs, that her health was her capital.

People whose resources are small frequently make the mistake of supposing that what is of immediate and marketable value is of more importance than health or education, and they begin a course of economy by cutting away their pleasures; money spent in recreation comes to be regarded as a dead waste. While a Thomas Concert or a day up the Hudson would let in enough music or sunshine to drive away the whimsies and the doctor for a month to come, this mistaken notion of economy cuts off the only way of escape from the grindstone and the pill-box. The first necessity of a business man is diversion; and, so long as it does not become laborious, the more absorbing his diversion the better. Between the utility of the beautiful and the beauty of the useful there is no room to institute a comparison.

In some people economy takes the form of investment for income. These are the support of the mock-auction shop and the second-hand book-store. Mrs. Toodles, with her door-plate, has a congener in the seedy young bibliophile who thinks he has found a bargain in the "Annual Report of the Deaf and Dumb Insane Asylum for Blind Inebriates," or the "History of Christian Missions among the Bare-legged Indians."

Other people cling to an old garment as to an old friend; and, after it has become as shiny as a suit of medieval armor, rebind and patch, and clean it at an expense greatly disproportionate to its worth. This is only another and a longer road to prodigality.

After all, the principle of economy is not so much self-sacrifice as discretion, and a little bit of good sense will often evade the necessity of heroism.

Fruit on the Table.

FROM Marion Harland's "Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea," we quote the following timely sugges-

tions: "Serve your fruit, as the first or last course at your family breakfast, as may seem right to yourself, but, by all means, have it whenever you can procure it comfortably and without much expense. In warm weather you had better banish meat from the morning bill of fare three days in the week, than have the children go without berries and other fresh fruits. Make a pretty glass dish, or silver or wicker basket, of peaches, pears, or plums, an institution of the summer breakfast. In autumn you can have grapes until after frost, then oranges and bananas if you desire. These, being expensive luxuries, are not absolutely enjoined by nature or common sense. Let the 'basket of summer fruit,' however, be a comely and agreeable reality while solstitial suns beget bile, and miasma walks, a living, almost visible, presence, through the land. Fruits, each in its

season, are the cheapest, most elegant and wholesome dessert you can offer your family or friends, at luncheon or tea. Pastry and plum pudding should be prohibited, by law, from the beginning of June until the end of September. And in winter a dish of apples and oranges, flanked by one of boiled chestnuts, and another of picked walnut or hickory-nut kernels, will often please John and the bairns better than the rich dessert that cost you a hot hour over the kitchen range, when Bridget was called away to a cousin's funeral, or Daphne was laid up with 'a misery in her head.' Among the creams, jellies, and 'forms' of a state dinner dessert, fruit is indispensable, and the arrangement and preparation of the choicer varieties is a matter for the taste and skill of the mistress or her refined daughters, as are the floral decorations of the feast."

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

An Exhibition of Decorative Art.

WHILE architecture has assumed its proper position as a liberal profession, "Decorative Art" (in the sense of furnishing and beautifying houses), on which domestic architecture especially must rely for its fullest effect, appealing as it does directly to the feelings of all dwellers in houses, is only just beginning to be regarded as better than a trade. We too frequently see homes, on which all the resources of educated and refined taste have been lavished, "fitted up" by tradesmen, importers, or producers, whose highest aim is to make money, and whose most æsthetic feeling is to have things in the latest fashion.

But progress of any kind, in art even more than in other things, can only be made by united effort. And this effort the Boston Society of Architects has recently endeavored to organize, by holding an exhibition of household wares, which should make the present condition of Decorative Art among us more clearly understood, and give a chance for comparison, for mutual encouragement or criticism on the part of manufacturers. Absolute originality is impossible; original design is merely a new combination of materials as old as the world. Progress in design is a game of give and take; there is no one so wise that he cannot learn something from others. It might, therefore, be supposed that an attempt to get up this sort of exhibition would have been heartily welcomed. But this was not the case. The jealousy of traders, in fact, came near defeating the whole enterprise. Fortunately, two or three contributors took interest enough in it to begin the work, and as soon as they had assembled their goods, the rest were tempted.

Two large rooms were filled; nearly half of one of them being taken up by the Amateur Department, which consisted of the works of amateurs, chiefly ladies. The first thing observed in a general survey

of the contributions, was a great improvement in the class of work demanded by the public; especially in harmonious arrangements of color and form. The next thing, perhaps, which one noticed was the great deficiency of native design in most of the departments; the popular demand for improvement having risen so recently that it will still be long before men educated to supply our wants can be found here. This recent change is the echo in this country of the reaction in England against the thoughtless and unintelligent work of past years, but one of its first effects has been imitation, and a fashion for anything called after Morris, Eastlake, or other teachers of decorative construction.

The best thing in the exhibition was the stained glass; three specimens by McPherson & Co. being excellent in every respect, and noticeable by their freedom from all sham antiquity. In many of the specimens too much of a pictorial effect was attempted—brilliancy and harmony of color were lost by too much modeling in the drawing; in these three pieces, everything is, as it should be, subservient to the composition of color, and the inequalities of the glass are made the most of to produce natural shade without the use of painting. The result for richness, harmony, and subdued brilliancy of color, has seldom been equaled. Cook & Redding showed a memorial window, which could not be fairly judged in such a small room, though the side window which goes with it is excellent. Some carved wooden capitals by Mr. Ellin, for the new "Old South" Church were delicate and refined in design, and executed with great firmness and originality of handling.

Certain fenders and fire-places from New York carried polished steel to an excess—a bad material for the purpose; but, on the whole, the furniture and fittings were adapted to their uses with much good sense, and good sense is at the bottom of good decorative art. One saw here how easily beauty springs

from use made to fl tendrils a ing, whe ground, n the simpli ventional from thick from a fie Bumstead & Co., ar As was Department greatest it very be a genera thoughtf be conten the wond little ins and carv certainly might ea and anxi partmen

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from use; how a cupboard-hinge of brass may be made to flower out into the semblance of a vine and tendrils across the cupboard-door; how wall hangings, when designed so as to form simply a background, may fill the eye with delight derived from the simplest materials—from a single spray of conventionalized horse-chestnut leaves, for example, or from thickly plaited apple-blossoms, or roses rising from a field of ashy gray. The wall-papers of Mr. Bumstead, and the hangings of Messrs. H. A. Turner & Co., are especially to be commended.

As was to be expected, the chief fault of the Amateur Department was its "amateurishness;" there was the greatest possible variety of work shown; much of it very beautiful in design and execution, though, as a general thing, there was very great deficiency of thoughtful design, and too general a disposition to be contented with the minimum of originality. But the wonder is that so much has been done with so little instruction; some of the embroideries, tiles, and carving, being remarkable works of art. It is certainly most encouraging to see what rare results might easily be achieved if all the enthusiasm, spirit, and anxiety to improve, shown in the Amateur Department, were coupled with a little more training.

Aristophanes' *Apology*.*

You must know all about it before you begin; that is, once for all, the way with Browning. He always presupposes a pretty thorough acquaintance with the subject; he refuses to write another volume as a preface to put his reader in tune, and, if expostulated with, would probably answer that there are plenty of books from which to learn these things: let the reader go to school and refresh his memory. And he would not be far from right, for even Browning cannot tell everything. He has things to say about various well-known matters such as no one else, and says them in a manner distinctively his own. The manner may be thick with a cram of thought, it may interfere with the effect, but that is all the more reason why he must leave the main subject to the wisdom of the reader. In this case the knowledge predicated is not only the general history of Athens at the close of the long war which ended in the triumph of Lacedaemon at the head of the allied Greek States, but the special history of the contests of genius on the Athenian stage, when Comedy shouldered Tragedy off, and Aristophanes' scurrilous jokes set Athens laughing at stately Euripides. From this it may be supposed that the audience for "Aristophanes' *Apology*" will be a limited one. The number of people who are primed for a piece of intimate talk between two talented Greeks of that age cannot be great, and of others possessing the good-will there are few, comparatively speaking, who will exert themselves to read up on the subject of a long poem, however good, especially when they know that the writer's style is very far from—that for

instance, of easy-going Morris, "the empty singer of an idle day." Yet, if it is to be so, it is a pity, for they will lose the enjoyment of a work of singular power and beauty. "Aristophanes' *Apology*" is one of the finest of Browning's longer poems.

Athens has been humbled and her walls ordered to be cast down, and while the Rhodian lady Balaustion, the friend and admirer of Euripides, sails back to her native island, she goes over again to her husband Euthuclies the events that ushered in and followed the apology of Aristophanes. For, as the latter is triumphing once more with a comedy, the news of Euripides' death arrives from Thrace, whither he had gone to a more appreciative audience. After the play and triumphal banquet Aristophanes enters Balaustion's house with his chorus and players, and then and there proceeds to vindicate his conduct in using Comedy instead of Tragedy, and making the dead Euripides the butt of his satire. The points he makes are by no means original with Browning, but are well taken. Balaustion answers him at length, and, to support her arguments, reads him the "Hercules"—that is, the *Hercules Furens* of Euripides, which the latter is supposed to have left in her keeping when he sailed from Athens. This is the "Transcript" mentioned in the title. The whole ends with an impassioned description by Balaustion of the humiliation in which she has just left Athens, and the risk of having the Acropolis rased by the incensed allies, which was averted by her husband's quickness. It is related that a man arose in the Council, and, by uttering one verse from the "Electra" of Euripides, saved Athens from this last act of vandalism.

"And see: as through some pin-hole should the wind
Wedgingly pierce but once, in with a rush
Hurries the whole wild weather, rends to rags
The weak sail stretched against the outside storm.
So did the power of that triumphant play
Pour in, and oversweep the assembled foe.
So, because Greeks are Greeks, though Spart's brood,
And hearts are hearts, though in Lusandros' breast,
And poetry is power; and Euthuclies
Had faith theron to, full face, fling the same—
Sudden, the ice-thaw. The assembled foe,
Heaving and swaying with strange friendlessness,
Cried, 'Reverence Electra!'—cried, 'Abstain
Like that chaste herdsman, nor dare violate
The sanctity of such reverse! Let stand
Athena!'**

Opening, as it closes, with a wail over the humiliation of Athens before the victorious Spartans, the poem continues with a passage we cannot refrain from quoting:

"Doomed to die,
Fire should have flung a passion of embrace
About thee still, resplendently inarm'd
(Temple by temple folded to his breast,
All thy white wonder fainting out in ash).

* * * * * Or, sea!
What if thy watery plural vastitude
Rolling unanimous advance, had rushed
Might upon might, a moment—stood, one stare,
Sea-face to city-face, thy glaucous wave
Glassing that marbled last magnificence?
Till fate's pale, tremulous foam-flower tipped the gray;
And when wave broke and overswarmed and, sucked
To bounds back, multitudinously ceased,
And land again breathed unconfused with sea,
Atticæ was, Athenæ was not now!

* Aristophanes' *Apology*. Being the Last Adventure of Balaustion, including a Transcript from Euripides. By Robert Browning. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Why should despair be? Since distinct above
Man's wickedness and folly flies the wind
And floats the cloud, free transport for our soul
Out of its fleshly durance dim and low;
Since disembodied soul anticipates
(Thought-borne as now, in rapturous unrestraint)
Above all crowding, crystal silentness,
Above all noise, a silver solitude."

Perhaps better than his own work is the translation of that wonderful masterpiece of tragedy, Euripides' "Hercules Mainomenos," which Balaustion reads to Aristophanes. Here the rough grandeur which Browning affects finds a place, while the necessity of holding to the original curbs his tendency to voluminousness. Only the parts assigned the chorus are rhymed, but there the effect is admirable. In many places very different readings are given from those generally allowed, and some lines taken from the chorus are put in the mouths of actors, not always, it would seem, to the best advantage. But these are minor questions of taste rather than a serious matter, for the translation, although remarkably close, is that of a poet—not of a critical scholar. In some places it is not too much to say that the original has been improved upon by the English dress. Thus, when Hercules has returned from Hades in time to save his wife and children, and has just slain Lukos, the tyrant, the triumphant chorus of old men suddenly see the messenger of Juno standing on the house-top, bringing with her Madness, who is about to enter Hercules and cause him to kill children and wife. The sudden turn from triumph to fear in this passage is certainly finer in our coarse language than in the Greek original. Where the latter begins with the weak exclamation *ea ea!* the translation has as follows:

"Horror!
Are we come to the self-same passion of fear,
Old friends? Such a phantasm fronts me here
Visible over the palace roof!
In flight, in flight, the laggard limb
Escapes, and hastes abroad
From that on the roof there grand and grim!
O Paian, king!
Be thou my safeguard from the woful thing!"

Browning is a man of contradictions. With great practicality, he is impracticable; with a tendency to realism beyond the few, he is the least popular. His command of the Teutonic stores in our language is as great as his love for the more sonorous words coming from the Normans. He is the least popular, perhaps, of all poets, yet appears to have come nearer than any other poet to reproducing, in modern times, the alliterative structure of verse common to the Anglo-Saxons, and persistently cherished by the people for many centuries after rhyme had beaten it out of the higher walks of poetry. The above quotations show abundantly the recurring initials; generally two words in the first half, one in the second of each line, begin with the same letter; but this, as with the early English, is not invariable. Then, again, his power of merging himself into his subject is beyond common words of praise; it is the genuine article called *genius*; and yet Browning, while he identifies himself with, say, Balaustion, is still Browning. He is not, by any possibility, a Rhodian lady, delicate and intellectual, who champions Euripides against the coarse buffoonery of Aristoph-

anes, for she says a thousand things, and talks in a manner, no woman would have ever thought of. Thus Browning lacks versatility; he is an elephant without a trunk. So, too, the charge of affectation, or at least mannerism, cannot be lightly denied existence in his work; yet, who has a keener knife to dissect a fraud? As to his audience, he seems to be slowly gaining ground, as any man who puts so much intellect in his work must. There are many people now, and twenty years ago the number was much greater, who swear by Byron and consider Tennyson incomprehensible. The devotees at the shrine of Tennyson laugh, and say Tennyson is as clear as crystal, but Browning is indeed a riddle—if he himself knows what he is talking about. Perhaps this means a stepping or progression, as in music the more abstruse and intellectual musicians only come to be enjoyed after a long course of the more fleshly composers.

Certainly Browning has lost no strength. We should call the present work better than "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country" (a horrible poem of great power and truth), and vastly superior to "Fifine" and "The King and the Book." But, were it merely for the sake of possessing such a translation of the *Hercules Mainomenos*, no one, whether he admires, or tolerates, or scorns Browning, no one who reveres genius can afford to be without "Aristophanes' Apology."

Richard Wagner.*

MR. BURLINGAME has done us all an important service by presenting in readable English a selection from the vast mass of Richard Wagner's literary works. The writings of the great polemical composer, embracing controversy, aesthetics, politics, criticism, commentaries, autobiography, fiction, miscellaneous sketches, and we know not what all, are comprised in nine stout German volumes, which almost defy translation. Mr. Burlingame, however, has not only made a judicious choice from this abundance of material, but has succeeded in turning his selections into clear and easy English, and if the style is not always elegant, that is a fault for which Wagner himself is responsible. The translator has not touched the deep and dark philosophical essays, or the fierce controversial pamphlets, which form so large a part of the collected works in the original edition, but he has confined himself to the writings which either record Wagner's personal history, or explain his theories of art. We have first an "Autobiography," singularly frank, simple, concise, and unaffected, in which the composer tells the story of his early musical experiences, and gives a most amusing account of his first attempts at composition—his overture, containing a fortissimo pound upon the drum at every fourth bar, at which the audience in the Leipsic theater were first disgusted, and afterward immensely amused; his scores, written in inks of various colors to distinguish the different classes

* Art Life and Theories of Richard Wagner. Selected from his writings and translated by Edward L. Burlingame. Henry Holt & Co.

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of instruments ; his day-dreams and visions, in which fundamentals, thirds, and fifths became incarnate, and revealed to him the most astonishing nonsense ; his disappointment when a competent master at last explained to him that these mysterious apparitions were nothing but intervals and chords ; his great tragedy in which, after killing forty-two of the *dramatis personae*, he came to a stand for want of characters, and so had to bring back some of them as ghosts in order to finish the drama. It was not until he found a friend and teacher in Weinlig, of Leipsic, who showed him what was ridiculous in his ill-directed labors, gave him a thorough knowledge of harmony, and made him write fugues in order to acquire a perfect mastery of the art of composition, that he really began to do something of value, or at least of promise. His first opera, "The Fairies," was never performed. His second, "The Love Veto," founded on Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," was played only once ; this volume gives a very entertaining account of the work and its representation. Wagner's musical career really dates from his third dramatic work, "Rienzi," begun when he was twenty-five years of age. It was an ambitious spectacular opera, written under the influence, if not precisely of the French school, at least of those sumptuous and careful methods of representation which were only seen on the stage of the Grand Opera of Paris. "The Flying Dutchman," begun while "Rienzi" was still unperformed, showed a great change of style, and a decided approach toward those peculiar theories which are developed with more or less fullness in all his later works.

For several years Wagner had led a dull, and, we should judge, a rather unhappy life in the smaller towns of Germany, conducting theatrical orchestras, and managing poor opera companies, whose repertory generally consisted of works for which he had a great contempt. In 1839 he went to seek his fortune in Paris, and there he nearly starved. He could not get a hearing for "Rienzi." Meyerbeer, Berlioz, and others, were kind to him, but their kindness led to no practical result. He wrote a few songs ; he arranged pieces for the cornet and other instruments ; he contributed sketches to a musical periodical ; he was so far reduced at last that he sold the libretto of his "Flying Dutchman" for a mere pittance to a French dramatist. When he took up that subject again, he had been so long, as he expresses it, out of a musical atmosphere, that he feared he had lost the art of composing. He hired a piano, and, before he ventured to touch the keys, he walked about it in an agony of anxiety, dreading to discover that he was no longer a musician. "I began with the Sailors' Chorus and the Spinning Song ; everything went easily, fluently ; and I fairly shouted for joy as I felt through my whole being that I was still an artist." "Rienzi" was at last brought out with success in Germany, and Wagner returned to his native country, not yet prosperous, but relieved at least of his most poignant distress. Here the Auto-biography stops ; but Mr. Burlingame translates two important chapters of his later history—one relating to the performance of "Tannhäuser" in Paris, by

command of the Emperor in 1861, and the other, descriptive of the great festival theater at Bayreuth, where the full flower of the Wagnerian musical drama is to blossom next summer.

The explanation of Wagner's art-principles is found most concisely and intelligibly in his "Letter to a French Friend on the Music of the Future," originally published just before the unfortunate performance of "Tannhäuser" in Paris. This certainly ought to be read by every one who wishes to understand what Wagner is attempting, and to appreciate the extraordinarily beautiful works which have taken so strong a hold upon the people of this country.

Probably no composer ever lived whose theories were so persistently misrepresented, and whose music was so strangely maligned by the critics. He is accused of despising melody, of filling his operas with interminable recitatives, of subordinating music to dramatic action ; and we remember that when "Lohengrin" was first sung in one of our large Western cities, a local critic gravely assured the town that it was nearly all fugue ! Anybody who will take the trouble to read Mr. Burlingame's translation of the "Letter to a French Friend" will be spared the mortification of making any of these mistakes—for they are great mistakes, all of them—and when he next goes to Thomas's concerts he will discover a new splendor and a new meaning in "Tristan," the "Meistersinger," and the ever charming melodies of the Knight of the Swan.

"English Statesmen."*

THIS is the first of three or more volumes edited by Thomas Wentworth Higginson under the title of "Brief Biographies of European Public Men," the object of which is to furnish this side of the Atlantic with trustworthy information concerning contemporary public men of England, France, and possibly other countries. The first two treat of England, and, while appealing to the common sentiment of curiosity regarding prominent men, will perform, it is to be hoped, broader service in paving the way to a knowledge and appreciation of what is good in English public life. A book could hardly be more timely than this is just at present, when American communities are awaking to a consciousness of the all-importance of the individual—of his vigor, namely, and of his honesty and unwavering rectitude—in contradistinction to the party tool in politics.

In the Parliamentary career of more than one living English statesman we find examples of the sturdiest probity, of men who have risked everything rather than be untrue to their own convictions, and who, for that very quality, have eventually become powers in the land. It is only necessary to mention the names of Bright and Forster.

A virtue of this kind received conspicuous notice on the occasion of Mr. Forster's visit here. It will be remembered that he startled every one—perhaps

* English Statesmen. Brief Biographies, prepared by T. W. Higginson. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

no one more than Englishmen—by a proposition of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States. He is too shrewd an observer not to have foreseen the risk he ran, and undoubtedly it has hurt him for the time being in England; but back of what he said stands, in reality, the great mass of the English people, slow, but in the end sure to support an ardent mouthpiece. The alliance he sketched in unwieldy sentences at the dinner given him in New York may never take the shape of ordinary international treaties, but it was poetically magnificent, and, like all that bears the stamp of poetical magnificence, was great and true in itself: the league of all honest and pacific nations against the turbulence of the ambitious and unruly must and will be begun by the English-speaking peoples of the globe.

The only fault we have to find with Colonel Higginson's volume is that he has not insisted on some such point, or drawn whatever moral he may see. He has not given as much of his own work as we might expect, but has taken largely from English sources. It cannot be expected that, unassisted, the majority of readers will draw the moral. Doubtless the seed will not fall by the roadside, but it might have been wiser to use the spade a little and make sure of its reception; it seems as if, in this case, Colonel Higginson would do better to be less fastidious—step out from the neutral ranks, draw his sword, and smite for the right.

Speaking of this book, we would call attention to an error and a misunderstanding in reviewing the same author's "Young Folks' History of the United States." Remains of the mammoth and mastodon have been found in both the New and the Old World, although, at first, the mastodon was supposed to be peculiar to America. In our observation that he appeared to use the words as interchangeable terms, Col. Higginson was also misunderstood.

The Life and Growth of Language.*

It would be difficult to praise too highly this work of a distinguished philologist, who has neither forgotten the outer world in the course of the persistent study necessary to the achievement of his present position in Europe and America, nor attempted, in writing for the world, to popularize himself into notice. Professor Whitney is a singular example of a man who is at once conservative and radical. More conservative than Max Müller, with whom he has been forced into something like a controversy, and more radical—in his views of spelling the English language, for instance—than any writer who has authority to speak, he combines the boldness of an American with the anxious erudition of a German. And so we have at last a sufficiently popular volume in the front rank of modern philology which can be placed as a text-book in the hands of students at college or high school, or read by all persons of ordinary intelligence, with perfect confidence in the learning that lies behind it, and, above

all, with certainty that under no circumstances has the author's imagination carried him the length of advancing any but thoroughly sifted facts, or of following theories rendered unsound by the extension of modern science.

The Niobe Group.*

ST. LOUIS is lucky to possess in Mr. Davidson a conscientious and thorough worker in the field of Grecian literature and art. The present essay, which starts from the vantage ground of a full knowledge of authorities on the subject, is very valuable as an introduction to one of the most remarkable examples of plastic art among the Greeks. It is written in a broad and scholarly vein, and ought to awaken in others the generous enthusiasm which it breathes. We look forward with hope to the translations of Aristotle's *De Anima* and *Fragments of Heraclitus*, which are promised by Mr. Davidson during the present year.

French and German Books.†

MR. HART has done well to begin his series of German Classics with a poem smacking so essentially of the soi. In general effect "Hermann und Dorothea" is foreign to American usage and habit of thought, both from the method of its versification and the *ländlich-gemütlich* cast of its scenes. The indifference of German patriotism in the last century, and the position of women in the Fatherland, are vividly reflected. One of the strongest points is the clear distinction drawn by Dorothea between her work in life and that of Hermann; there is no chaotic mixing up of man's duties with woman's, but each is assigned an honorable position. Moreover, no poem of Goethe has with equal length an equal completeness, or shows mental digestion as thorough. A commentary and set of notes to soften the harshness of the idiomatic style, and a brief glossary of some of the most forbidding words, completes the volume, to which a comprehensive preface makes a very pleasing introduction.

Die religiöse Entwicklung Spaniens, an essay read in the Church of St. Nicholas, Strasburg, on the 22d of February, 1875, by Hermann Baumgarten.—Occupied on a great work which demands an exhaustive study of Spain and Spanish history, Baumgarten speaks with authority on the religious evolution of that fascinating land. He sketches the main features of religion in Spain, giving due weight to the Inquisition, but insisting that it was so thorough only because truly national, and laying Spain's calamities chiefly at the door of race peculiarity, lack of formative epochs of rest, and the sudden wealth from the Indies that beggared those it enriched. After tracing the break between the nation and Catholicism, which culminated in 1834 in massacres of priests, the speaker treats of the present

* *The Life and Growth of Language.* By William D. Whitney, Professor in Yale College. D. Appleton & Co.

* A Short Account of the Niobe Group. By Thomas Davidson. New York: L. W. Schmidt. 1875. Pamphlet.

† *Hermann und Dorothea.* Edited by J. M. Hart. German Classics for American Students. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

condition of affairs, and hopes that the singular spectacle of Protestant communities in Spain will spur the Catholics themselves into learning, and make them try to save the nation from the abyss of ignorance in which it lies.—(L. W. Schmidt, 24 Bar-day street.)

Die Zeitgeschichte, edited by Dr. Martin Waldeck, Berlin.—A monthly chronicle of what has taken place in the immediate past among all nations, is certainly a most desirable publication, if edited as carefully as Dr. Waldeck promises. The chronicle proposes to confine itself rigidly to bare facts, without color gained from political sympathies; the other part of the monthly, a politico-diplomatic history of the present time, will probably afford some field for nationalism. We can hardly expect a very valuable or complete record of American affairs, but journalists, and the political-minded, will do well to try the new publication for the sake of its European events.—(Schmidt.)

Faust: Prachtausgabe in 8 Lieferungen, with illustrations by A. von Kreling.—A sumptuous folio edition of "Faust," with two full page photographs of Kreling's pictures to each of the eight parts; also, illustrations in text. The work is from the shop of Fr. Bruckmann, Munich and Berlin, and the price in New York, for each part, five dollars.—(Schmidt.)

Briefe von Goethe an Johanna Fahlmer.—A batch of hasty letters of a private nature, and of very small literary value. They are Goethe in undress. A portrait of Johanna Fahlmer shows a quaint old lady, whom Goethe was in the habit of addressing as Aun. A fac-simile is given of one of the notes, with burlesque outlines of landscape, sketched into the ungraceful German handwriting.—(Schmidt.)

Saison-Dimorphismus der Schmetterlinge, von Dr. Aug. Weissmann. Leipzig, Engelmann, 1875.—The result of investigations into a curious phenomenon among certain butterflies is here given. It was known that those called Vanessa had different summer and winter forms, although coming from caterpillars of the same kind; the question was how to account for such arbitrary differences. It seems a very minute question of natural history, but Dr. Weissmann says: "I hope to show once more what others (Wallace, Bates, Darwin) have already shown, that even such apparently unimportant points as the variations on a butterfly's wing of color and drawing may bring us, under certain circumstances, to an acquaintance with general laws." The details of careful experiments furnish a support in the main to the theories called Darwinian, but limit some broad generalizations in that direction very materially. The variation is attributed to change of climate following on the glacial epoch. Two excellent colored plates of butterflies add to the

interest of an able study by a true man of science.—(Schmidt.)

Scènes de la Vie des Etats Unis, par A. Assollant.—If any one wishes to know what is furnished the French nation in the way of American character-sketches, let him read the lively pages of M. Assollant. The author admits ingenuously that the first publication of his three stories a number of years ago was more admired by the "lettered" than the public; doubtless, we owe the present edition to that demand for foreign knowledge which has sprung up, or is supposed to have sprung up, in France since the war. "If any one doubts the truth of my sketches," says M. Assollant, "let him read the memoirs of the celebrated Barnum; his testimony cannot be impugned." (!) This throws a light on the author which is confirmed into brilliant certainty by the following paragraph from his preface. After saying that he might have followed the method of De Tocqueville, or, again, that of Ampère: "I preferred to tell my own impressions, and relate nothing which I had not seen with my own eyes, or that I had not heard from witnesses worthy of trust." Can we not see them, those *témoins dignes de foi*, relating with immovable faces the most outrageous fabrications to astound the gaping foreigner? On one of our trans-continental trains, a passenger went so far as to arrange that all the other persons in the car should gravely corroborate his wildest yarns, whenever the unfortunate British Major, who was the victim of them, should appeal to the rest for the truth.—(Christern.)

Une Femme Génante, par Gustave Droz.—The story of a country apothecary, who marries a little Parisian beauty without heart or brain, and with a tremendous capacity for business and conjugal tyranny, begins with all the malicious wit we await from the author of "Monsieur, Madame et Bébé"; we only feel that here is satire not calculated to encourage young men to go the way of wedlock. But as we read on there unfolds itself a pitiable spectacle of a writer who can so far forget the dignity of his art as to publish a study of such a subject as this: Kerroch, namely, the slavish husband and inconsolable widower, exhumes and embalms the body of his wife, in order to have the Egyptian pleasure of the presence of her mummy, in whose company he can now indulge without interruption the wildest bursts of poetry and eloquence. This would be bad enough, if it were made ghastly, but Droz takes pains to keep everything well within the ridiculous, and with about as pleasing an effect as if he were joking coarsely over a cripple or some innocent sufferer from a dreadful disease. For his weak-minded Kerroch is really a man, not a puppet, and a man suffering from disease of the mind brought on by excessive love for his departed wife. There is no excuse for the book.—(F. W. Christern, 77 University Place.)

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Style of Water Transport.

THE syenite monolith known as Cleopatra's Needle is to be transported to London by sea, by casing it in wood, and rolling it overboard. To make it float properly, it is to be covered with timbers and planks till the boxing is large enough to float stone and all. To compensate for its tapering form, one end is to be made larger than the other, and when finished, the timber dressing will be something over twenty feet thick at the larger end. The ends will be tapering to assist the steamer in towing, and even if the cigar-shaped mummy runs aground, its casing will save it from harm. The most riskful part of the voyage will be the launching and the rolling ashore. In this connection it may be noticed that cylindrical boilers are transported through the canals in Holland in somewhat the same way. The flues are plugged up with wood, and the steam-openings are covered with air-tight caps, and, when well painted with red lead, the boilers are rolled into the canals, and, behind a steamboat, make their voyage in perfect safety.

Tramway Motors.

WHILE the subject of steam-rail transit is attracting attention in New York, other cities are solving their transit questions in their own several ways. The fireless locomotive, using a boiler loaded up with steam at the termini, is in successful operation, and the coiled-spring idea is undergoing experiment. In place of one spring, wound up at intervals along the road by means of stationary engines, a number of springs, each properly wound up, are taken on at the beginning of the route, and as fast as one expends its energy in moving the car, another is brought into play, and the trip is continued till all are exhausted, or the run is made. Another style of motor, said to be in practical operation, employs a horizontal compressed air-engine under the floor of the car. Suitable tanks, loaded up by a compressor at one end of the road, supply the engine, and a speed of twelve miles an hour has been obtained for a short distance. This is the present aspect of the case, and new contributions to the subject will be examined as they appear.

Illuminated Clocks.

RAILWAY and tower clocks, designed to show the hour, are made with ground glass faces, and have black or gilded figures. None of these clocks are distinct beyond a certain limited distance, and the figures cannot be read at more than one-fifth of the distance at which the lighted face may be seen. The diffusive effect of the great mass of light that reaches the eye, and the absence of light by which the figures are recognized, produces confusion and indistinctness, and impairs the value of the clock. It is now proposed to make clocks with dark faces and illuminated hands and figures. The effect would be a greatly increased photometric value, and the hour could be

ascertained at a much greater distance than by the white clocks now in use. The figures could be easily illuminated, but the hands would offer some difficulties. To avoid these, it would be far better to make night clocks in a different way, and to change the entire appearance of the face. In place of one round face, with all the figures upon it, make two square faces side by side, and exhibit the number of the



hour on the left-hand face, and the minutes on the right-hand face. The clock would need no hands, and the machinery could change the left-hand figures every hour, and the right-hand figures every minute and every ten minutes. By this device the numbering of the hour would correspond to the system of time-marks now in use on our railroads. The faces, having only one figure at a time, could display very large ones, visible at a much greater distance, and, when illuminated, they would be seen for miles, where now they are hardly to be distinguished even in a few rods away. In addition to the greater value of such a clock in the night, when its white figures stand out clear against the darkness, or in daylight look white against the dark faces, would be the greater security of the clock machinery. There would be no hands exposed to the weather, and no openings to admit rain or snow. Such a clock, though not illuminated, has long been in use in Boston, and lighted and placed in a tower would present somewhat the appearance represented in the above cut.

Recent Developments in Glass.

THE extreme fragility of glass has long been a bar to its use in many departments of manufacture and art where its cheapness would make it a desirable material. Recent developments in the practical making of glass seem to point to an entire revolution in its manufacture, a greatly enlarged field for its use, and a vastly increased consumption. The subject has passed the stage of mere experiment, and the new glass has been inspected by glass men and scientific societies both here and abroad, and has been reported upon favorably. As often happens in such cases, a number of inventors claim nearly the same thing, and the glass-makers are in earnest rivalry over the matter, and are endeavoring to make the most of the new discoveries. The new glass is claimed to be fifty times as strong as our common glass, and as soon as the new material is made in commercial quantities and is for sale, it shall be examined and fully reported upon.

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New Drying Process.

THE common method pursued in drying lumber, fabrics, etc., consists in passing currents of air over the materials. Dry air will absorb moisture from everything in contact with it, till it reaches saturation. To continue the drying, the saturated air must be moved away and fresh and drier air put in its place. The air, if stationary, will absorb no more unless its temperature is raised, and even then it, in time, reaches its limit, and will take up no more. To lower the saturation point and cause the air to give up its moisture, its temperature must be lowered. Condensation then sets in, and the air again becomes capable of taking up more water, and the drying may be continued. In ordinary drying, out of doors, the air moves away of its own accord, and, by the aid of the wind, new supplies of air constantly pass over the materials, and the drying proceeds rapidly. A knowledge of these facts led to the modern dry-house and kiln. In the ordinary lumber drying-room, steam-pipes raise the temperature to 100° Fahr., or more, and by providing suitable windows the warm, water-loaded air is allowed to escape at the top, and through the doors and cracks cooler and drier air enters to continue the process. The objections to the steam dry-house are the waste of heat by throwing the warmed air away, the cracking and warping of the lumber, and the expense. The hot air continually moving over the boards dries the outside surfaces long before the inside is affected, and the unequal loading of the cells of wood causes them to split and tear apart. The idea of extracting the moisture from the hot air of the dry-house without moving it, has long been under consideration, and the discovery of a practical and inexpensive method of doing it marks one of the most important steps in the history of applied science. The process is founded upon what is known as distillation by cold. Any glass of ice-water dewy with moisture upon the table will illustrate this. The cold glass lowers the temperature of the air next to it, and the invisible vapor it holds is condensed in distilled water upon the sides of the glass. Many experiments have been made in this field, but all have been more or less unsuccessful on account of the difficulty of lowering the temperature in such a hot room. It is now accomplished by taking a common iron gas-pipe, an inch in diameter, through the room and allowing a stream of cold water from the street mains to flow through it. This pipe enters the room at the top and extends nearly to the floor. Here, through a return-bend, it goes to the ceiling again. Another return-bend takes it to the floor, and by a series of up and down pipes and joints it crosses the room, making a network of hanging pipes, and finally escaping into the drain at the end. When the room is loaded up with lumber, the doors and windows are closed, and the heat is raised to 150° Fahr. A steaming, humid atmosphere fills the room, and on starting the cold water through the long network of pipes the vapor condenses on the outsides of the pipes, drips off into a spout below, and escapes through a pipe in the

wall. On entering the room while the process is going on, the air is found to be intensely hot and oppressively damp. On approaching the long pipes, there is a perceptible change in the dampness of the air, and the black pipes glisten with the water of condensation that is trickling down their sides. At the end nearest the inlet the amount of moisture is greatest, and it diminishes regularly toward the outlet, where the pipes are merely misty or quite dry. This shows that the stream of cold water has become warm on its passage through the pipes, and no longer does its work. As the lumber dries and the moisture is taken away, this dryness extends toward the inlet till all the pipes are dry, and then the drying is finished. The water flows from the spout on the outside in a slender, pearly stream. To the taste it is slightly acid and seems woody. The water distills at the rate of about a gallon in thirty minutes, and the nine thousand feet of walnut lumber parts with one hundred and thirty-six gallons of water in about six days, and then it comes out drier and in better condition than the lumber that has been stored in an ordinary house for six weeks. The lumber, being dried in a still and humid atmosphere, parts with its moisture evenly, and is perfectly free from splits, checks, and flaws of every kind. This process has already been adopted by a large number of lumber workers with entire success.

The Steam Canal-Boat.

IT lay at the head of the dock, next the street, and among a crowd of steamers and ships. In general appearance it resembled the canal-boat of the period, except that it had a sharper bow and stern, and was of a better model. There were two houses on the deck, one at the bow for the men and another at the stern for the engine. Steam was up, and after a little delay the lines were cast off; the captain took his place at the wheel, just before the little smoke-stack, and after a blast on the whistle the boat started to back into the North River. The boat moved easily and gently, and without grazing her paint she picked her way among the vessels and pushed into the stream and swung round in the current as readily as a tug-boat. Full speed was put on and the boat started down the river past the Battery. On inspection, the motive power proved to be a common upright boiler, a trifle larger than those used for unloading ships on the docks, and a small vertical compound engine. The three cylinders are mounted on a cast-iron frame, having four uprights that serve for supports and bearings. They stand side by side, the two high-pressure cylinders at the sides, and the larger low-pressure cylinder in the center. The slides and ports for all three cylinders are placed in a small horizontal cylinder at the side, and one connection moves them all at once. The feed-pump and the pump for the condenser are connected with the small cylinders, and the rod of the larger cylinder is connected with the shaft, and the three cross-heads are united and move together. The exhaust from the two high cylinders is thrown into the low-pressure cylinder, and its exhaust is thrown into the condenser. This consists of a cop-

per pipe that goes out board at the side, takes a turn under the boat and enters at the opposite side and finally leads to the tank, heating the feed water as it goes. There is no exhaust into the smoke-stack, and the water of the river or canal acts as an out board surface condenser, and there is little waste of water. The boat crossed to her dock at Brooklyn under perfect control, and at a fair speed. The boats of this pattern are about ninety-seven feet long by seventeen feet seven inches wide, and, with a load of two hundred and fifteen tons, draw six feet of water. They are evidently destined to overturn the present system of canal navigation, and point the way to lower rates and quicker transit.

Recent Patents.

AMONG recent patents may be mentioned a machine for making paper barrels, and improved mechanism for stamping and sugaring crackers. In fire-extinguishers is a strong iron case, partly filled with water, and loaded with compressed air under a high pressure, and designed to throw a small stream through a hand-hose after the manner of the common fire-extinguisher. In engines may be noticed a triple compound engine having three cylinders in a line, with a common piston-rod for all. The two end cylinders are high pressure, and exhaust into the larger low pressure in the middle. The piston-rod moves one way for all, and one motion opens and closes all the ports and exhausts. Pneumatic dispatch-lines show a new rotating switch and message receiver designed to turn on its axis and present different openings in turn to the main-line pipe. In sewing-machines a new apparatus for polishing

the eyes of needles may be noticed. A new ozone generator, and a device for utilizing the motions of waves, present features of novelty. This last machine transfers the up and down motion of a float to an air-compressor or pump. Shoe machinery is increased by the addition of several new nailing machines, and stoves, of the magazine type, present a number of new fire-pots. Cars for oil, built in the form of a long and rather shallow tank, with a hanging bottom between the trucks, and strengthened by truss-work, have received patents. Train telegraphs, to take the place of the bell-rope, show some novelties in the way of electric couplings. Rolled iron columns made in ribbed segments, with a rabbeted edge, and designed to be built up as needed, are offered. In bottling, a hydraulic capsule setting device, and in leather-working, a new beaming-machine, may be mentioned. Wind-wheels present a number of new patents of value; the lime-light shows a new style of jet for throwing a thin sheet instead of a pencil of flame on the lime-wheel, whereby more surface is fired. In hydro-carbon furnaces no less than four improvements have been patented. A steam-jet from the boiler, taken through an injection-pipe that draws air from the flues, and turned into the fire-box just over the fire-door, is shown as an aid to steam-boiler furnaces. Four new patents are announced in ice-machines, and in the single-rail railway, new passenger-cars and locomotives designed for such roads may be noticed as presenting features of interest. Lamps, sugar-working, wood-working machinery, and railway rolling-stock, present a large number of new devices, but most of them are of only minor importance.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Origin of Spelling-Bees.

(Recently Discovered Addenda to the Lost Tales of Miletus.)

To Jove, Olympus-throned, from lunch refraining—
Ambrosia, o'er—Minerva came, complaining;
“My Gracious Liege!” she said, “this is my mission,—
To bring you to a sense of your position.
Your over-licency, dyspepsia breeding,
Allows the gods too much of over-feeling;
By which their palates check their brains' progression,
And dull their intellects by retrogression.
And seeing this, O Jove, I crave permission
To counteract it by direct attrition;
In order that their intellects to strengthen,
Their mings to polish, and their memories lengthen.”

Permission given, straight Minerva took
Out of her pocket Webster's Spelling-Book.
Around the circle test-words quickly hied,
Which each Immortal missed as soon as tried.

On “trousseau,” Juno weakened; Mars on “foes,”
While pouting Venus came to grief through “beaux;”
On “occult,” Pluto; Vulcan, on “crescendo;”
While gray-beard Neptune caved on “imnuendo.”
Bacchus with “reeling” made a perfect funk,
At which Minerva tartly cried, “You're drunk!”
One “s” in “messenger” gave Mercury trouble,
And Ceres, weeping, bit the dust on “stubble;”
Apollo stoutly tried his luck on “rooster,”
And then, appealing, said he spelt by Worcester;
On which the Graces held, as referees,
He was “so nice” he might spell as he pleased.
Jove, last of all but than the rest no better,
In spelling “empty” lost a needed letter.

Then the whole circle begged her to give o'er;
The gods all called her spelling-bee a bore.
The ladies said “blue-stocking,” and “a fright!”
And the three Judges held such language—right.
Pluto said: “Nervy, let's to Hades go;
And try this latest torment down below.”

Straightway Minerva rose, and closed her book,
And 'round the circle cast a withering look;
“Immortal Gods!” she said, “henceforth the schools
Shall better call you all Immortal Fools!
Olympus,” here she wept, “so glorious once,
Is now fit only for the dullest dunce.
Down to the earth I'll go, and quickly mass
The suffering nations in a spelling-class.
Thus I'll reform the world, and as for you,
Degenerate Deities, for a while, adieu!
I shall return, and till that time—ah, well!
I'll leave Olympus for a little spell.”
So saying, she turned, nor longer deigned to stay,
But gilded swiftly down the milky way.

Minerva thus her earthward journey took,
And from her pocket drew her awful book.
America soon gave the chance she sought,
And a new “Battle of Lexicon” was fought;
Fierce grew the conflict, quick the test-words flew,
Ponderous six-syllables and puzzling two.

And thus we wrestle, while, serene and still,
Minerva sits enthroned on Learning's Hill.
And, till she wearies, thus, I fear, shall we
Still be a-spelling at a spelling-bee!

E. S. BROOKS.

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Two decent housewives in Fifeshire, who had gone out to give their pigs their supper, met, and, naturally, took the opportunity for a two-handed crack. "Losh, Peggy woman," said one to the other, "I hear folk say there's a man i' the moon. 'O ay,' said Peggy, "I've heard about him, but he canna be verry fond o' his ain wife, for he's aye glowerin' this way."

To the sign of *The Bell*, as in connection with the church, was frequently annexed the inscription "Fear God and Honor the King." This venerable motto, grown trite, a jovial innkeeper desired a reverend and facetious divine to turn the same motto into verse. The man had but little room on his sign, and yet, being postmaster, insisted on having his loyalty expressed; so that the worthy divine was obliged to leave out the Fear of God, and happily rendered the other part in the following beautiful tetrastitch.

"Let the King
Live long;
Dong ding,
Dong dong!"

f and s, the Spanish fuertes or hard, to distinguish them from paper money. Even among ourselves we frequently hear the term "hard dollars," so that it is a monogram composed of the first and last letters of the word. Occasionally the calculator abbreviated it thus: fs.; but that interfering with the signs for francs and florins, he curled the s around the f, which preserves the distinction.

A distinguished member of the University of Oxford gives us a French version of "Dickery, dickery, dock":

Diggöré, diggoré, doge,
Le rat monte à l'horloge,
Une hense frappe,
Le rat s'échappe,
Diggöré, diggoré, doge

And another nursery rhyme, equally familiar, has been converted into French by John Roberts, a Fellow of Magdalene College:

LE SOLDAT.

"Qui vient par là?" "C'est un soldat;"
"Et votre affaire?" "Un pot de bière."
"Que payez vous?" "Je n'ai pas l'osou."
"Va-t-en, ivrogne, à ta besogne."

O'Connell, in addressing a jury, having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse, stopped for a word, and then added, this "naufraigeous ruffian." When afterward asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said "he thought it sounded well."

"You are a regular muff, sir," said a traveler to another in a great passion, while disputing in a London coffee-house. "Thank you," replied Mr. O'R. very coolly; "if I'm a muff, I've done my duty; I've made you warm."

There is a story related of Jarvis, the distinguished painter, to the effect that, walking down Broadway one day, he saw before him a dark-looking foreigner bearing under his arm a small red cedar cigar-box. He stepped immediately into his "wake," and whenever he met a friend (which was once in two or three minutes, for the popular artist knew everybody), he would beckon to him with a wink to "fall into line" behind. By and by the man turned down one of the cross streets, followed close by Jarvis and his "tail." Attracted by the measured tread of so many feet, he turned round abruptly, and, seeing the procession that followed in his footsteps, he exclaimed: "What for de debbil is dis? What for you take me, eh? What for you so much come after me, eh?" "Sir," exclaimed Jarvis, with an air of profound respect, "we saw you going to the grave alone with the body of your dead infant, and we took the opportunity to offer you our sympathy, and to follow your babe to the tomb." The man explained, in his broken manner, that the box contained only cigars, and he evinced his gratitude for the interest which had been manifested in his behalf, by breaking it open and dispensing them very liberally to the mourners.

The dollar mark \$ is a combination of the letters

There have been cases where animals were tried and convicted in due form of law. Thus, in 1314, a bull, having killed a man by tossing him with his horns, was brought before the judges in the province of Valois and indicted as a criminal, and, after several witnesses had given evidence, it was condemned to be hanged. This sentence was confirmed by an order of the Parliament and carried into effect. And we are told that an unfortunate pig, which chanced to kill a child in Burgundy, was in like manner solemnly tried in court and suffered the same punishment.

A book about *Actors* is the very latest volume in the "Bric-à-Brac" series. Not the least curious of the anecdotes are those told of Sheridan. Michael Kelly writes about the extraordinary trouble he had to get from the famous author the words of the songs to which he (Kelly) was to set music: "But, if this were a puzzling situation for a composer, what will my readers think of that in which the actors were left, when I state the fact, that, at the time the house was overflowing on the first night's performance, all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing, and that, incredible as it may appear, until the end of the fourth act, neither Mrs. Siddons, nor Charles Kemble, nor Barrymore, had all their speeches for the fifth? Mr. Sheridan was upstairs, in the prompter's room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting; and every ten minutes he brought down as much of the dialogue as he had done, piecemeal, into the green-room, abusing himself and his negligence, and making a thousand winning and soothing apologies for having kept the performers so long in such painful suspense. Mrs. Siddons told me that she was in an agony of fright, but Sheridan perfectly knew that Mrs. Siddons, C. Kemble, and Barrymore were quicker in study than any other

performers concerned; and that he could trust them to be perfect in what they had to say, even at half an hour's notice. And the event proved that he was right! the play was received with the greatest approbation, and, though brought out so late in the season, was played thirty-one nights; and, for years afterward, proved a mine of wealth to the Drury Lane treasury, and, indeed, to all the theaters in the United Kingdom."

Red-Riding-Hood.

SWEET Red-Riding-Hood!
In the dreary wood
Her scarlet mantle still is seen.
The children's tears,
Through all the years,
Have kept her mem'ry ever green.



And yet—who could blame him?
Or who desire to tame him?
Or blot the tragic story out
With wisdom so replete?
What we love we eat—
That is the moral without doubt.

In the village ale-house of a pretty little Sussex village, there is the following congenial and admonitory invitation:

Here's to Pand's Pen, da SOC i alho-Ur.
Inh ARM (Les Smirt) HAND: G. Lee.
Le TFR ieNd SHIP r Ei-G. N.A.N.
DEVIL'S PEAK
OF

NO NE.

Which, when the letters are properly put together, will read:

"Here stop and spend a social hour
In harmless mirth and glee;
Let friendship reign, and evil speak of none."

*The transposition of tavern signs in England are often very curious. "Caton Fidele," to Cat and Fiddle; "Bacchanals" with Bag-o'-Nails; "God Encompasseth Us" to Goat and Compasses. The very common sign of the Checkers, which is often seen on the door-posts or window-shutters of most public houses, has given rise to much conjecture. Shops with the same sign were common among the Romans. The most witty explanation was that given by George Selwyn, who frequently expressed his astonishment how antiquarians could be at any loss to discover why *draughts* were an appropriate emblem for drinking-houses. No wonder Ben Jonson exclaims:*

"It even puts Apollo
To all his strength of art to follow
The flights, and to divine
What is meant by every sign."

If the spirits of departed men of genius really have cognizance of the world behind them, they must just now be taking a grim sort of satisfaction in the state of the autograph market in England. It may be a matter of some regret to those who have starved or shivered through the world, that their own age could not have discounted the obligations of posterity, and to many minds must occur that pathetic soliloquy of Burns's mother at the dedication of a monument to her son: "Aweel! ye' asked 'em for bread, Robbie, an' they gie ye a stane." But, on the whole, the world has been very kind to genius and has kept its memory green, and the recent sale of autographs by Messrs. Sotheby, of London, is a remarkable indication of the eagerness with which the heart of the world responds to a sympathetic touch. The original manuscript of Gray's "Elegy" was purchased by Sir William Fraser for two hundred and thirty pounds sterling, "an advance of one hundred and eight pounds on the sum realized by this self-same manuscript, when, as a part of the celebrated Penn Collection, it was sold by the same firm of auctioneers nearly twenty years ago." The complete manuscript of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" was sold for fifty-five pounds. A letter from Queen Elizabeth to Henry IV., of France, brought fifty pounds. A letter from Galileo to his pupil Castelli was knocked down at twenty guineas, and forty-eight pounds was the ultimate bidding for a letter from Mary, Queen of Scots, to M. de la Motte. Two autograph letters of Napoleon were taken at thirty-four pounds, and one from Nelson to Lady Hamilton at seventy guineas. In an article suggested by the sale, "The London Telegraph" speculates curiously on the relative prices which would be brought by the authenticated manuscripts of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," "Paradise Regained," Pope's "Universal Prayer," and "The Song of the Shirt."

Respectfully Declined.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS

I MADE a song, a little song,
Once, sitting 'neath the moon;
'Twas sweet as singe the nightingale
To please the rose of June;
The very soul of melody
Was in each tuneful line—
I never heard a lay that had
A witchery like mine!
To hide it in my heart, I said,
Would be a selfish thing—
The world, in future years, must have
My little song to sing!
So, tenderly, with loving care,
I sent my song away—
'Twill bring me back, not olive leaves,
I thought, but wreaths of bay!
My little song flew here and there,
A resting place to find,
But homeless it came back to me,
"Respectfully declined!"
Oh, hard and cruel souls must be
The guardians of the press!
They wear the human form, but they
Are Gorgons, none the less;
For if they were not hard of heart,
As well as slow of mind,
They never had sent back my song,
"Respectfully declined!"